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Book

THE

RHETORICAL READER,

CONSISTING OF.

88

INSTRUCTIONS FOR REGULATING THE VOICE,

WITH A

RHETORICAL NOTATION,

ILLUSTRATING INFLECTION, EMPHASIS AND MODULATION;

AND A COURSE OF

RHETORICAL EXERCISES.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF ACADEMIES AND HIGH-SCHOOLS.

BY EBENEZER PORTER, D.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER.

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NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.  
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PREFACE P R E F A C E

THOUGH for many years after I began to investigate the principles of rhetorical delivery, I had no intention of writing any thing on the subject for publication, I was at last drawn into this measure, gradually and almost unavoidably. The bad habits in elocution, acquired by many educated young men, and confirmed with little regard to consequences, as they passed from one stage of education to another, it was easy to see must become at once equally conspicuous and injurious, so soon as they should pass from academical life into a public profession in which good speaking is a prime instrument of usefulness. The last Seminary too which had them in charge, would, by a misapprehension not very unnatural, be made responsible, not merely for its own proportion, but for the whole of these defects. The only remedy for habits thus firmly established, obviously must lie in a patient, elementary process, adapted to form new habits. After a sufficient experiment to satisfy me that Walker's elements, as a text-book, could not answer this purpose, I prepared a course of Lectures on the subject. One of these, "on Vocal Inflections," I consented to print at the request and for the use of the Theological Students, to whom it had been read ; but without any intention that it should be *published*. The pamphlet, however, went abroad, and led to applications from respectable gentlemen, connected with colleges and other literary institutions, that I would prepare a book of the same description, to be used in this department of a liberal education. Accordingly I did prepare the "ANALYSIS OF RHETORICAL DELIVERY."

The preparation of that work, my own use of it as a Teacher, and the testimony of others, who had used it, con-

vinced me, soon after its publication, that the chief principles it contains may be understood and applied by pupils much *younger* than those I had originally contemplated. Teachers of Academies and High Schools, who professed to have derived much assistance from the ANALYSIS, urged me to prepare a cheaper book, on the same plan, adapted to the use of their pupils. This I promised to do, should health and engagements permit; but the execution has been delayed, as involving a sacrifice of the time which I earnestly wished to devote to the more appropriate and sacred duties of my office; and had not one branch of these duties rendered me necessarily familiar with the general subject of this volume, the purpose must have been relinquished.

I have been the more cheerful, however, in this undertaking, from a full conviction that whatever is accomplished on this subject in classical schools, is a clear gain to professional education for the pulpit. To no possible case, more than to this, is the maxim applicable, "Prevention is easier than cure." Faults which almost defy correction, might easily have been avoided by skill and pains in forming the early habits.

I am aware that there is already an ample supply of books, which furnish excellent reading lessons, without professing to give any instruction in the *art of reading*. But the want of an elementary book for common use, in which the *principles* of this art should be laid down, with Rhetorical Exercises, selected expressly to illustrate these principles, has been extensively felt as a great deficiency. The RHETORICAL READER is intended to supply this deficiency. The first third of its matter, is an abridgment of the ANALYSIS, though with new discussion and elucidation of some important principles, which will be found chiefly under the articles, *Reading*,—*Emphatic Inflection*,—*Quantity*,—and *Compass of Voice*. In respect to about two-thirds of its contents, the book is new; including the original matter just mentioned, and a

new selection of exercises for Part II. This selection has been made with much care and from an extensive range of writers, British and American. In making it, regard has been paid, first to the *moral sentiment* of the pieces, as suited to make a safe and useful impression on the young; next to that *rhetorical execution* which may elevate their taste; and finally to such *variety* and *vivacity*, in the subjects and kinds of composition, as may sustain an undiminished interest throughout.

To attain *brevity* in each Exercise, the connection of the writer has sometimes been broken by omissions longer or shorter, without notice; the mention of which fact in this manner, I hope may be sufficient, without further apology.

A word of explanation is necessary on another point. It was my intention to include in the Exercises, Part II., a greater proportion of extracts from the Bible, than I have done in Part I.; both because I think it furnishes many of the best lessons for rhetorical reading; and because the book which, more than all others, is adapted to promote the sanctification and salvation of the young, has been too much neglected in all departments of education. But as I wished to make this selection, not for the young merely, but also with a special view to those who are called to read the Bible as heads of families, or still more publicly as preachers of the Gospel, sufficient room for it could not be found in the present volume. I therefore concluded to defer this part of my plan, with the hope that I may compile a separate collection of **BIBLICAL EXERCISES**, of perhaps 150 pages, to which a rhetorical notation will be applied, and which may be a proper sequel both to the **ANALYSIS**, and **RHETORICAL READER**.

Should this little book be found useful in advancing the interests of Christian Education the best wishes of its author will be answered.

E. PORTER.

Theological Seminary,
Andover, May, 1831.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS.

To those who may use this book, I have thought it proper to make the following preparatory suggestions.

1. In a large number of those who are to be taught reading and speaking, the first difficulty to be encountered arises from bad habits previously contracted. The most ready way to overcome these, is to go directly into the analysis of vocal sounds, as they occur in *conversation*. But to change a settled habit, even in trifles, often requires perseverance for a long time ; of course it is not the work of a moment, to transform a heavy, uniform movement of voice, into one that is easy, discriminating, and forcible. This is to be accomplished, not by a few irresolute, partial attempts, but by a steadiness of purpose, and of effort, corresponding with the importance of the end to be achieved. Nor should it seem strange if, in this process of transformation, the subject of it should at first appear somewhat artificial and constrained in manner. More or less of this inconvenience is unavoidable, in all important changes of habit. The young pupil in chirography never can become an elegant penman, till his bad habit of holding the pen is broken up ; though for a time the change may have made him write worse than before. In respect to Elocution, as well as every other art, the case may be in some measure similar. But let the new manner become so familiar as to have in its favor the advantages of habit, and the difficulty ceases.

2. The pupil should learn the distinction of inflections, by reading the familiar examples under one rule, occasionally turning to the Exercises, when more examples are necessary ; and the Teacher's voice should set him right whenever he makes a mistake. In the same manner, he should go through all the rules successively. If he acquires the habit of giving too great or too little *extent* to his slides of voice, he should be carefully corrected, according to the suggestions given, p. 27 and 110.—After getting the command of the voice, the great point to be steadily kept in view, is to apply the principles of emphasis and inflection, just as nature

and sentiment demand. In respect to those principles of modulation, in which the power of the voice so essentially consists, we should always remember too, that, as no theory of the passions can teach one to be pathetic, so no description that can be given of the inflection, emphasis, and tones, which accompany emotion, can impart this emotion, or be a substitute for it. No adequate description indeed can be given of the nameless and ever varying shades of expression, which real pathos gives to the voice. Precepts here are only subsidiary helps to genius and sensibility.

3. Before any example or exercise is read to the Teacher, it should be *studied* by the pupil. At the time of reading, he should generally go through, without interruption; and then the Teacher should explain any fault, and correct it by the example of his own voice, requiring the parts to be repeated. It would be useful often to inquire *why* such a modification of voice occurs, in such a place, and how a change of structure would vary the inflection, stress, &c.; in other words, to accustom the pupil to paraphrase the *meaning* conveyed by different expressions of voice; as in the example, p. 32, at the close of Rule IV., and p. 43, bottom. When the examples are short, as in all the former part of the work, reference may easily be made to any sentence; and in the long examples, the lines are numbered on the left hand of the page, to facilitate the reference, after a passage has been read. If an Exercise is read by a class in turn, it would be useful, at least occasionally, to call on two or more of the number to remark on the manner of the reader, proposing corrections, with reasons, before the remarks of the Teacher are made. This will render them vigilant and intelligent, in the constant, *practical application* of theoretic principles; thus leading them to regard a proper management of voice as both an *art* and a *science*.

4. When any portion of the Exercises is about to be committed to memory for declamation, the pupil should first *study the sentiment* carefully, entering as far as possible, into the *spirit of the author*; then *transcribe* it in a fair hand; then *mark with pencil*, the inflections, emphasis, &c., required on different words; then *read it rhetorically to his Teacher*, changing his pencil marks as the case may require; and then commit it to memory *perfectly*, before it is spoken; as any labor of recollection is certainly fatal to freedom, and variety, and force in speaking. In general it were well that the same

piece should be subsequently once more repeated, with a view to adopt the suggestions of the Instructor. For the purpose of improvement in elocution, a piece of four or five minutes, is better than one of fifteen; and more advance may be made, in managing the voice and countenance, by speaking *several times*, a short speech, though an old one, (if it is done with due care each time to correct what was amiss,) than in speaking many long pieces, however spirited or new, which are but *half committed*, and in the delivery of which all scope of feeling and adaptation of manner, are frustrated by labor of memory. The attempt to speak with this indolent halting preparation, is in all respects worse than nothing.

KEY OF RHETORICAL NOTATION.

KEY OF INFLECTION.	(°) low.
- denotes monotone.	(°°) low and loud.
' — rising inflection.	(..) slow.
` — falling inflection.	(—) quick.
˘ — circumflex.	(—) plaintive.
KEY OF MODULATION.	() rhetorical pause.
(°) high.	(<) increase.
(°°) high and loud.	

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
CHAP. I.	13
READING : its connection with good education	21
Grammatical reading	21
Rhetorical Reading	21
CHAP. II.	22
ARTICULATION	22
Causes of defective articulation	22
Difficulty of many consonant sounds	23
Immediate succession of similar sounds	24
Influence of accent	25
Tendency to slide over unaccented vowels	25
Cautions	26
CHAP III.	27
INFLECTIONS	27
Description of Inflections	27
Classification of Inflections	28
RULE I.	29
RULE II.	29
RULE III.	30
RULE IV.	31
RULE V.	32
RULE VI.	33
Falling Inflection	33
RULE VII.	33
RULE VIII.	34
RULE IX.	35
RULE X.	36
RULE XI.	36
RULE XII.	37
CHAP. IV.	38
CHAP. V.	39
SECT. I.	39
Emphatic Stress	41
Absolute Emphatic Stress	41
Antithetic or Relative Emphatic Stress	42
Emphatic Inflection	43
Emphatic Clause	45
Double Emphasis	46
CHAP. VI.	47
SECT. 1.	47
Faults of Modulation	47
Monotony	47
Mechanical Variety	48
SECT. 2.	48
Remedies	48
The spirit of Emphasis to be cultivated	48
A habit of discrimination as to Tones and Inflection	51
SECT. 3.	51
SECT. 4.	52
Pitch of voice	51
Quantity	52
Rotundity and Fullness	52
Loudness	54
Time	54
Strength of voice depends on good organs of speech, &c.	54

	Page
Directions for preserving and strengthening them	54
Rate of utterance	56
SECT. 5. Compass of Voice	56
SECT. 6. Rhetorical Pause	58
SECT. 7. Transition	60
SECT. 8. Expression	61
SECT. 9. Rhetorical Dialogue	62
SECT. 10. The Reading of Poetry	64
CHAP. VII. GESTURE	67
Expression of countenance	67
Attitude	68
Faults of Rhetorical Action	68
Gesture may want appropriateness and discrimination	68
May be too constant, or violent, or complex, or uniform	70
Mechanical variety	72
Use of right hand and left	73

EXERCISES.

PART I.

Preparatory Remarks	76
EXERCISES ON ARTICULATION.	
Exercise 1.	78
EXERCISES ON INFLECTION.	
Exercise 2.	78
Disjunctive <i>or</i>	78
3. Direct Question, &c.	79
Conjunctive <i>or</i>	81
4. Negation opposed to Affirmation	81
Comparison and Contrast	82
5. Pause of Suspension	84
6. Tender Emotion	88
7. Indirect Question, &c.	90
8. Language of Authority, Surprise, &c.	92
9. Emphatic Succession, &c.	93
10. Emphatic Repetition	99
EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.	
Exercise 11—17. Absolute and Relative Stress, and Emphatic Inflection	101
18. Difference between common and Intensive Inflection	110
EXERCISES ON MODULATION.	
Exercise 19. COMPASS OF VOICE	111
TRANSITION	116
20. The power of Eloquence	116
21. Hohenlinden	118
22. Battle of Waterloo	119
23. Negro's Complaint	120
24. Marco Bozzaris	122
25. Extract from Paradise Lost	123
EXPRESSION	125
26. Judah's Speech to Joseph	125
27. Joseph disclosing himself	126
28. Death of a friend	127
29. Burial of Sir John Moore	128
30. Eve lamenting the loss of Paradise	129

	Page
Exercise 31. Soliloquy of Hamlet's Uncle	129
RHETORICAL DIALOGUE	130
32. Examples from the Bible	130

EXERCISES.

PART II.

Exercise

33. Character of Columbus	Irving.	136
34. The Victim	<i>Philadelphia Casket.</i>	138
35. Conflagration at Rome of an Amphitheatre	Croly.	138
36. The African Chief	Bryant.	140
37. Riches of a poor Barber	<i>Edinburgh Paper.</i>	142
38. Burning of the Fame	<i>N. Y. Atlas.</i>	144
39. Hour of Prayer	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	147
40. My Mother's Grave	<i>Anonym.</i>	148
41. A Tale of Waterloo	<i>Anonym.</i>	150
42. The righteous never forsaken	<i>N. Y. Spectator.</i>	152
43. To Printers	<i>Fisher Ames.</i>	154
44. Washington	<i>Pierpont.</i>	156
45. Miserable case of a Weaver	<i>Bell's Messenger.</i>	157
46. Tomb of Washington		159
47. Destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem by fire	Millman.	162
48. The Charnel Ship	<i>Charleston Courier.</i>	165
49. Life—a Spanish Poem	<i>Edinburgh Review.</i>	167
50. Death and the Drunkard		168
51. The Plague in London		<i>Rothelan.</i> 170
52. The Battle of Borodino		172
53. Shipwreck	<i>Fredericksburg Arena.</i>	173
54. The Bucket—a Cold Water Song	Woodworth.	175
55. Anecdote of Judge Marshall	<i>Winchester Republican.</i>	176
56. The First and Last Ticket	<i>Manuscript of a Criminal.</i>	178
57. Death at the Toilet	<i>From the Diary of a Physician.</i>	184
58. Sabbath Schools	<i>Frelinghuysen.</i>	186
59. The folly and wickedness of War	Knox.	188
60. The Warrior	<i>Harriinger of Peace.</i>	190
61. Death of Ashmun	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i>	191
62. Love of Applause	Hawes.	192
63. Christian Integrity	Hawes.	193
64. Watch	J. Mason Good.	194
65. New social order in America	Douglas.	196
66. Voluntary association	Douglas.	197
67. Bible Societies	Douglas.	198
68. Christ's entry into Jerusalem	Cunningham.	199
69. Evening Hymn	<i>Monthly Visitor.</i>	200
70. Universal Peace	Chalmers.	201
71. The Elder's Death Bed	Prof. Wilson.	202
72. Benevolence of God	Chalmers.	207
73. Death of Princess Charlotte	Robert Hall.	208
74. Remarkable preservation from death at Sea	Prof. Wilson.	210
75. The Bible the best Classic	Grimke.	214
76. Fathers of New England	Sprague.	215
77. Duty of Literary men to their Country	Grimke.	218
78. Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson	Wirt.	219
79. The Greek Revolution	Webster.	221

Exercise	Page
80. Triumph of the Gospel	Phillips. 223
81. Duties and Prospects of New England	Pres. Quincy. 225
82. The Sabbath School Teacher	James. 227
83. Motives of the Gospel	Dwight. 228
84. Character of Richard Reynolds	Thorpe. 230
85. Address of the Bible Society—1816.	Mason. 231
86. Roman Soldier;—Last days of Herculaneum	Alderstone. 232
87. The Orphan Boy	Mrs. Opie. 235
88. Christian Consolation	236
89. Cruelty to Animals	Copeper. 237
90. Christianity	Mason. 238
91. Character of Mrs. Graham	Mason. 240
92. Living to God	Griffin. 241
93. Plea for Africa	Griffin. 243
94. Abolition of the Slave Trade	Christian Obs. 245
95. Eliza	Darwin. 246
96. Character of Mr. Brougham	248
97. Character of Mr. Wilberforce	250
98. Eulogium on Mr. Fox	Sheridan. 251
99. Death of Sheridan	Byron. 252
100. The last family of Eastern Greenland	Montgomery. 254
101. The City and the Country	M'Donnough. 255
102. Summary Punishment	Scott. 257
103. On the receipt of his Mother's Picture	Copeper. 258
104. Extract from "The Grave"	Montgomery. 259
105. Defence of Johnson	Curran. 260
106. Taking of Warsaw	Campbell. 262
107. Lord Chatham	Butler. 263
108. Mr. Fox, and Mr Pitt	Butler. 265
109. Death of Lord Chatham	Percy. 266
110. Lord Mansfield	Percy. 268
111. Providential Distinctions	Pollok. 270
112. Eloquence of Bossuet	Butler. 271
113. Eloquence of Bourdaloue	Butler. 273
114. Eloquence of Bridaine	Butler. 275
115. Eloquence of Whitefield	Gillies. 276
116. Satan's Lamentation.	Milton. 278
117. Eloquence of Sheridan	280
118. Spirit of the American Revolution	J. Quincy, Jr. 282
119. America	Phillips. 284
120. Patriotism of 1775	P. Henry. 286
121. The discontented Pendulum	Jane Taylor. 289
122. Valedictory Hymn	N. Adams. 292
123. Scene from Pizarro	Kotzebue. 293
124. GOD	Derzhanir. 297
125. The Dead Sea	Crolly. 299
126. New Missionary Hymn	S. F. Smith. 300
127. The Valley of Jehoshaphat	Chateaubriand. 301
128. Roderick in Battle	Southey. 302
129. Niagara	Sigourney. 304
130. On a very old Wedding Ring	George W. Doane, L.L.D. 305
131. The Nativity	Tappan. 307
132. Christmas Hymn	Heber. 307
133. Thou art gone to the Grave	Heber. 308
APPENDIX	309

2d. Ch.

THE

RHETORICAL READER.

CHAPTER I.

READING. ITS CONNECTION WITH GOOD EDUCATION.

THE art of reading well is indispensable to one who expects to be a public speaker; because the principles on which it depends are the same as those which belong to rhetorical delivery in general, and because nearly all bad speakers were prepared to be so, by early mismanagement of the voice in reading.

But the subject is one of common interest to all, who aim at a good education. Every intelligent father, who would have his son or daughter qualified to hold a respectable rank in well-bred society, will regard it as among the very first of polite accomplishments, that they should be able to read well. But beyond this, the talent may be applied to many important purposes of business, of rational entertainment, and of religious duty. Of the multitudes who are not called to speak in public, including the whole of one sex, and all but comparatively a few of the other, there is no one to whom the ability to read in a graceful and impressive manner, may not be of great value. In this country, then, where the advantages of education are open to all, and where it is a primary object with parents of all classes, to have their children well instructed, it would seem reasonable to presume that nearly all our youth, of both sexes, must be good readers. Yet the number who can

properly be so called, is comparatively small. No defect of vocal organs, nor of intelligence and sensibility, which may be supposed to exist among the pupils of our schools, is sufficient to account for the wretched habits of reading, which are so prevalent. The fact must be ascribed to causes more unquestionable and radical in their operation; and these causes, in my opinion, are to be found chiefly, in the inadequate views of the subject, entertained by those to whom the interests of early education are committed.

Notwithstanding the manifest advances in public sentiment respecting this matter, which we have witnessed within a few years, there are still many Teachers, and publishers of reading lessons, who maintain that no *precepts* as to management of voice can be useful to the young; but that every thing of this sort tends to embarrass rather than aid the attainment of a good elocution. But if it is enough to put a book into the hands of a pupil, and require him to read, without giving him any instructions *how* to read, then I ask, among the past generations, who have been treated just in this manner, why have not all, or nearly all, become good readers? Teachers have been sufficiently sparing of rules; and if a boy was only careful to speak his words distinctly and fluently, and "mind the stops," nothing more was required. Elementary books too have been, till of late, nearly silent as to precepts for regulating the manner in reading. Some of these did formerly give the three following directions:—*that the parenthesis requires a quick and weak pronunciation*;—*that the voice should be raised at the end of a question*;—*and dropped into a cadence, at the end of all other sentences*. The first direction, as to the parenthesis, is proper in all cases. The second is proper in all questions answered by *yes* or *no*, and improper in all others. Hence the teacher found the instincts of every child to rebel against the rule, in reading such questions as,—"Who art thou?" "Where is boasting then?"—and just so, as to

the last rule, respecting *cadence*, when a sentence ends with an antithetic, negative clause ; as, " You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, not to *rail* at him."

But because very defective precepts are useless or pernicious, does it follow that this interesting subject must be left to accident ; so that if any one becomes a good reader, it shall be only because it *happens* to be so ? Then it will doubtless happen, in time to come, as it has in time past, that the number of good readers will be few, very few.

In answer to this question, some who discard all theory in elocution, would probably say,—we would by no means leave the learner to chance ; we would have him *imitate his Teacher*, who should be qualified to correct his faults of manner, by exemplifying himself what is right, and what is wrong, in any given case. Doubtless the Teacher should watch every opportunity to aid his pupil in this manner. But when he reads a sentence well, as an example to his pupil, is this done by accident ? Is there no *reason* why his emphasis is laid on one word rather than another ?—why it is strong or weak ?—why his pauses are long or short ?—why he makes a difference between a parenthetical clause and another ?—why his voice turns upward on one word, and downward on another ?—why he ends a sentence with a small cadence, or a great one, or with no cadence, as cases vary ? Is all this mere chance ? If so, the pupil may as well be left to chance without, as with a Teacher. If not ;—if the Teacher has a *reason* why he reads so, and not otherwise, cannot he *tell* that reason ? This is what common sense requires of him, to teach by precept and example both. Besides ;—what if that Teacher reads badly, himself ; just because they who were his patterns, during the formation of his early habits, were bad readers ? Must we go on still at the same rate, and insist on it that the proper remedy for bad reading, is the imitation of bad examples ? Then we have no remedy. But common sense,

I say again, would combine *practice* with *theory*; so that the Teacher, knowing the conformity between thought and vocal language, may not only express this conformity by his own voice, but explain it to his pupils.

There are others, who would discard any systematic instruction on this subject, and yet allow that one important direction ought to be given and incessantly repeated, namely, **BE NATURAL**. But what is it to be natural? The pupil will understand, probably, that he is to read in the manner that is most easy to himself, or that gives him the least trouble; that is, the manner to which he is *accustomed*. Bad as that manner may be, the direction has no tendency to mend it; because he supposes that any new manner would be unnatural to him. But you correct him again, and tell him to *be natural*. The direction is just, is simple, is easily repeated; but the infelicity is, that it has been repeated a thousand times, without any practical advantage. You then become more particular, and tell him that to be *natural*, he must enter into the spirit of what he utters, and read it so as feeling requires. He tries again, and fails, because he attempts to do what feeling requires, *without* feeling; and because he has no conception what it is in his voice that is wrong. You tell him perhaps, that he must drop his reading tone, and be natural; but he understands nothing what you mean; and while his manner becomes more rapid or more loud, for this admonition, he goes on with his tone still. He is under the influence of an inveterate habit, which he acquired from being early accustomed to read that which he did not understand, and in which he felt no interest.

To break up unseemly tones, thus deeply fixed by habit, every teacher of reading or speaking finds to be the first and hardest task in his employment. In general, the longer these habits have been cherished, the more stubborn they become; and measures that might be sufficient to prevent

them, are by no means sufficient for their cure. To do what is right, with unperverted faculties, is ten times easier than to undo what is wrong. How often do we see men of fine understanding and delicate sensibility, who utter their thoughts in conversation, with all the varied intonations which sentiment requires; but the moment they come to read or speak in a formal manner, adopt a set of artificial tones utterly repugnant to the spirit of a just elocution. Shall we say that such men do not understand what they speak in public, as well as what they speak in conversation? Plainly the difference arises from a perverse *habit*, which prevails over them in one case, and not in the other. Many instances of this sort I have known, where a man has been fully sensible of *something* very wrong in his tones, but has not been able to see exactly what the fault is; and after a few indefinite and unsuccessful efforts at amendment, has quietly concluded to go on in the old way. So he must conclude, so long as good sense and emotion are not an equal match for bad habits, without a knowledge of those elementary principles, by which the needed remedy is to be applied. These habits he acquired in childhood, just as he learned to speak at all, or to speak English rather than French,—by imitation. His tones both of passion and of articulation, are derived from an instinctive correspondence between the ear and voice. If he had been born deaf, he would have possessed neither. Now in what way shall he break up his bad habits, without so much attention to the analysis of speaking sounds, that he can in some good degree distinguish those which differ, and imitate those which he would wish to adopt or avoid? How shall he correct a tone, while he cannot understand why it needs correction, because he chooses to remain ignorant of the only language in which the fault can possibly be described? Let him study and accustom himself to apply a few elementary principles, and then he may at least be able to un-

derstand what are the defects of his intonations. I do not say that this attainment may be made with equal facility, or to an equal extent, by all men. But to an important extent it may be made by every one; and that with a moderate share of the effort demanded by most other valuable acquisitions; I might say with one half the time and attention that are requisite to attain skill in music.

Should some still doubt whether any theory of vocal inflections can be adopted, which shall not be perplexing and on the whole injurious, especially to the young, I answer that the same doubt may as well be extended to every department of practical knowledge. To think of the rules of syntax, every sentence we speak, or of the rules of orthography and style, every time we take up our pen to write, would indeed be perplexing. The remedy prescribed by common sense in all such cases, is, not to discard correct theories, but to make them so familiar as to govern our practice spontaneously, and without reflection.

The benefit of analysis and precept is, to aid the teacher in making the pupil conscious of his own faults, as a prerequisite to their correction. The object is to unfetter the soul, and set it free to act. In doing this a notation for the eye, designed to regulate the voice in a few obvious particulars, may be of much advantage: otherwise why shall we not dismiss *punctuation* too from books, and depend wholly on the teacher for pauses, as well as tones?

The reasonable prejudice which some intelligent men have felt against any system of notation, arises from the preposterous extent to which it has been carried, by a few popular teachers, and especially by their humble imitators. A judicious medium is what we want. Five characters in music, and six vowels in writing, enter into an infinitude of combinations in melody and language. So the elementary modifications of voice in speaking, are few and easily understood; and to mark them, so far as distinction is use-

ful, does not require a tenth part of the rules, which some have thought necessary.

I have made these last remarks, because, while I think it a mere prejudice, and a very mischievous one, to maintain that there are no elementary rules of good reading, there is another extreme, which would carry theoretic directions beyond all bounds of common sense and practical utility. I refer to the theory which maintains that, while musical notes are uttered without any slide, the sounds of articulate language are always spoken with a perceptible slide of the voice, either upward or downward. This, in my opinion, is carrying a useful, general theory, to an improper extreme. In the notes of a tune as given from a stringed instrument, or from the human voice, there certainly is no inflection. But no man of accurate ear will say that there is any *necessary* distinction between the notes *sol, fa*, as uttered in music, and the same sounds in speech, where they occur in examples like the following :

*My soul, how lovely is the place,
Father of all, in every age, in every clime ador'd.*

Though it is possible to speak the open vowels, *o* and *a*, in the Italic syllables, with inflections, it is not requisite, nor natural ; and if any think it to be so, I must suppose that they have not been accustomed to distinguish between a slide of the voice, and that transition of note to higher or lower, in which consecutive syllables are uttered. If however, the position that every syllable has a slide, is held as an *occult* theory, it is harmless, and needs not a moment's discussion ; but if practical importance is attached to it, so that the learner must try to distinguish *what* slide he must give to each syllable, in the simplest language, the theory becomes positively injurious in influence. It frustrates all just discrimination, by aiming at that which is needless and endless in minuteness. It operates much as it would to require, by the Italic character, or other notation, every word in a sentence to be spoken with emphatic force.

Now the most general principle of a good elocution that can be laid down is—*the voice must conform to sentiment*. Where the thought is simple, and without emotion, as, “No man may put off the law of God;” to insist on any thing like marked stress or inflection is worse than useless. But call the pupil to read:—*Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures*：“—or “*Arm, warriors! Arm for fight!*” and it is quite another case. Here stress and inflection are needed on the emphatic words. Why?—Because sense and emotion require it. Let these few words be right, and no matter for the rest;—they will be right, or nearly so, of course. But if you require the pupil to give stress and inflection to *all* the words, you teach him to sacrifice the sense, and aim at conformity to some arbitrary standard of excellence, which he may imagine that he understands, but which will ruin all significant variety in his intonations.

There is one great law of mind, and of language, which Teachers of youth should well understand, namely, *that emotion speaks with its own appropriate modes of expression*. Where a sentence contains a simple thought, without emotion of any sort, it requires nothing but proper words, in grammatical order. No principle of rhetoric is concerned in forming such a sentence, and none in uttering it, except distinctness. But the moment that *passion* speaks, grammar is subordinate, and rhetoric becomes ascendant. A groan, a shriek of distress, thrills the heart, without the help of syntax; and the same principle exists as to all the lower degrees of passion, till we come down again to the mere province of words, and grammar. Now passion and discriminating sentiment demand an appropriate expression of voice, not in the mere utterance of words, but in the *manner* of uttering them. On this principle, rest all the laws of inflection, emphasis, &c., which can be given to any valuable purpose. These laws, as I have said, are few; and can be stated and reduced to practice, with as much ease as any other laws of language.

I shall finish these general remarks, by laying down a plain distinction between the two sorts of reading, the *grammatical*, and the *rhetorical*.

Grammatical reading, as I have just intimated, respects merely the sense of what is read. When performed audibly, for the benefit of others, it is still only the same sort of process which one performs silently, for his own benefit, when he casts his eye along the page, to ascertain the meaning of its author. The chief purpose of the correct reader is to be *intelligible*; and this requires an accurate perception of grammatical relation in the structure of sentences; a due regard to accent and pauses, to strength of voice, and clearness of utterance. This manner is generally adopted in reading plain, unimpassioned style. The character and purpose of a composition may be such that it would be as preposterous to read it with tones of emotion, as it would to announce a proposition in grammar or geometry, in the language of metaphor. But though merely the correct manner, suits many purposes of reading, it is dry and inanimate, and is the lowest department in the province of delivery. Still the great majority, not to say of respectable men, but of *bookish* men, go nothing beyond this in their attainments or attempts.

Rhetorical reading has a higher object, and calls into action higher powers. It is not applicable to a composition destitute of emotion, for it supposes *feeling*. It does not barely express the thoughts of an author, but expresses them with the force, variety, and beauty, which feeling demands.

To this latter sort of reading would I bend all my efforts in forming the habits of the young. To this, almost exclusively, would I apply precepts respecting management of the voice. And with a view to prevent the formation of bad habits, or to cure them before they become established, I would take off children, just so soon as they can read with

tolerable readiness, from lessons which belong to the grammatical class, and put them upon those which contain some rhetorical principles. These lessons should, at first, be chiefly narrative; or narrative and colloquial combined;—by which I mean dialogue proper, or rhetorical dialogue; in which the same voice must represent two speakers, or more.

CHAPTER II.

ARTICULATION.

IT has been well said, that a good articulation is to the ear, what a fair handwriting, or a fair type is to the eye. Who has not felt the perplexity of supplying a word, torn away by the seal of a letter; or a dozen syllables of a book, in as many lines, cut off by the carelessness of a binder? The same inconvenience is felt from a similar omission in spoken language; with this additional disadvantage, that we are not at liberty to stop, and spell out the meaning by construction.

A man of indistinct utterance reads this sentence:—“The magistrates ought to prove a declaration so publicly made.” When I perceive that his habit is to strike only the accented syllable clearly, sliding over others, I do not know whether it is meant, that they ought to *prove* the declaration, or to *approve* it, or *reprove* it,—for in either case he would speak only the syllable *prove*. Nor do I know, whether the magistrates *ought* to do it, or the magistrates *sought* to do it.

Defective articulation arises from bad organs, or bad habits, or sounds of difficult utterance.

Every one knows how the loss of a tooth, or a contusion on the lip, affects the formation of oral sounds. When there is an essential fault in the structure of the mouth; when the tongue is disproportionate in length or width, or sluggish in its movements; or the palate is too high, or too low; or the teeth badly set or decayed, art may diminish, but cannot fully remove the difficulty. In nine cases out of ten, however, imperfect articulation comes not so much from bad organs, as from the abuse of good ones.

The animal and intellectual temperament doubtless has some connection with this subject. A sluggish action of the mind, imparts a correspondent character to the action of the vocal organs, and makes speech only a succession of indolent, half-formed sounds, more resembling the muttering of a dream, than the clear articulation, which we ought to expect in one who knows what he is saying. Excess of vivacity, on the other hand, or excess of sensibility, often produce a hasty, confused utterance. Delicacy speaks in a timid, feeble voice; and the fault of indistinctness is often aggravated in a bashful child, by the indiscreet chidings of his teacher, designed to push him into greater speed in spelling out his early lessons; while he has little familiarity with the form and sound, and less with the meaning of words.

The way is now prepared to notice some of those difficulties in articulation, which arise from the sounds to be spoken.

The *first* and chief difficulty lies in the fact that *articulation consists essentially in the consonant sounds*, and that many of these are difficult of utterance. My limits do not allow me to illustrate this by a minute analysis of the elements of speech.

It is evident to the slightest observation that the open vowels are uttered with ease and strength. On these, public criers swell their notes to so great a compass. On these too, the loudest notes of music are formed. Hence the great skill which is requisite to

distinct articulation in music; for the stream of voice, which ~~is no~~ so easily on the vowels and half vowels, is interrupted by the recurrence of a harsh consonant; and not only the sound, but the breath, is entirely stopped by a mute. In singing, for example, any syllable which ends with *p*, *k*, *d*, or *t*, all the sound must be uttered on the preceding vowel; for when the organs come to the proper position for speaking the mute, the voice instantly ceases. This explains what sometimes has been thought a mystery, that stammering persons find little difficulty in reading poetry, and none in singing; whereas they stop at once in speaking, when they come to certain consonants. Any one who would practically understand this subject, should recollect that the distinction between human speech, and the inarticulate sounds of brutes, lies not in the vowels, but in the *consonants*; and that in a defective utterance of these, bad articulation primarily consists.

A second difficulty arises from the immediate succession of the same or similar sounds: as in the recurrence of the aspirates;

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone:
or the collision of open vowels;

The' oft the ear the open vowels tire.

But a greater difficulty still is occasioned by the immediate recurrence of the same consonant sound, without the intervention of a vowel or a pause. The following are examples: "For Christ's sake." "The hosts still stood." "The battle lasts still." The illustration will be more intelligible from examples in which bad articulation affects the sense.

Wastes and deserts;—Waste sand deserts.

To obtain either;—To obtain neither.

His cry moved me;—His crime moved me.

He could pay nobody;—He could pain nobody.

Two successive sounds are to be formed here, with the organs in the same position; so that, without a pause between, only one of the single sounds is spoken; and the difficulty is much increased when sense or grammatical relation forbids such a pause.

* This is partly owing also to a deliberate metrical movement.

A *third* difficulty arises from the *influence of accent*. The importance which this stress attaches to syllables on which it falls, requires them to be spoken in a more full and deliberate manner than others. Hence, if the recurrence of this stress is too close, it occasions heaviness in utterance; if too remote, indistinctness. In the example,—

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,
the poet compels us, in spite of metrical harmony, to lay an accent on each syllable.

But the *remoteness* of accent in other cases involves a greater difficulty still; because the intervening syllables are liable to be spoken with a rapidity inconsistent with distinctness, especially if they abound with jarring consonants. Combinations of this kind, we have in the words *communicatively, authoritatively, terrestrial, reasonableness, disinterestedness*. And the case is worse still where we preposterously throw back the accent so as to be followed by four or five syllables, as Walker directs in these words, *receptacle, p&emph;remporily, açceptableness*. While these combinations almost defy the best organs of speech, no one finds any difficulty in uttering words combined with a due proportion of liquids, and a happy arrangement of vowels and accents.

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

A *fourth* difficulty arises from a tendency of the organs to *slide over unaccented vowels*. There is a large class of words beginning with *pre*, and *pro*, in which this seldom fails to appear. In *prevent, prevail, predict*, a bad articulation sinks *e* of the first syllable so as to make *pr-vent, pr-vail, pr-dict*. The case is the same with *o* in *proceed, profane, promote*; spoken *pr-ceed, &c.* So is *e* confounded with short *u* in *event, omit, &c.*, spoken *uvvent, umimit*. In the same manner *u* is transformed into *e*, as in *populous*,

regular, singular, educate, &c., spoken pop-e-lous, reg-e-lar, ed-e-cate. A smart percussion of the tongue, with a little rest on the consonant before *u*, so as to make it quite distinct, would remove the difficulty.

The same sort of defect, it may be added, often appears in the indistinct utterance of consonants ending syllables; thus in *at-tempt, at-tention, ef-fect, of-fence*, the consonant of the first syllable is suppressed.

To the foregoing remarks, it may be proper to add three cautions.

The first is, in aiming to acquire a distinct articulation, take care not to form one that is *measured* and *mechanical*. The child, in passing from his spelling manner, is ambitious to become a swift reader, and thus falls into a confusion of organs, that is to be cured only by retracing the steps which produced it. The remedy, however, is no better than the fault, if it runs into a *scan-ning, pe-dan-tic for-mal-i-ty*, giving undue stress to particles and unaccented syllables; thus, "He is the man of all the world whom I rejoice to meet."

In some parts of our country, there is a prevalent habit of sinking the sound of *e* or *i*, in words where English usage preserves it, as in *rebel, chapel, Latin*,—spoken *reb'l, chap'l, Lat'n*. In other cases, where English usage suppresses the vowel, the same persons speak it with marked distinctness, or turn it into *u*; as *ev'n, op'n, heav'n*, pronounced *ev-un, op-un, heav-un*.

It should be remarked that vowels *not under the accent*, are often uttered slightly by good speakers, where affectation, by trying to give them prominence, runs into a very faulty pronunciation. Thus, in attempting to distinguish *e* from *i* in such words as *wicked, gospel*, many pronounce them *wickud, gospul, wickudnuss, &c.* Unaccented vowels are often necessarily indistinct, *e* in *wicked*, having the same sound as *i* in *it*. So all the vowels, *a, e, i, o, u, y*, must often be spoken so as to have the sound of short *u*; as in *scholar, master, satirist, doctor, martyr, pronounced scholur, mastur, &c.*

The second caution is,—*let the close of sentences be spoken clearly; with sufficient strength, and on the proper pitch, to bring out the meaning completely.* No part of a sentence is so important as the close, both in respect to sense and harmony.

The third caution is,—*ascertain your own defects of articulation, by the aid of some friend, and then devote a short time steadily and daily, to correct them.* Let the reader make a list of such words and combinations as he has found most difficult to his organs, and repeat them as a set exercise. If he has been accustomed to say *om-nip-er-ent, pop-e-lous, pr-mote, pr-tent*, let him learn to speak the unaccented vowels properly.*

* On *stammering and impediments*, which fall under the head of articulation, the reader may find my views in the *Analysis of Rhetorical Delivery*.

CHAPTER III.

INFLECTIONS.

Description of Inflections.

THE absolute modifications of the voice in speaking are four; namely, monotone, rising inflection, falling inflection, and circumflex. The first may be marked to the eye by a horizontal line, thus, (—) the second thus, (') the third thus, (‘) the fourth thus, (˘).

The monotone is a sameness of sound on successive syllables, which resembles that produced by repeated strokes of a bell. Unseemly as this is, where varied inflections are required, it more or less belongs to grave delivery, especially in elevated description, or where emotions of sublimity or reverence are expressed; as,—

He rode upon a cherub and did fly.—I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it.

The rising inflection turns the voice upward, or ends higher than it begins. It is heard invariably in the direct question; as, *Will you go to-day?*

The falling inflection turns the voice downwards, or ends lower than it begins. It is heard in the answer to a question; as, *No*; *I shall go to-morrow*.

As the whole doctrine of inflections depends on these two simple slides of the voice, one more explanation seems necessary, as to the degree in which each is applied, under different circumstances. In most cases where the rising slide is used, it is only a gentle turn of the voice upward, one or two notes. In cases of emotion, as in the spirited, direct question, the slide may pass through five or eight notes. The former may be called the *common* rising inflection, the latter the *intensive*. Just the same distinction exists in the falling inflection. In the question, uttered with surprise, "*Are you going to-day?*" the slide is intensive. But in the following case, it is common, "*Same is but breath, as riches are transitory, and life itself is uncertain, so we should seek a better portion.*" To carry the rising slide in the latter case, as far as in the former, is a great fault, though not an uncommon one.

The circumflex is a union of the two inflections, sometimes on one syllable, and sometimes on several. It begins with the falling, and ends with the rising 'slide'; as, *I may go to-morrow, though I cannot go to-day.* "They tell *us* to be moderate; but *they, they*, are to revel in profusion." On the words marked in these examples, there is a significant twisting of the voice downwards, and then upwards, without which the sense is not expressed.

Besides these absolute modifications of voice, there are others which may be called relative, and which may be classed under the four heads of *pitch*, *quantity*, *rate*, and *quality*. These may be presented thus:

Pitch, { high; *Quantity*, { loud; *Rate*, { quick; *Quality*, { lively.
low; soft; slow; pathetic.

As these relative modifications of voice assume almost an endless variety, according to sentiment and emotion in a speaker, they belong to the chapter on Modulation.

Classification of Inflections.

In order to render the new classification which I have given intelligible, I have chosen examples chiefly from colloquial language; because the tones of conversation ought to be the basis of delivery, and because these only are at once recognized by the ear. Being conformed to nature, they are instinctively right; so that scarcely a man in a million uses artificial tones in conversation. And this one fact, I remark in passing, furnishes a standing canon to the learner in elocution. In contending with any bad habit of voice, let him break up the sentence on which the difficulty occurs, and throw it, if possible, into the colloquial form. Let him observe in himself and others, the turns of voice which occur in speaking, familiarly and earnestly, on common occasions.

As the difficulty of the learner at first, is to distinguish the two chief inflections, and as the best method of doing this, is by comparing them together, the following classification begins with cases in which the two are statedly found in the same connection: and then extends to cases in which they are used separately; the whole being marked in a continued series of rules, for convenient reference.

Both Inflections together.

RULE I. When the disjunctive *or* connects words or clauses, it has the rising inflection before, and the falling after it.

EXAMPLES.

Shall I come to you with a ród—or in lòve ?
 The baptism of John, was it from héaven—or of mèn ?
 Will you gó—or stày ?
 Will you ride—or wàlk ?
 Will you go to-dáy—or to-mòrrow ?
 Did he travel for héalth—or for plèasure ?
 Did he resemble his fáther—or his móther ?
 Is this book yóurs—or mìne ?

RULE II. The direct question, or that which admits the answer of *yes* or *no*, has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling.

EXAMPLES.

Are they Hébrews ?	So am I.
Are they Israelites ?	So am I.
Are they the seed of Ábraham ?	So am I.
Are they ministers of Chríst ?	I am móre. [Paul.]
Did you not spéak to it ?	My lord, I did.
Hold you the watchi to-níght ?	We dò, my lord.
Árm'd, say you ?	Armed, my lord.
From top to tóe ?	My lord, from head to foòt.
Then saw you not his fáce ?	O yès, my lord.
What, looked he frówningly ?	A countenance more in sòrrow than in anger.
Pále ?	Này, very pale.— <i>Shak. Hamlet.</i>

Note 1. If I wish to know whether my friend will go on a journey within two days, I say perhaps, "Will you go to-dáy, or to-mòrrow ?" He may answer, "yes,"—because my rising inflection on both words implies that I used the *or* between them conjunctively. But if I had used it disjunctively, it must have had the rising slide before it, and the falling after; and then the question is, not whether he will go within two days, but on *which* of the two;—thus, "Will you go to-dáy—or to-mòrrow ?" The whole question, in this case, cannot admit the answer *yes* or *no*, and of course cannot end with the rising slide.

Note 2. When Exclamation becomes a question, it demands the rising slide; as, "How, you say, are we to accòmplish it ? How accòmplish it ! Certainly not by fearing to attempt it."

RULE III. When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former has the rising, and the latter the falling inflection

EXAMPLES.

I did not say a *better* soldier,—but an *elder*.

Study not for *amusement*,—but for *improvement*.

He was *esteemed*, not for *wealth*,—but for *wisdom*.

He will not come *to-day*,—but *to-morrow*.

He did not act *wisely*,—but *unwisely*.

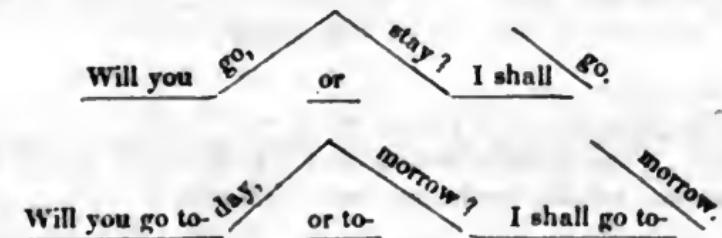
He did not call *me*,—but *you*.

He did not say *pride*,—but *pride*.

Note 1. Negation alone, not opposed to affirmation, generally inclines the voice to the rising slide, but not *always*, as some respectable Teachers have maintained. "Thou shalt not kill;" "Thou shalt not steal;"—are negative precepts, in which the falling slide must be used; and the simple particle *no*, with the intensive falling slide, is one of the strongest monosyllables in the language.

Note 2. The reader should be apprised here, that the falling slide, being often connected with strong emphasis, and beginning on a high and spirited note, is liable to be mistaken, by those little acquainted with the subject, for the rising slide. If one is in doubt which of the two he has employed, on a particular word, let him repeat both together, by forming a question thus, "Did I say *go*, or *gō*?" or a question and answer, thus, "Will you *go*,—or *stay*? I shall *go*." "Will you *ride*,—or *walk*? I shall *ride*." This will give the contrary slides on the same word.

But as some may be unable still to distinguish the falling, confounding it, as just mentioned, with the rising inflection, or, on the other hand, with the cadence; I observe that the difficulty lies in two things. One is, that the slide is not begun so high, and the other, that it is not carried through so many notes, as it ought to be. I explain this by a diagram, thus:



It is sufficiently exact to say, that in reading this properly, the syllables without slide may be spoken on one key or monotone. From this key, *go* slides upwards to its highest note, and from the same high note *stay* slides downwards to the key; and *go* does the same, in the answer to the question. In the second example, the case is entirely similar. But the difficulty with the inexpert reader is, that he strikes the downward slide, not above the key, but *on* it,

and then slides downward, just as in a cadence. The faulty manner may be represented thus :

Will yo go to-day, or to-morrow?
I shall go to-morrow.

The other part of the difficulty, in distinguishing the falling inflection from the opposite, arises from its want of sufficient extent. Sometimes, indeed, the voice is merely dropped to a low note, without any slide at all. The best remedy is, to take a sentence with some emphatic word, on which the intensive falling slide is proper, and protract that slide, in a drawling manner, from a high note to a low one. This will make its distinction from the rising slide very obvious.

Rising Inflection.

RULE IV. The *pause of suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, requires the rising inflection.

This rule embraces several particulars, more especially applying to sentences of the periodic structure, which consist of several members, but form no complete sense before the close. It is the first principle of articulate language, that in such a case, the voice should be kept suspended, to denote continuation of sense.

The following are some of the cases to which the rule applies.

1. *Sentences beginning with a conditional particle or clause*; as,

“ If some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree; boast not against the branches.” “ As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man.”

2. *The case absolute*; as,

“ His father dying, and no heir being left except himself, he succeeded to the estate.” “ The question having been fully discussed, and all objections completely refuted, the decision was unanimous.”

3. *The infinitive mood* with its adjuncts, used as a *nominative case*; as,

“ To smile on those whom we should censure, and to countenance those who are guilty of bad actions, is to be guilty ourselves.” “ To be pure in heart, to be pious and benevolent, constitutes human happiness.”

4. The *vocative** case without strong emphasis, when it is a respectful call to attention, expresses no sense completed, and comes under the inflection of the suspending pause ; as,

"Mén, bréthren, and fáthers,—hearken." Friends, Rómans, countrymen !—lend me your ears."

5. The *parenthesis* commonly requires the same inflection at its close, while the rest of it is often to be spoken in the monotone ; as,

"Know ye not, brethren, (for I speak to them that know the law,) that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth?"

An exception may apply to the general principle of this rule, whenever one voice is to represent two persons, thus :

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled ; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body ; what doth it profit ?

Here the sense is entirely suspended to the close, and yet the clause introduced as the language of another, requires the falling slide.

Another exception, resting on still stronger ground, occurs where an antithetic clause requires the intensive falling slide on some chief word, to denote the true meaning : as in the following example,—"The man who is in the daily use of ardent spirit, if he does not become a drunkard, is in danger of losing his health and character." In this periodic sentence, the meaning is not formed till the close ; and yet the falling slide must be given at the end of the second member, or the sense is subverted ; for the rising slide on *drunkard* would imply that his becoming such, is the only way to preserve health and character.

RULE V. *Tender emotion* generally inclines the voice to the rising slide.

Grief, compassion, and delicate affection, soften the soul, and are uttered in words, invariably with corresponding qualities of voice.

Hence the *vocative case*, when it expresses either affection or delicate respect, takes the rising slide ; as,

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary." "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas." "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." "Sir, what must I do to be saved?"

The same slide prevails in pathetic poetry.

Thus with the year,
Seasons return ; but not to me returns.

* I use this term as better suiting my purpose than that of our grammarians,—*nominative independent*.

Dáy, or the sweet approach of év'n or mórn,
 Or sight of vernal blóom, or summer's róse,
 Or flócks, or hélds, or human face divíne ;
 But clóud instead, and ever during dárk
 Surround me —

So in the beautiful little poem of Cowper, on the receipt of his mother's picture :

My móther ! when I learn'd that thou wast déad,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shéd ?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing són,
 Wretch even thén, life's journey just begún ?
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow awáy,
 And, turning from my nurs'ry windów, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.

RULE VI. The rising slide is commonly used at the last pause but one in the sentence. The reason is, that the ear expects the voice to fall when the sense is finished ; and therefore it should rise for the sake of variety and harmony, on the pause that precedes the cadence.—Ex. :

“The minor longs to be at àge, then to be a man of businèss, then to make an estàte, then to arrive at honórs, then to rèteire.” “Our lives, (says Seneca,) are spent either in doing nothing at àll, or in doing nothing to the purpósito, or in doing nothing that we ougħt to do.”

Falling Inflection.

So indistinctly does bold and strong passion express itself by this turn of voice, that just so far as the falling slide becomes intensive, it denotes emphatic force. The VIII. IX. and X. rules will illustrate this remark.

RULE VII. The *indirect question*, or that which is not answered by *yes* or *no*, has the falling inflection ; and its *answer* has the same. As,

What, Tubero, did that naked swòrd of yours mean, in the battle of Pharsàlia ? At whose brèast was its point aimed ? What was the meaning of your àrms, your spìrit, your èyes, your hánds, your ardor of sòul ?

Who say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say Elias; and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again.—Where is boasting then? It is excluded.—Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The infernal serpent.

The want of distinction in elementary books, between that sort of question which turns the voice upward, and that which turns it downward, must have been felt by every teacher, even of children.

RULE VIII. The language of *authority*, of *surprise*, and of *distress*, is commonly uttered with the falling inflection.

1. The *imperative mood*, as used to express the commands of a superior, denotes that energy of thought which usually requires the falling slide; as,

Uzziel! half these draw off, and coast the south,
With strictest watch; these other, wheel the north.—
—Ithuriel and Zephon! with winged speed
Search through this garden; leave unsearch'd no nook.
Up, comrades! up!—in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.

2. *Denunciation* and *reprehension*, on the same principle, commonly require the falling inflection; as,

Woe unto you, Pharisées! Woe unto you, lawyers! But God said unto him, thou fool!—this night thy soul shall be required of thee. But Jesus said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Paul said to Elymas, O full of all subtlety, and all mischief! Thou child of the Devil,—thou enemy of all righteousness!

Hence!—home, you idle creatures, get you home.
You blocks, you stones! You worse than senseless things!

This would be tame indeed, should we place the unemphatic, rising slide, on these terms of reproach, thus:

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

3. *Exclamation*, when it does not express tender emotion, nor ask a question, inclines to adopt the falling slide.

Terror expresses itself in this way; as,

Angels, and ministers of grace,—defend us.

Exclamation, denoting surprise, or reverence, or distress,—or a

combination of these different emotions, generally adopts the falling slide. For this reason, I suppose that Mary, weeping at the sepulchre, when she perceived that the person whom she had mistaken for the gardener, was the risen Saviour himself, exclaimed with the tone of reverence and surprise, *Rabbóni!* And the same inflection probably was used by the leprous men when they cried *Jésus, Máster! have mercy on us;* instead of the colloquial tone, *Jésus Máster*, which is commonly used in reading the passage, and which expresses nothing of the distress and earnestness which prompted this cry. These examples are distinguished from the vocative case, when it merely calls to attention, or denotes affection.

RULE IX. Emphatic *succession* of particulars requires the falling slide. The reason is, that a distinctive utterance is necessary to fix the attention on each particular; as,

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity enviyeth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unsomely; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil.—Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwréck; a night and a day have I been in the deep.

In each of these examples, all the pauses except the last but one, (for the sake of harmony,) require the downward slide.

Note 1. When the principle of emphatic series interferes with that of the suspending slide, one or the other prevails, according to the degree of emphasis; as,

Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all know'ledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

The pains of getting, the fear of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have made the miser a mark of satire, in all ages.*

Note 2. Emphatic succession of particulars grows intensive as it goes on; that is, on each succeeding emphatic word, the slide has more stress, and a higher note, than on the preceding; thus,—

I tell you, though ~~you~~ though all the ~~world~~ though an angel from ~~heaven~~ should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

* All rules of inflection as to a series of *single words*, when unemphatic, are, in my opinion, worse than useless. No rule of harmonic inflection, that is independent of sentiment, can be established with-

The rising slide, on the contrary, as it occurs in an emphatic series of direct questions, rises higher on each particular, as it proceeds.

RULE X. Emphatic *repetition* requires the falling slide.

Whatever inflection is given to a word, in the first instance, when that word is repeated with stress, it demands the falling slide. Thus in Julius Cæsar, Cassius says :

You *wrong* me every way, you *wrong* me, Brutus.

The word *wrong* is slightly emphatic, with the falling slide, in the first clause; but in the second, it requires a double or triple force of voice, with the same slide on the higher note, to express the meaning strongly. But the principle of this rule is more apparent still, when the repeated word changes its inflection. Thus I ask one at a distance, *Are you going to Boston?* If he tells me that he did not hear my question, I repeat it with the other slide, *Are you going to Bòston?**

RULE XI. The final pause requires the falling slide.

That dropping of the voice which denotes the sense to be finished, is so commonly expected by the ear, that the worst readers make a cadence of some sort, at the close of a sentence. In respect to this, some general faults may be guarded against, though it is not possible to tell in absolute terms what a good cadence is, because, in different circumstances, it is modified by different principles of elocution. The most common fault in the cadence of bad speakers, consists in dropping the voice too uniformly to the

out too much risk of an artificial habit, unless it be this one, that the voice should rise at the last pause before the cadence; and even this may be superseded by emphasis.

* In colloquial language, the point I am illustrating is quite familiar to every ear. The teacher calls a pupil by name in the rising inflection, and not being heard, repeats the call in the falling. The answer to such a call, if it is a mere response, is "Sir;"—if it expresses doubt, it is "Sir." A question that is not understood is repeated with a louder voice and a change of slide: "Is this your bòok? Is this your bòok?" Little children with their first elements of speech, make this distinction perfectly.

same note. The next consists in dropping it too much. The next, in dropping it too far from the end of the sentence, or beginning the cadence too soon; and another still consists in that feeble and indistinct manner of closing sentences, which is common to men unskilled in managing the voice.

We should take care also to mark the difference between that downward turn of the voice which occurs at the falling slide in the middle of a sentence, and that which occurs at the close. The latter is made on a lower note, and if emphasis is absent, with less spirit than the former; as "This heavenly benefactor claims, not the homage of our lips, but of our *hearts*; and who can doubt that he is *entitled* to the homage of our *hearts*." Here the word *hearts* has the same slide in the middle of the sentence as at the close. Though it has a much lower note in the latter case than in the former.

It must be observed, too, that the final pause does not always require a cadence. When the strong emphasis with the falling slide comes near the end of a sentence, it turns the voice upward at the close; as, "If we have no regard to our *own* character, we ought to have some regard to the character of *others*." "You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, not to *rail* at him." This is a departure from a general rule of elocution; but it is only one case among many, in which emphasis asserts its supremacy over any other principle, that interferes with its claims. Indeed, any one, who has given but little attention to this point, would be surprised to observe accurately, how often sentences are closed, in conversation, without any proper cadence; the voice being carried to a high note, on the last word, sometimes with the falling, and sometimes with the rising slide.

Circumflex.

RULE XII. The circumflex occurs chiefly where the language is either *hypothetical* or *ironical*.

The most common use of it is to express, indefinitely or conditionally, some idea that is contrasted with another idea expressed or understood, to which the falling slide belongs; thus:—*Hume said he would go twenty miles, to hear Whitefield preach.* The contrast suggested by the circumflex here is,—*though he would take no pains to hear a common preacher.*

You ask a physician concerning your friend who is dangerously sick, and receive this reply,—*He is better.* The circumflex denotes only a partial doubtful amendment, and implies—*But he is still dangerously sick.* The same turn of the voice occurs in the following example, on the word *importunity*.

" Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his *friend* yet because of his *importunity* he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

This circumflex when indistinct, coincides nearly with the rising slide; when distinct, it denotes *qualified affirmation* instead of that which is *positive*, as marked by the falling slide.

CHAPTER IV.

ACCENT.

ACCENT is a stress laid on particular syllables, to promote harmony and distinctness of articulation. The syllable on which accent shall be placed, is determined by *custom*; and that without any regard to the *meaning* of words, except in these few cases.

Where the same word in *form*, has a different *sense*, according to the seat of the accent; as *des'ert*, (*a wilderness*), *desert'*, (*merit*).—Or the accent may distinguish between the same word used as a noun or an adjective; as *com'pact*, (*an agreement*), *compact'*, (*close*.) Or it may distinguish the noun from the verb thus: .

Ab'stract, to *absfract'*; *ex'port*, to *export'*.

The seat of accent may be transposed by emphasis; as,

He must *increase*, but I must *decrease*.

This *corrūptible* must put on incorruption.

What fellowship hath *righteousness* with *unrighteousness*?

The accented syllable of a word is always uttered with a LOUDER note than the rest. When the syllable has the rising inflection, the slide continues upward till the word is finished; so that when several syllables of a word follow the accent, they rise to a higher note than that which is accented; and when the accented syllable is the last in a word, it is also the highest. But when the accented syllable has the falling slide, it is always struck with a higher note than any other syllable in that word.

Thus;—rising slide.

Did he dare to propose such interrog

Here the slide which begins on *rōg*, continues to rise on the three following syllables; but in the question, *Will you go to-dāy?* the same slide terminates with the syllable on which it begins.

In the falling slide, thus :

The testimony was given not by narrative, but by inter

rogatories.

C H A P T E R V.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is governed by the laws of sentiment, being inseparably associated with thought and emotion. It is the most important principle, by which elocution is related to the operations of mind. Hence when it stands opposed to the claims of custom or of harmony, these always give way to its supremacy.

Now I presume that every one, who is at all accustomed to accurate observation on this subject, must be sensible how very little this grand principle is regarded in forming our earliest habits of elocution; and therefore how hopeless are all efforts to correct what is wrong in these habits, without a just knowledge of emphasis.

What then is emphasis? *It is a distinctive utterance of words, which are especially significant, with such a degree and kind of stress, as conveys their meaning in the best manner.*

According to this definition, I would include the whole subject under *emphatic stress* and *emphatic inflection*.

Sect. 1.—*Emphatic Stress.*

This consists chiefly in the *loudness* of the note, but includes also the *time* in which important words are uttered. A good reader or speaker, when he utters a word on

which the meaning of a sentence is suspended, spontaneously dwells on that word, according to the intensity of its meaning. The significance and weight which he thus attaches to words ~~that~~ are important, is a very different thing from the abrupt and jerking emphasis, which is often witnessed in a bad delivery.

It is generally true that a subordinate rank belongs to particles, and to all those words which merely express some circumstance of a thought. And when a word of this sort is raised above its relative importance, by an undue stress in pronunciation, we perceive a violence done to other words of more significance.

Thus :

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live.

But to show that emphasis attaches itself not to the part of speech, but to the *meaning* of a word, let one of these little words become important in *sense*, and then it demands a correspondent stress of voice ; as,

" Then said the high priest, are these things *so* ? "

Again :

" Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus."

This sentence with moderate stress on Ephesus, implies that the speaker means to stop at that place just as a common phrase, "I am going to Holland by Liverpool," — implies that she will touch at the latter place.

But an emphatic stress on *by* expresses the true sense, namely, that he did not mean to stop there, thus : " Paul had determined to sail *by* Ephesus."

In the case that follows too, we see how the meaning of a sentence often depends on the manner in which we utter one short word. " One of the servants of the high priest, (being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off,) saith, did not I see thee in the garden with him ? " Now if we utter this, as most readers do, with a stress on *kinsman*, and a short pause after it, we make the sentence affirm that the man whose ear Peter cut off was kinsman to the high priest, which was not the fact. But a stress upon *his*, makes this servant, kinsman to another man, who received the wound.

These illustrations show that the principle of emphatic stress is perfectly simple ; and that it falls on a particular word, not chiefly because that word belongs to one or another class in grammar, but because, in the present case, it is important in *sense*. To designate the words that are thus important, by the action of the voice in emphasis, is just what the etymological import of this term implies, namely, to show, to point out, to make manifest.

But further to elucidate a subject, that has been treated with much obscurity, emphatic stress may be distinguished into that which is *absolute*, and that which is *antithetic* or *relative*.

Absolute emphatic stress.

Walker, and others who have been implicitly guided by his authority, without examination, lay down the broad position, that emphasis always implies *antithesis* ; and that it can never be proper to give emphatic stress to a word, unless it stands *opposed* to something in *sense*.

The theory which supposes this, is too narrow to correspond with the philosophy of elocution. Emphasis is the soul of delivery, because it is the most discriminating mark of emotion. Contrast is among the sources of emotion : and the kind of contrast really intended by Walker and others, namely that of affirmation and negation, it is peculiarly the province of emphasis to designate. But this is not the whole of its province. There are other sources, besides antithetic relation, from which the mind receives strong and vivid impressions, which it is the office of vocal language to express. Thus exclamation, apostrophe, and bold figures in general, denoting high emotion, demand a correspondent force in pronunciation ; and that too in many cases where the emphatic force laid on a word is *absolute*, because the thought expressed by that word is forcible of itself, without any aid from contrast.

Thus :

Up ! comrades—up !—

Woe unto you, Pharisees !—

Hence !—höme ! you idle creatures.

Angels ! and ministers of gräce,—defend us

Antithetic or relative stress.

The principle on which the stress depends in this case, will be evident from a few examples.

Study, not so much to *show* knowledge as to *acquire* it.

He that cannot *bear* a jest, should not *make* one.

It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults, as to *mend* them.

We think less of the injuries we *do*, than of those we *suffer*.

It is not so difficult to *talk* well, as to *live* well.

When the antithetic terms in a sentence are both expressed, the mind instantly perceives the opposition between them, and the voice as readily marks the proper distinction. But when only one of these terms is expressed, the other is to be made out by reflection; and in proportion to the ease or difficulty with which this antithetic relation is perceived by the mind, the emphatic sense is more or less vivid. On this principle, when a word *expresses* one part of a contrast, while it only *suggests* the other, that word must be spoken with a force adapted to its peculiar office; and this is the very case where the power of emphasis rises to its highest point. Examples.

I that denied thee *gold*, will give my *heart*.

Here the antithetic terms *gold* and *heart*, being both *expressed*, a common emphatic stress on these, makes the sense obvious. But in the following case, only one part of the antithesis is *expressed*. Brutus says,

You *wrong'd* *yourself*, to write in such a case.

The strong emphasis on *yourself*, implies that Cassius thought himself injured by some other person. Accordingly we see in the preceding sentence his charge against Brutus,—“you have *wrong'd* me.”

Again, Brutus says to Cassius,

You have done that you should be sorry for.

With a slight stress upon *sorry*, this implies that he had done *wrong*, but suggests nothing of the antithetic meaning, denoted by the true emphasis; thus,

You *hate* done that you should be sorry for.

This emphasis on the former word implies, “Not only are you liable to do *wrong*, but you *hate* done so already;” on the latter it implies, “though you are *not* *sorry*, you *ought* to be *sorry*.” This was precisely the meaning of Brutus, for he replied to a threat of Cassius, “I *may* do that I shall be *sorry* for.”

Sect. 2.—*Emphatic Inflection.*

Thus far our view of emphasis has been limited to the *degree* of stress with which emphatic words are spoken. But this is only a part of the subject. The *kind* of stress is not less important to the sense, than the degree. Let any one glance his eye over the examples of the foregoing pages, and he will see that strong emphasis demands, in all cases, an appropriate inflection; and that to change this inflection perverts the sense. This will be perceived at once in the following case: “We must take heed not only to what we *say*, but to what we *do*.” By changing this slide, and laying the falling on *say* and the rising on *do*, every ear must feel that violence is done to the meaning. So in this case,

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stars* ;
But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings ;

the rising inflection or circumflex on *stars* and the falling inflection on *ourselves* is so indispensable, that no reader of the least taste would mistake the one for the other. But the principle which I wish to illustrate, will be more obvious, by recurring to the case recently mentioned, in which one part of a contrast is *expressed*, and the other only *suggested*; so that the whole meaning of a sentence depends on the emphatic inflection given to a single word. A strong example of this has already been given in the perversion of sense which would arise from wrong inflection on the word *drunkard*; see the close of RULE IV., p. 32. Another example we have in Paul’s exhortation to Christian servants, “And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are *brethren*; but rather do them service,” &c. The meaning is, their being fellow Christians, is no reason why they *should be* disobeyed as masters; and this the rising slide on *brethren* expresses. The *falling* slide would express a very different sense, namely, that

this Christian relation is a sufficient reason why the servants *should not* despise their masters. Again, a distinguished writer says of some conceited men; "They have not patience to read a book, till they thoroughly *understand* it." His meaning is, they never read it so as to understand; and this the rising slide expresses. But the other slide would imply, that they have patience to read it, *after* they *understand* it.

One more question remains to be answered; how shall we know when an emphatic word demands the rising and when the falling inflection?

If the reader has studied the **RULES OF INFLECTION** which begin at p. 29, he can seldom be at a loss to answer this question for himself. According to established laws of voice, he will know what inflection to give emphatic words, when connected by the disjunctive *or*;—as, "Will you *ride*, or *walk*?" So when the direct question and answer occur;—as, "Arm'd, say you? Arm'd, my lord."—So when negation is opposed to affirmation; as, "He will not come to-day, but to-morrow."

Besides these general remarks, it may be added, that the voice, instinctively accompanies emphatic, *positive affirmation*, with the falling slide, and the antithetic negation with the rising.

But there is a large class of sentences, in which *qualified affirmation* demands the rising turn of voice, often where an antithetic object is suggested or expressed *hypothetically*. It is not the simple rising slide, but the *circumflex*, which designates this sort of emphasis. The two, indeed, may fall on shades of thought so nearly the same, that it is immaterial which is used; while in other cases the office of the circumflex is so peculiar as to make it quite perceptible to an ear of any discrimination. Every good reader will make this distinction between the first and second instances in which *heaven* occurs, in the following example: "The baptism of John, was it from *heaven*, or of men? and they said, if we shall say from *heaven*, he will say, why then did ye not believe him?" The plain distinction between the rising and the falling emphasis, when antithetic relation is expressed or suggested, is, the falling denotes *positive affirmation*, or enunciation of a thought with energy; the rising either expresses *negation*, or *qualified and conditional affirmation*. In

the latter case the antithetic object, if there is one, may be suggested ironically, or hypothetically, or comparatively; thus,—

Ironically:

They tell *us* to be moderate; but *thēy, thēy* are to revel in profusion.

Hypothetically:

If men see our faults, they will talk among *themselves*, though we refuse to let them talk to *us*.

Comparatively:

The beggar was *blind* as well as *lāme*.

He is more *knāve* than *foōl*.

In such a connection of two correlate words, whether in contrast or comparison, the most *prominent* of the two in sense, that in which the essence of the thought lies, commonly has the strong, falling emphasis; and that which expresses something subordinate or circumstantial, has the rising. The same rising or circumflex emphasis prevails where the thought is *conditional*, or something is *implied* or *insinuated*, rather than strongly expressed.

The amount is, that generally the weaker emphasis, where there is tender, or conditional, or partial enunciation of thought, requires the voice to *rise*: while the strong emphasis, where the thought is bold, and the language positive, adopts the falling slide, except where some counteracting principle occurs, as in the interrogative inflection. In all such cases, explanation becomes obscurity, if carried out of its proper limits. Beyond these, I can no more tell why sorrow or supplication incline the voice to the rising slide, while indignation or command incline it to the falling, than I can tell why one emotion flashes in the eye, and another vents itself in tears. Nor is it reasonable to demand such explanations on this subject, as are not expected on any other. The logician rests in his consciousness and his experience as the basis of argument; and philosophy no more requires or allows us to push our inquiries beyond first principles or facts, in elocution, than in logic.

Emphatic Clause.

It will be readily perceived that the stress proper to be laid on any single word, depends much on the *comparative* stress with which other words in the same sentence are pronounced. A whisper, if it is soft or strong, according to sense, may be as truly discriminating as the loudest tones. The voice should be disciplined to this distinction, in order to avoid the common fault, which confounds vociferation with emphatic expression.

But there are cases in which more than common stress belongs to several words in succession, forming an *emphatic clause*. In some cases of this sort, the several syllables have nearly *equal stress*; thus :

— Heaven and earth will witness,
IF—ROME—MUST—FALL,—that we are innocent.

Again ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor DEATH'S—COLD—FLOOD
Should fright us from the shore.

In uttering the emphatic clause, in these cases, the voice drops its pitch, and proceeds nearly in a grave, deliberate monotone.

In other cases, such a clause is to be distinguished from the rest of the sentence, by a general increase of force; and yet its words retain a relative difference among themselves, in quantity, stress, and inflection. One example may make this last remark still plainer. Suppose *Paul* to have said merely, "I came not to *baptize*, but to *preach*." The contrast expressed, limits the emphasis to two words. But take the whole sentence, as it is in *Paul's* language, "I came not to *baptize*, but to *preach the gospel*;" and you have a contrast between an emphatic *word*, and an emphatic *clause*. And though the sense is just as before, you must change the stress in this clause from *preach* to *gospel*, or you utter nonsense. If you retain the stress on *preach*, the paraphrase is, "I came not to *baptize* the *gospel*, but to *preach the gospel*."

Double Emphasis.

This is always grounded on antithetic relation, expressed in pairs of contrasted objects. It will be sufficiently illustrated by a very few examples.

"The *young* are slaves to *novelty*, the *old* to *custom*."

"And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy *brother's* eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine *own* eye?"

There is but one remark, which is important to be made in this case. In attempting to give the utmost significance to each of the terms, standing in close succession, we are in danger of diminishing the amount of meaning, expressed by the whole. The only rule that can be adopted is, so to adjust the stress and inflection of voice, on the different terms, as shall most clearly, and yet most agreeably convey the sense of the entire passage. There is still another kind of sentences, in which there occurs what I would call CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS. This consists of a complex thought, made up of particulars, expressed in a *succession* of emphatic words. A striking example of this we have in Paul's indignant reply to the message from the magistrates, that he and his associates, unjustly imprisoned, might be released, and go quietly away. "But Paul said, they have *beaten* us, *openly*, *uncondemned*, being *Romans*, and have cast us into *prison*; and now do they thrust us out *privily*? *nay*, *verily*; but let them come *themselves*, and fetch us out."

Here there is no difficulty from that antithetic mixing of terms just now alluded to.

CHAPTER VI.

MODULATION.

THIS includes a number of distinct topics, which may perhaps with sufficient exactness be brought together in one chapter.

Sect. 1.—*Faults of Modulation.*

1. *Monotony*.—The monotone, employed with skill, in pronouncing a simile or occasionally an elevated or forcible thought, may have great rhetorical effect; just as other movements of the voice, are felt to be proper, when they are prompted by genius and emotion. But the thing I mean to condemn, is that dull repetition of sounds, on the same pitch, and with the same quantity, which the hearers ascribe to want of spirit in the speaker. Want of *variety* is fatal to vivacity and interest in delivery, on the same principle that it is so in all other cases. In *music*, a succession

of perfect concords, especially on the same note, would be intolerable.

2. *Mechanical variety.* An unskilful reader, perhaps resolved to avoid monotony, may think nothing more is necessary, than to employ the *greatest possible number of notes*; and thus his chief aim is to leap from one extreme to another of his voice. In a short time this attempt at variety becomes a regular return of similar notes, at stated intervals.

Another defect, of the same sort, arises from an attempt to produce variety by a *frequent and arbitrary change of stress*. But here too the only advantage gained is, that we exchange an *absolute* for a *relative* sameness; for the favorite stress returns periodically without regard to sense.

There is still another kind of this *uniform variety*, which is extremely common. It consists in the habit of *striking a sentence at the beginning, with a high and full voice, which becomes gradually weaker and lower, as the sentence proceeds*, especially if it has much length, till it is closed perhaps with one quarter of the impulse with which it commenced. Then the speaker, at the beginning of a new sentence, inflates his lungs, and pours out a full volume of sound, for a few words, sliding downwards again, to a feeble close.

Sect. 2.—*Remedies.*

1. The most indispensable attainment, towards the cure of bad habits in managing the voice, is the *spirit of emphasis*. Suppose a student of elocution to have a scholastic tone, or some other of the faults mentioned above;—teach him emphasis, and you have taken the most direct way to remove the defect. It is difficult to give a particular illustration of my meaning, except by the living voice; but the experiment is worthy of a trial, to see if the faulty manner cannot be represented to the eye. Read the following pas-

sage from the Spectator;* recollecting at the beginning of each sentence, to strike the words in the largest type, with a high and full voice, gradually sinking away in pitch and quantity, as the type diminishes, to the close.

EXAMPLE.

OUR SIGHT IS THE MOST PERFECT, AND MOST DELIGHTFUL, OF ALL OUR SENSES. IT FILLS THE MIND WITH THE LARGEST VARIETY OF IDEAS, CONVERSES WITH ITS OBJECTS AT THE GREATEST DISTANCE, AND CONTINUES THE LONGEST IN ACTION, WITHOUT BEING TIRED OR SATIATED WITH ITS PROPER ENJOYMENTS. THE SENSE OF FEELING CAN INDEED GIVE US A NOTION OF EXTENSION, SHAPE, AND ALL OTHER IDEAS THAT ENTER AT THE EYE, EXCEPT COLORS. AT THE SAME TIME, IT IS VERY MUCH CONFINED IN ITS OPERATIONS, TO THE NUMBER, BULK, AND DISTANCE OF ITS PARTICULAR OBJECTS.

If you succeed in understanding the above illustration, then vary the trial on the same example, with a view to another fault, the periodic stress and tone. Take care to speak the words, printed in small capitals, with a note sensibly higher and stronger than the rest, dropping the voice immediately after these elevated words, into an undulating tone, on the following syllables,—thus :

Our sight is the **MOST** perfect, and **MOST** delightful, of all our **senses**. It fills the mind with the largest **VARIETY** of ideas, converses with its object at the **GREATEST** distance, and continues the longest in action, without being **TIRED** or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed **GIVE** us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that **ENTER** at the eye, except colors. At the same time, it is very much **CON-**

* No. 411.

PINED in its operations, to the number, BULK, and distance of its particular objects.*

It is necessary now to give this same passage once more, so distinguishing the chief words, by the Italic character, as to exhibit the true pronunciation.

Our *sight* is the most *perfect*, and most *delightful*, of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of *ideas*; converses with its objects at the greatest *distance*; and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of *feeling* can indeed give us a notion of *extension*, *shape*, and all other *ideas* that enter at the *eye*, except *colors*. At the same time, it is very much *confined* in its operations, to the *number*, *bulk*, and *distance* of its particular objects.

But as no word in the foregoing passage, is strongly emphatic, my meaning may be more evident from an example or two, where a discriminating stress on a single word, determines the manner in which the following words are to be spoken.

Take this couplet from Pope, and read it first with the metrical accent and tone; thus,

What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.

Now let it be observed that in these lines there is really but one emphatic word, namely, *pride*. If we mark this with the strong emphasis, and the falling inflection, the following words will of necessity be spoken as they should be, dropping a note or two below the key note of the sentence,† and proceeding nearly on a monotone to the end;—thus,

What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,

Is *pride*,
the never failing vice of fools.

* Walker's ear, though in cases of emphatic inflection, very discriminating, seems in other cases to have been perverted by his theory of harmonic inflection, as appears from his manner of pronouncing the following couplet, which nearly coincides with the tone I am condemning:

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling state.

† By *key note*, I mean the prevailing note, that which you hear when a man reads aloud in another room, while you cannot distinguish any words that he utters.

Another example may help to render this more intelligible.

Must we *crown* the author of the public *calamities*,

Or must we *des Troy* the author of the public calamities.

In pronouncing these examples, if the proper sound is given to the emphatic words, all the rest *must* be spoken essentially as here described. It follows that the most direct means of curing artificial tones, is to acquire a correct emphasis. But,—

2. In order to this, another attainment seems indispensable, namely, some good degree of discrimination as to vocal tones and inflections.

Some, who can imitate a sound, immediately after hearing it from another voice, suppose this to be the only way in which it can be done. But let a thousand persons, who understand the English language, repeat the familiar question, “Do you expect to *gó*, or *stáy*?”—And will not every one of the thousand give the same turn of voice on the words in Italics? Where is the difficulty then of placing such a mark on these turns of voice, that they may be transferred to any other word? This simple principle suggested to Walker his notation of sounds for the eye; and incomplete as it is, something of the kind is so necessary to the student of elocution, that, without it, the aid of a living teacher cannot supply the defect. And in most cases, nothing is wanting to derive advantage from such a theory but a little patience and perseverance in its application.

SECT. 3.—*Pitch of Voice.*

This is a relative modification of voice; by which we mean that *high* or *low* note, which prevails in speaking, and which has a governing influence upon the whole scale of notes employed. In every one's voice, this governing note varies with circumstances, but it is sufficiently exact to consider it as threefold; the *upper* pitch, used in calling to one at a distance; the *middle*, used in conversation; and the *lower*, used in cadence, or in a grave, emphatic under key. Exertion of voice on the first, exposes it to break; and on the last, renders articulation thick and difficult, and

leaves no room for compass below the pitch. The *middle* key, or that which we spontaneously adopt in earnest conversation, allows the greatest variety and energy in speaking.

Whether this is high or low, compared with that of another man, is not essential, provided it be not in extreme. Among the first secular orators of Britain, some have spoken on the grave, bass key; while Pitt's voice, it is said, was a full tenor, and Fox's a treble.

The voice that is on the bass-key, if clear and well-toned, has some advantages in point of dignity. But a high tone, uttered with the same effort of lungs, is more audible than a low one. Without referring to other proofs of this, the fact now mentioned is sufficient, that we spontaneously raise our key, in calling to one at a distance; for the simple reason, that we instinctively know he will be more likely to hear us, in a high note than a low one. So universal is this instinct, that we may observe it in very little children, and even in the call and response of the parent bird and her young, and in most brute animals that have voice.

The influence of *emotion* on the voice, is also among the philosophical considerations pertaining to this subject. A man under strong intellectual excitement, walks with a firmer and quicker step than when he is cool; and the same excitement which braces the muscles, and gives energy to the movements of the body, has a correspondent effect on the movements of the voice. Earnestness in common conversation assumes a higher note, as it proceeds, though the person addressed is at no greater distance than before.

A practical corollary from these suggestions is, that the speaker or reader should avoid a *high pitch*, at the *beginning*, lest he rise, with the increase of interest, to painful and unmanageable elevation.

The proper means of avoiding extremes, is to learn the distinction between *force* and *elevation*; and to acquire the power of swelling the voice on a low note. This introduces our next topic of consideration.

SECT. 4.—*Quantity.*

This term I use, not in the restricted sense of grammarians and prosodists, but as including *rotundity* and *fullness* of tone, *loudness*, and *time*.

Rotundity and Fullness.—As to inflection, emphasis, and the varied adaptation of tones to sentiment, the only laws of voice, in deliberate speaking and reading, that can be considered as natural, are derived from *conversation*. But in another respect, the habits acquired from this source, occasion some of the most stubborn difficulties, which the

learner in elocution has to surmount. For, to what purpose has he been accustomed to use his voice? Almost exclusively in a hurried utterance of a sentence or two at once, to an individual, or a small number of persons, so near him, or so well acquainted with what he is saying, as to understand him, though it be but half spoken. Thus, by using his voice only in *conversation*, (excepting occasionally, when he has opened his organs to a fuller note, in speaking a word or two, to some one at a distance,) he has become confirmed in a rapid, indistinct, feeble enunciation of the chief elementary sounds. But when he comes to train his organs, in exercises of elocution; that is, when he comes to read or speak any thing, so that it may be audible and interesting to a considerable number of hearers, a new task is imposed on his vocal powers. Cost what it may, he must exchange the clipping, slurring, jerking sounds of fireside-talk, for a clear, open articulation, or he cannot speak nor read well. Dignity and force in delivery, depend much on the power of filling, and swelling, and protracting an open vowel sound; but no one attains this power, without pains and care; and without a process different from any thing that is ordinarily acquired in conversation.

It requires very little skill in sounds, to perceive that *a* in *hat*, is shorter than *a* in *hate*; that is, in the former case, the organs pass quickly over the vowel to the consonant,—in the latter there is more continuance on the vowel. Now this continuance may be protracted, more or less, at pleasure; for it requires only that we begin the sound of *a* in *hate*, and keeping the organs in exactly the same position, let the stream of sound proceed; thus,—*ha . . . te*, *ha te*. Just so, if you bring the organs to the proper position, and begin the sound of *a* in *hat*, you may protract it through the whole stream of breath, if you please, before the *t* is spoken, —*ha t*.

But as every experiment of this kind implies a *longer note*

on the vowel sound, and tends almost of course to a *louder* and *higher* note, it will be better illustrated in connection with the following articles.

Loudness.—In theory, perhaps, every one can easily understand, that a sound may be either loud or soft, on the same note. The only difference, for example, betwixt the sound produced by a heavy stroke, and a gentle one, on the same bell, is in the quantity or momentum. This distinction as applied to music, is perfectly familiar to all acquainted with that art. As applied to elocution, however, it is not so easily made; for it is a common thing for speakers to confound *high* sounds with *loud*, and *low* with *soft*. Hence we often hear it remarked of one, that he speaks in a *low* voice, when the meaning is, a *feeble* one; and perhaps if he were told that he is not *loud* enough, he would instantly raise his key, instead of merely increasing his quantity on the same note.

If any one, who has given no attention to this point, thinks it too easy to demand attention, he may be better satisfied by a single experiment. Let him take this line of Shakspeare—

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

and read it first in a voice barely audible. Then let him read it again and again, on the same pitch, doubling his quantity or impulse of sound, at each repetition, and he will find that it requires great care and management to do this, without raising his voice to a higher note.

Strength of voice depends on the possession of *perfect vocal organs*, and on the due *exercise* of these.

The *lungs*, *trachea*, *larynx*, *glottis*, and *epiglottis*, are organs of sound, but not of speech, without the aid of others, namely, the *tongue*, *palate*, *lips*, *teeth*, and *nostrils*, which are also organs of *articulation*. When these organs are all good, the voice of a speaker has sometimes been trained to such power as to be distinctly heard by twenty thousand people.

To strengthen the voice by exercise, observe these directions:—
 (1) Whenever you use your voice on common occasions, use as much voice as propriety will permit. (2) *Read aloud*, as a stated exercise. (3) Avoid all extreme efforts of lungs, especially in cases of hoarseness. (4) Avoid habits that injure the lungs,—such as *altitudes of study*, that cramp the vital functions; *stimulating food or drinks*, in connection with speaking; and sudden exposure to cold air, when the lungs are heated.

Time.—The reader is desired here to turn back to the

remarks which I made, p. 53, on the words *hat* and *hate*, exemplifying the protraction of sound in a long vowel. That he may the better understand my meaning, let him suppose himself listening to a military officer, at the head of a brigade, giving the word of command, *march*. The only way in which he can possibly utter this word, so as to be heard by several thousand men, is so to manage the only vowel in it, as to expend upon it the full power of his voice. To do this, he must not clip off the *a*, as he might in conversation, but must strike it on that key note where his voice has most strength, and then protract this broad, open sound, perhaps for two seconds, before he touches the consonants which follow; thus,—MA RCH. The case is just the same with the still broader vowel sound, in the word *halt*, as uttered in military command.

That there is no impossibility in acquiring this power of protracting and swelling any open sound, is evident from the fact, that it is constantly done in *music*, when a pointed semibreve holds the voice to one continuous note, perhaps for three seconds.

But as discipline of the voice on unmeaning, elementary sounds, seems an arbitrary, and somewhat forbidding exercise, I shall set down a few brief examples, in which sentiment and emotion demand the above distinctions to be made, as to *fullness*, *loudness*, and *time*. These are intended as mere specimens, from which the reader will easily understand how to select others of similar character, from the EXERCISES, under different heads, especially *Transition*. These it will also be observed are taken from cases of exclamation, or other strong emotion, and addressed for the most part to persons supposed to be at a *distance*, requiring a full, loud note, on the emphatic words.

He woke to hear his sentry's shriek,
To ARMS!—they come! the GREEK!—the GREEK!

— Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy forever dwells. *Hail, horrors!—Hail,*
Infernial world!

He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted *Victory!*

Charge! Chester, Charge! On, Stanley, On!

Zophiel,—in mid air, aloud thus cried,
Arm, warriors! Arm, for Fight.

Satan—— was heard commanding loud;
*Vanguard!—to right and left the front unfold.**

But the reader must now be reminded, that while it is often indispensable to prolong, and fill out the sound of a word, under strong emphasis, it would be preposterous to speak common words in this manner.

No variety of tones could produce the thrilling effects of music if every note were a semibreve. So in elocution, if every word and syllable were uttered with the same length, the uniformity would be as intolerable as the worst monotony.

The easy flow of delivery, requires that particles and subordinate syllables, should be touched as lightly as is consistent with distinctness; while both sentiment and harmony demand, that the voice should throw an increase of quantity upon *important* words by resting on them, or by swell and protraction of sound, or both. He whose voice habitually prolongs short syllables, and such words as *and, from, to, the, &c.*, must be a heavy speaker.

But *time* in elocution, has a larger application than that which respects words and clauses, I mean that which respects the general *rate* of delivery. In this case, it is not practicable, as in music, nor perhaps desirable, to establish a fixed standard, to which every reader or speaker shall conform. The habits of different men may differ considerably in rate of utterance, without being chargeable with fault. But I refer rather to the difference which emotion will produce, in the rate of the same individual. I have said before, that those passions which quicken or retard a man's step in walking, will produce a similar effect on his voice in speaking. Narration is equable and flowing; vehemence, firm and accelerated; anger and joy, rapid. Whereas dignity, authority, sublimity, awe,—assume deeper tones, and a slower movement. Accordingly we sometimes hear a good reader or speaker, when there is some sudden turn of thought, check himself in the full current of utterance, and give indescribable power to a sentence, or part of a sentence, by dropping his voice, and adopting a slow, full pronunciation.

Sect. 5.—Compass of Voice.

In this I refer to the range of notes, above and below

* See APPENDIX for more examples, under this head.

the governing or natural key, which are required by a spirited and diversified delivery.

Sometimes from inveterate habit, and sometimes from incapacity of the organs, the voice has a strong, clear bottom, without any compass upwards. In other cases, it has a good top, but no compass below its key. Extreme instances to the contrary there may be, but commonly, I have no doubt that when a speaker uses only a note or two, above and below the key, it arises from habit, and not from organic defect.

Directions on this subject would be comparatively easy, if all who need them were acquainted with *music*. But experience taught me long ago, that no theories in elocution, which pre-suppose learners in this art to possess skill in musical sounds, can be generally useful. Multitudes must be taught reading and speaking, who cannot accurately distinguish musical intervals of notes. Those who can do it, will find great facility in cultivating *quantity* and *compass* of voice. To such I recommend a course of experiments on different vowel sounds, such as occur in the examples of emphatic words under the last head. Thus, begin with *hail*, and speak it rather feebly on the lowest note of your voice. Then repeat it, a note higher, and so on through the octave, but still in a small voice. Then do the same thing with *increase* of strength, as you raise the note, that is, growing *louder* as you proceed. Finally, do the same thing with a view to *prolongation* of sound, uttering the word *hail*, with *one* beat, then with *two*, *three*, &c. If you attempt to combine it in one experiment, *compass*, *loudness*, and *length* of sound, the trial of voice will be severe, and should be continued but a short time at once.

When this experiment is finished, it may be renewed on other words, as *arm*, *charge*, *hope*; the ultimate aim being in each case, to accustom the voice to notes *high* and *low*, *loud* and *long*.

When the student has ascertained his *compass*, by such experiments on single words, he may then practice reading passages of some length, on that part of his voice which he especially wishes to improve; taking care, in this more protracted exercise, not to pitch on the extreme note of his voice, either way, so far as to preclude some variety above or below, to correspond with natural delivery.

I would advise him next to read passages where the sentiment and style are specially adapted to the purpose he has in view. If he wishes to cultivate the bottom of his voice, he may take passages of poetry, in which the *simile* occurs, a figure that generally requires a low and equable movement of voice.

If he wishes to increase his compass on the higher notes, let him choose passages in which spirited emotion prevails; especially such as have a succession of interrogative sentences. Instead of giving examples here, I refer the reader to EXERCISES on Compass of Voice.

Sect. 6.—*Rhetorical Pause.*

Rhetorical punctuation has a few marks of its own, as the point of interrogation, and of admiration, the parenthesis, and the hyphen, all of which denote no grammatical relation, and have no established length. And there is no good reason, if such marks are used at all, why they should not be rendered more adequate to their purpose.

The interrogative mark, for example, is used to denote, not length of pause, but appropriate modification of voice, at the end of a question. But it happens that this one mark, as now used, represents two things, that are exactly contrary to each other. When the child is taught, as he still is in many schools, always to raise his voice in finishing a question, he finds it easy to do so in a case like this,—“ *Will you go to-day?* ”—“ *Are they Hebrews?* ” But when he comes to the *indirect* question, not answered by *yes* or *no*, his instinct, as I have said before, rebels against the rule, and he spontaneously reads with the falling slide, “ *Why are you silent?* *Why do you prevaricate?* ” Now, in this latter case, if the usual marks of interrogation were inverted, (;) when its office is to turn the voice downward, it would be discriminating, and significant of its design.

Supposing the student to be already familiar with the common doctrine of punctuation, it is not my design to discuss it here; nor even to dwell upon the distinction between grammatical and rhetorical pauses. All that is necessary, is to remark distinctly, that *visible* punctuation cannot be regarded as a perfect guide to *quantity*, any more than to *inflections*. Often the voice must rest, where no pause is allowed in grammar; especially does this happen, when the speaker would fix attention on a single word, that stands as immediate nominative to a verb. As,

Prosperity gains friends, adversity tries them.

Some place the bliss in action, *some* in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.

Here the words in Italic take no visible pause after them, without violence to grammatical relation. But the *ear* demands a pause after each of these words, which no good reader will fail to observe.

The same principle extends to the *length* of pauses. The comma, when it simply marks grammatical relation, is very short, as, “He took with him Peter, and James, and John, his disciples.” But when the comma is used in language of emotion, though it is the same pause to the eye, it may suspend the voice much longer than in the former case; as in the solemn and deliberate call to attention;—“Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken.”*

This leads me to the chief point, which I had in view under this head, the *emphatic pause*. It occurs sometimes before, but commonly after a striking thought is uttered, which the speaker thus presents to his hearers, as worthy to command assent, and be fixed in the memory, by a moment of uninterrupted reflection.

There is still another pause, so important in delivery, as to deserve a brief notice; I mean that with which a good speaker or reader marks the close of a *paragraph*, or division of a discourse. When he has finished one topic, he will enter on a new one, with a more familiar tone of voice, and after such a pause, as prepares the hearers to accompany him with renewed satisfaction.

When the voice has outrun itself, and reached too high

* The rhetorical pause is as appropriate in *music* as in elocution. In this respect a skillful composer always conforms to sentiment, in a set piece. In metrical psalmody, though this adaptation cannot be made by the writer of the tune, it ought to be made in some good degree, by the performers. Instead of a tame subserviency to arbitrary quantity, they may often, with powerful effect, insert or omit a pause, as sentiment demands. I have scarcely ever felt the influence of music more, than in one or two cases where the stanzas, being highly rhetorical, were divided only by a comma, and the choir spontaneously rushed over the musical pause at the end of the tune, and began it anew, from the impulse of emotion. See example, Watts. Book I., Hymn 3, 6, and 7—8 and 9 stanzas.

a pitch, one of these paragraph-rests affords the best opportunity to resume the proper key.

Sect. 7.—*Transition.*

By this, I mean those *sudden changes* of voice which often occur in delivery.

To designate these changes, besides the rhetorical marks already employed to denote inflections, it will be necessary to adopt several new ones; and the following may answer the purpose; signifying that the voice is to be modified, in reading what follows the marks respectively, thus:—

(°) high.	(..) slow.
(°°) high and loud.	(=) quick.
(_) low.	(—) plaintive.
(--) low and loud.	() rhetorical pause.
(<) increase.	

In respect to these marks, except the last, I observe that, when one of them occurs, it must be left to the reader's taste to determine how *far* its influence extends in what follows. In respect to this mark (..), it may be used to signify a considerable protraction of sound on that syllable, which precedes it, and then it will be inserted in the course of the line, without brackets; As,

— Heaven and earth will witness,
If ROME .. MUST .. FALL .. that we are innocent.

When the same mark is designed to signify that a *passage* is to be uttered with a *slow rate*, it will be inserted thus (..), where the passage begins,—the extent of its influence being left to the reader's taste; or it may be combined with another mark, thus (°); which would signify *low*, and *slow*, as (°=) would *high* and *quick*, or (°—) *high* and *plaintive*.

EXAMPLES.

(♂) And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened.

— Gabriel to his next in power thus spake :

(○○) Uzziel ! || half these draw off, and coast the south,
With strictest wātch ;—these other, || wheel the nōrth.

(..) He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend

Was moving tow'rd the shōre ;—

He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep

Of hell .. resounded. (○○) Princes,—*Potentātes*,

WĀRRIORS ! || the flower of heaven, once yours, now *lost*,

If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal spirits. —

In the following example, we see Satan lamenting his loss of heaven, and then in the dignity of a fell despair, invoking the infernal world. In reading this, when the apostrophe changes, the voice should drop from the tones of lamentation, which are high and soft, to those which are deep and strong, on the words, “ Hail, horrors,” &c.

(○) Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,

Said then the lost archangel, this the seat,

That we must change for heaven ? This mournful gloom !

For that celestial light ?—

Farewell, happy fiélds,

Where joy forever dwells. (○○) HAIL, horrors ! HAIL,

Infernal world ! And thou, .. *profoundest hell*,

Receive thy new possessor !

Sect. 8.—*Expression.*

This term I use, in rather a limited sense, to denote the proper influence of reverential and pathetic sentiment on the voice.

There is a modification of voice, which accompanies awakened sensibility of soul, that is more easily felt than described ; and this constitutes the *unction* of delivery. Without this, thoughts that should impress, attract, or soothe the mind, often become repulsive.

The fact cannot have escaped common observation, that sorrow, and its kindred passions, when carried to a high pitch, suspend the voice entirely. In a lower degree, they give it a slender and tremulous utterance. Thus Aaron, when informed that his two sons were smitten dead, by a stroke of divine vengeance, "held his peace." The emotions of his heart were too deep to find utterance in words. The highest passion of this sort, is expressed by *silence*; and when so far moderated, as to admit of words, it speaks only in abrupt fragments of sentences. Hence it is, that all artificial *imitation*, in this case, is commonly so unlike the reality. It leads to metaphors, to amplification and embellishment, in language, and to either vociferation or whining in utterance. Whereas the real passion intended to be imitated, if it speaks at all, speaks without ornament, in few words, and in tones that are a perfect contrast to those of declamation. This distinction arises from those laws of the human mind, by which internal emotion is connected with its external signs.

The heart, that is bursting with grief, feels the sympathy that speaks in a silent grasp of the hand, in tears or in gentle tones of voice: while it is shocked at the cold commiseration that utters itself in many words, firmly and formally pronounced.

Passion has its own appropriate language; and this, so far as the voice is concerned, is what I mean by *expression*. That this may be cultivated by the efforts of art, to some extent, is evident from the skill which actors have sometimes attained, in dramatic exhibition; a skill to which one of the fraternity alluded, in his remark to a dignitary of the church, the cutting severity of which consists in the *truth* it contains; "We speak of fictions as if they were realities; you speak of realities as if they were fictions."

The fact, however, is, that the indescribable power communicated to the voice by a delicate sensibility, especially a Christian sensibility, it is quite beyond the reach of art to imitate.

Sect. 9.—*Rhetorical Dialogue.*

This takes place when one voice personates two individuals or more. It seems necessary to dwell a little on this branch of modulation, which has scarcely been noticed by writers on oratory. Every one must have observed how

much more interesting is an exhibition of men, as living agents, than of *things* in abstract. Now when the orator introduces another man as speaking, he either informs us what that man said, in the third person, or presents him to us as spoken to, in the second person, and as speaking himself, in the first.

A thousand examples are at hand, to show the difference between telling us what was said by another man, and introducing that man to speak to us himself. "Jesus told Peter that he should deny him thrice," is narrative. "Jesus said, Peter, thou shalt deny me thrice," is representation. The difference between these two modes of communication it is the province of taste to feel, but of criticism to explain. Let us then analyze a simple thought, as expressed in these two forms: "Jesus inquired of Simon, the son of Jonas, whether he loved him." "Jesus said, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" The difference in point of vivacity is instantly perceived, but in what does this difference consist? In two things. The first manner throws verbs into past time, and pronouns into the third person, producing, in the latter especially, an indefiniteness of grammatical relation, which is unfriendly to the clearness and vivacity of language. At the same time, the energy arising from the vocative case, from the figure of tense, and of interrogation, is sacrificed. As a principle of *composition*, though commonly overlooked, this goes far to explain the difference between the tame and the vivid in style.

But the same difference is still more striking, when analyzed by the principles of *delivery*. Transform an animated question into mere statement of the fact, that such a question was asked, and all the intonations of voice are changed, so that you do not seem to hear a real person speaking, but are only told that he did speak. This change in expression of voice will be apparent in repeating the two forms of the example last quoted.

The reader will perceive, that the principle which I here aim to illustrate, though it belongs primarily to the philosophy of *style*, has a very extensive influence over every department of *delivery*.

The man who feels the inspiration of true eloquence, will find some of his happiest resources in this kind of *representation*. He can break through the trammels of a tame, inanimate address. He can ask questions, and answer them; can personate an accuser and a respondent; can suppose himself accused or interrogated, and give his replies. He can call up the absent or the dead, and make them speak through his lips. The skill of representing two or more persons, by appropriate management of language and voice, is properly called *rhetorical dialogue*. It was thus that the great orators of antiquity, and thus that Chrysostom and Massillon held their hearers in captivity.

Sect. 10.—*The Reading of Poetry.*

The genius of verse requires that it be pronounced with a fuller swell of the open vowels, and in a manner more melodious and flowing than prose. As the peculiar charms of poetry consist very much in delicacy of sentiment, and beauty of language, it would be absurd to read it without regard to these characteristics. But on the other hand, to preserve the metrical flow of versification, and yet not impair the sense, is no easy attainment. The following general principles may be of use to the student.

1. In proportion as the sentiment of a passage is elevated, inspiring emotions of dignity or reverence, the voice has less variety of inflection, and is more inclined to the monotone.

2. When the sentiment of a passage is delicate and gentle, especially when it is plaintive, it inclines the voice to the rising inflection; and for this reason, poetry oftener requires the rising inflection than prose: yet,

3. The *rights of emphasis* must be respected in poetry. When the language of a passage is strong and discriminating, or familiarly descriptive, or colloquial,—the same modifications of voice are required as in prose. The *emphatic stress* and *inflection*, that must be *intensive*, in prose, to express a thought forcibly, are equally necessary in poetry.

As,

Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we *réason*, but from what we *knòw*?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by *Gód* or *thèè*?
But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed :
What *thèèn*?—is the reward of virtue *bréad*?

4. The *metrical accent* of poetry is subordinate to sense, and to established usage in pronunciation. That is a childish conformity to poetic measure, which we sometimes hear, as marked in the following examples :

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place.
Their praise is still, the style is excellent ;
The sense they humbly take upon content.

Where the metrical accent would do violence to every ear of any refinement, the best way of obviating the difficulty, is to give both the metrical and the customary accent; at least so far, that neither shall be very conspicuous; thus—

Our *súprême* foe, in time may much relent.
Encamp their legions, or with *óbscúre* wing—

58

I think of only two exceptions to these remarks on accent. The first is, where a distinguished poet has purposely violated harmony, to make the harshness of his line correspond with that of the thought.

As,

On a sudden open fly,
With *impétuous* recoil, and jarring sound,
The infernal doors ; and on their hinges grate,
Harsh thunder.

The other is where a poet of the same order, without any apparent reason, has so deranged the customary accent, that, to restore it in reading, would be a violation of euphony not to be endured; thus—

With glory *attributed* to the high
Creator.—

Only to shine, yet scarce to *contribute*.—

5. The *pauses* of verse should be so managed, if possible, as most fully to exhibit the sense, without sacrificing the harmony of the composition. No good reader can fail

to observe the *cesural* pause, occurring after the fourth syllable, in these flowing lines—

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars || and blossoms in the trees.

Yet no good reader would introduce the same pause from regard to melody, where the sense utterly forbids it, as in this line—

I sit, with sad || civility I read.

There is another poetical pause, occurring at the *end of the line*. In blank verse, even when the sense of one line runs closely into the next, the reader may *generally*, not always, mark the end of the line, by a proper protraction and suspension of voice, on the closing syllable,—as in the following notation :

————— Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day || or the sweet approach of even or morn.
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook || but delay'd to strike.

"The affectation," says Walker, "which most writers of blank verse have of extending the sense beyond the line, is followed by a similar affectation in the printer, who will often omit a pause at the end of a line in verse, when he would have inserted one in prose; and this affectation is still carried farther by the reader, who will run the sense of one line into another, where there is the least opportunity for doing it, in order to show that he is too sagacious, to suppose that there is any conclusion in the sense, because the line concludes."

In regard to *rhyme*, there can be no doubt that it should be so read, as to make the end of the line quite perceptible to the ear: otherwise the correspondent sound of the final syllables, in which rhyme consists, would be entirely lost.

6. The vowels *e* and *o* when apostrophized, in poetry, should be preserved in pronunciation. But they should be spoken in a manner so slight and accelerated, as easily to coalesce with the following syllable.—As,

But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence.
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

CHAPTER VII.

GESTURE.

THOUGH the chief object of this book, is to regulate the *voice*, in reading and speaking, a few remarks on *gesture*, may be useful to those members of academies and higher schools, who wish to acquire proper habits in exercises of declamation. These remarks I shall introduce, with a very brief view of some faults, not uncommon, as to management of *countenance* and *attitude*, in a speaker.

The *eye* is the only part of the face, that it falls within my design to notice here, both because this is the chief seat of expression, and because its significance is especially liable to be frustrated by mismanagement. The intercourse of soul, between speaker and hearers, is carried on more unequivocally through the *eye*, than in any other way. But if he neglects to look at them, and they in return neglect, (as they commonly will,) to look at him ; the mutual reaction of feeling through the countenance is lost ; and vocal language is all the medium of intercourse that remains.

The *eye*, "bent on vacuity," as the artists call it, is the next most common defect, of this sort. The glass eye of a wax figure at once tells its own character. There may be, in other respects, the proportion and complexion of a human face ; but that *eye*, the moment it is examined, you perceive is nothing more, and, at best, it *can* be nothing more, than a bungling counterfeit. So the *eye* of a speaker may be open, and yet not see ; at least there may be no *discrimination*, no *meaning* in its look. It does not look *at* any thing. There is in its expression, a generality, a vacuity, so to speak, that expresses *nothing*. To the same class belongs that indefinite sweep of the *eye*, which

passes from one side to another of an assembly, resting nowhere; and that tremulous, waving cast of the eye, and winking of the eyelid, which is in direct contrast to an open, collected, manly expression of the face.

So fatal are these faults to the impression of delivery, that too much care cannot be taken to avoid them.

Attitude, I use, not in the theatrical sense of the word, (for this has no concern with oratory,) but as denoting the general positions of the body, which are becoming or otherwise, in a speaker. In some few instances, I have observed the head to be kept so erect, as to give the air of haughtiness. In others, it is dropped so low, that the man seems to be carelessly surveying his own person. In others, it is reclined towards one shoulder, so as to give the appearance of languor or indolence.

As to the *degree of motion* that is proper for the body, it may be safely said, that while the fixedness of a post is an extreme, all violent tossing of the body from side to side, rising on the toes, or writhing of the shoulders and limbs, are not less unseemly.

The remarks which come next to be made on *gesture*, are more various.

One principal fault which I have noticed in this, is want of *appropriateness*. By this I mean that it is not sufficiently adapted to circumstances. An address to an assembly of common men, admits a boldness of action that would be unseemly in one delivered to a prince.

More vivacity and variety is admissible in the action of a young speaker, than of one who is aged; and the same boldness of manner which is proper when the orator is kindled to a glowing fervor, in the close of a discourse, would be out of place at its commencement. Yet the same action is used by some speakers, in the exordium, as in the conclusion; in cool argument to the understanding, as in impassioned appeals to the heart. Good sense will lead a

man, as Quintilian says, "To *act* as well as to *speak* in a different manner, to different persons, at different times, and on different subjects."

Nearly of the same class is another kind of faults, arising from want of *discrimination*. Of this sort is that puerile imitation which consists in acting *words*, instead of *thoughts*. The disclaimer can never utter the word *heart*, without laying his hand on his breast; nor speak of *God* or *heaven*, in the most incidental manner, without directing his eye, and his gesture upwards. Let the same principle be carried out, in repeating the prophet's description of true fasting:—"It is not for a man to bow down his head as a bulrush, &c,"—and every one would see that, to conform the gesture to the words, is but childish mimicry.

There is no case in which this want of discrimination oftener occurs, than in a class of words denoting sometimes *numerical*, and sometimes *local* extent, accompanied by the spreading of both hands; the significance of this gesture being destroyed by misapplication. The following examples may illustrate my meaning.

Exam. 1. "The goodness of God is the source of *all* our blessings." The disclaimer, when he utters the word *God*, raises his eye and his right hand; and when he utters the word *all*, extends both hands. Now the latter action confounds two things, that are very distinct, *number* and *space*. When I recount all the blessings of my life, they are very *many*, but why should I spread my hands, to denote a multiplicity that is merely numerical and successive? when the thought has no concern with *local dimensions*, any more than in this case:—"All the days of Methusaleh were nine hundred and sixty-nine years."

Exam. 2. *All* the actions of our lives, will be brought into judgment." Here again, the thought is that of arithmetical succession, not of local extent; and if any gesture is demanded, it is not the spreading of both hands.

Exam. 3. "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all* people." Here the local extent which belongs to the thought, is properly expressed by action of both hands.

If there is language in action, it requires propriety and precision. The indiscriminate movement of the hands signifies nothing. Want of *emphasis* in this language is a great, but common fault. When the speaker, however, has an emphatic stroke of the hand, its effect is lost, if that stroke does not accompany the emphasis of the voice; that is, if it falls one syllable after the stress of voice, or if it is disproportionate in force to that stress, in the same degree, its meaning is impaired. The *direction* of the hand, too, in which the emphatic stroke terminates, is significant. The elevated termination suits high passion; the horizontal, decision; the downward, disapprobation. And any of these may denote definitive designation of particular objects.

Another fault of action is *excess*. In some cases it is too *constant*. To enter on a discourse with passionate exclamations and high-wrought figures, while the speaker and audience are both cool, is not more absurd than to begin with continual gesticulation. No man probably ever carried the language of action to so high a pitch as Garrick. Yet Dr. Gregory says of this great dramatic speaker,—" He used less action than any performer I ever saw; but his action always had meaning; it always spoke. By being less than that of other actors, it had the greater force." But if constant action has too much levity, even for the stage, what shall we say of that man's taste, who, in speaking on a subject of serious importance, can scarcely utter a sentence without extending his hands? "*Ne quid nimis.*"*

* Fenelon says,—" Some time ago, I happened to fall asleep at a sermon; and when I awaked, the preacher was in a very violent agitation, so that I fancied, at first, he was pressing some important

But gesture may be not merely too *much* ;—it may be too *violent*. Such are the habits of some men, that they can never raise the hand, without stretching the arm at full length above the head, or in a horizontal sweep ; or drawing it back, as if in the attitude of prostrating some giant at a stroke. But such a man seems to forget that gentleness, and tranquillity, and dignity, are attributes that prevail more than violence, in real oratory. The full stroke of the hand, with extended arm, should be reserved for its own appropriate occasions. For common purposes, a smaller movement is sufficient, and even more expressive. The meaning of a gesture depends not on its compass. The tap of Cæsar's finger, was enough to awe a Senate.

Gesture is often *too complex*. When there is want of precision, in the intellectual habits of the speaker, he adopts perhaps two or three gestures for one thought. In this way all simplicity is sacrificed ; for though the idea is complex, an attempt to exhibit each shade of meaning, by the hand, is ridiculous. After one principal stroke, every appendage to this, commonly weakens its effect.

Another fault is *too great uniformity*. Like periodic tones and stress of voice, the same gesture recurring constantly, shows want of discriminating taste. “In all things,” says Cicero, “repetition is the parent of satiety.”

This barren sameness usually prevails, in a man's manner, just in proportion as it is ungraceful. Suppose, for example, that he is accustomed to raise his arm by a motion from the shoulder, without bending the elbow ; or that the elbow is bent to a right angle, and thrust outward ; or that it is

point of morality. But he was only giving notice, that on the Sunday following, he would preach upon repentance. I was extremely surprised to hear so indifferent a thing uttered with so much vehemence. The motion of the arm is proper, when the orator is very vehement ; but he ought not to move his arm in order to *appear* vehement. Nay, there are many things that ought to be pronounced calmly, and without any motion.”

drawn close to the side, so that the action is confined to the lower part of the arm and hand; or that the hand is drawn to the left, by bending the wrist so far as to give the appearance of constraint, or backwards so far as to contract the thumb and fingers;—in all these cases, the motion is at once stiff and unvaried.

The same thing is commonly true of all short, abrupt, and jerking movements. These remind you of the dry limb of a tree forced into short and rigid vibrations by the wind; and not of the luxuriant branch of the willow, gently and variously waving before the breeze. The action of the graceful speaker is easy and flowing, as well as forcible. His hand describes curve lines, rather than right or acute angles; and when its office is finished, in any case, it drops gently down at his side, instead of being snatched away, as from the bite of a reptile. The action of young children is never deficient in grace or variety; because it is not vitiated by diffidence, affectation, or habit.

There is one more class of faults, which seems to arise from an attempt to shun such as I have just described, and which I cannot better designate, than by the phrase *mechanical variety*.

This is analogous to that variety of *tones*, which is produced by an *effort* to be various, without regard to sense. The diversity of notes, like those of the chiming clock, returns periodically, but is always the *same* diversity. So a speaker may have several gestures, which he repeats always in the same successive order. The most common form of this artificial variety consists, in the alternate use of the right hand and the left. I have seen a preacher, who aimed to avoid sameness of action, in the course of a few sentences, extend first his right hand, then his left, and then both. This order was continued through the discourse; so that these three gestures, whatever might

be the sentiment, returned, with nearly periodical exactness. Now whatever variety is attained in this way, is at best but a *uniform* variety; and is the more disgusting, in proportion as it is the more studied and artificial.

But the question arises, does this charge always lie against the use of the left hand *alone*? I answer, by no means. The almost universal precepts, however, in the institutes of oratory, giving precedence to the right hand, are not without reason. It has been said, indeed, that the confinement of the left hand in holding up the robe, was originally the ground of this preference; and that this is a reason which does not exist in modern times. But how did it happen that this service, denoting inferiority, came to be assigned to the *left*, rather than the *right* hand? Doubtless because this accords with a general usage of men, through all time. When Joseph brought his two sons to be blessed by Jacob, the patriarch signified which was the object of special benediction, by placing the right hand on his head, and the left on the head of the other. As a token of respect to his mother, Solomon gave her a seat on the right hand of his throne. In the same manner the righteous will be distinguished from the wicked, in the final judgment. Throughout the Bible, the right hand is spoken of as the emblem of honor, strength, authority, or victory.

The common act of salutation is expressed by the right hand; and hence its name *dextra*, from $\delta\varepsilon\chi\omega\mu$ to take, that is, by the hand; and hence, by figure, the English word *dextrous*, denoting skill and agility. General custom has always given preference to the right hand, when only one is used, in the common offices of life. The sword of the warrior, the knife of the surgical operator, the pen of the author, belong to this hand. With us, to call a man *left handed* is to call him awkward; and it is a curious fact that the Sandwich Islanders use the same phrase to denote ignorance or unskillfulness. To give the left hand in salutation, denotes a famil-

arity and levity, never offered to a superior. To employ this in taking an oath, or in giving what is called the "*right hand of fellowship*," as a religious act, would be deemed rusticity or irreverent trifling.

Now so long as this general usage exists, without inquiring here into its origin, it is manifest that the left hand can never, without incongruity, assume precedence over the right, so as to perform alone the principal gesture, with the few exceptions mentioned below. To raise this hand, for example, as expressing authority; or to lay it on the breast, in an appeal to conscience, would be likely to excite a smile. Though it often acts with great significance, in conjunction with the right hand, the only cases, that I recollect, where it can with propriety act alone, in the principal gesture, are these:

First, when the left hand is spoken of in contradistinction from the right; "He shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left." *Secondly*, when there is local allusion to some object on the left of the speaker. For example, if his face is to the north, and he points to the setting sun, it is better perhaps to do it with his left hand, than to turn his body, so as to make it convenient to do it with his right. *Thirdly*, when two things are contrasted, though without local allusion, if the case requires, that the one be marked by the action of the right hand, it is often best to mark the antithetic object with the left.

But I would not magnify, by dwelling on it, a question of so small moment. It would have been dispatched in a sentence or two, had it not seemed proper to show, that what some are disposed to call an arbitrary and groundless precept of ancient rhetoric, has its foundation in a general and instinctive feeling of propriety. Still I would say, that when a departure from this precept results, not from affectation, but from emotion, it is far better than any minute observance of propriety, which arises from a coldly correct and artificial habit.

In finishing this chapter, the general remark may be made, as applying to action, and indeed to the whole subject of delivery, that many smaller blemishes are scarcely observed in a speaker, who is deeply interested in his subject; while the affectation of excellence, is never excused by judicious hearers. To be a first rate orator, requires a combination of powers which few men possess: and no means of cultivation can ever confer these highest requisites for eloquence, on public speakers generally. But neither is it necessary to eminent usefulness, that these requisites should be possessed by all. Any man, who has good sense, and a warm heart, if his faculties for elocution are not essentially defective, and if he is patient and faithful in the discipline of these faculties, may render himself an agreeable and impressive speaker.

EXERCISES.

PART I.

PREPARATORY REMARKS.

THE selections in Part I., of these Exercises, are designed especially to exemplify the principles of rhetorical delivery, as laid down in the foregoing pages. These principles are the same as those contained in my ANALYSIS, only thrown into a more brief and simple form, for a younger class of readers, than were contemplated in that work. I see no reason to change the original plan, of giving one series of exercises, with a rhetorical notation, throughout; and another series of miscellaneous pieces in which such a notation is but partially applied.

These Exercises of the first part, are much the same as those of the ANALYSIS, chiefly because the examples were selected, with great expense of time, from the whole compass of English literature; and because it is not easy to make another selection, so well adapted to the various principles to be illustrated.

In using the Exercises of Part I., the student may be assisted by the following remarks.

1. At the head of each exercise, on the left hand, the *page* is noted, where the principle is contained, which the examples are intended to illustrate.
2. Under the several heads, a *rhetorical notation*, according to the Key given at the beginning, is so applied as

to designate *inflection*, *emphasis*, and towards the close, *modulation*. When emphatic stress is but moderate, it is often distinguished only by the mark of inflection; when the stress amounts to decided emphasis, it is denoted by the Italic type; and sometimes, when strongly intensive, by small capitals. In examples taken from the Scriptures, Italic words are used, not as in the English Bible, but solely to express *emphasis*.

3. In applying a rhetorical notation so as most fully to exhibit sentiment and emotion, there is often room for diversity of taste. Any amendments, in this respect, which may be suggested by Teachers or others, will be gratefully received.

4. They who use these Exercises should be aware that examples, which apply *exclusively* to a single principle of elocution, are commonly very short. When longer ones are chosen, including other principles, besides the one especially in view, it will still be apparent from the notation, what is the point *chiefly* to be regarded.

5. Before attempting to read any Exercise, the principle intended to be illustrated should be well examined by the pupil. Especially under the head of *Modulation*, no example expressive of passion, should be read without being studied beforehand.

EXERCISES ON ARTICULATION.

EXERCISE 1.

Page 24. *Difficult articulation from immediate succession of the same or similar sounds.*

1. The youth hates study.
2. The wild beasts straggled through the vale.
3. The steadfast stranger through the forests strayed.
4. It was the finest street of the city.
5. When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw.
6. It was the severest storm of the season, but the masts stood through the gale.
7. That lasts till night. }
That last still night. }
8. He can debate on either side of the question.
He can debate on neither side of the question. }
9. Who ever imagined such an ocean to exist?
Who ever imagined such a notion to exist? }

Page 25. *Difficult succession of consonants with remote accent.*

1. He has taken leave of *terrestrial* trials and enjoyments, and is laid in the grave, the common *receptacle* and home of mortals.
2. Though this barbarous chief received us very courteously, and spoke to us very *communicatively* at the first interview, we soon lost our confidence in the *disinterestedness* of his motives.
3. Though there could be no doubt as to the *reasonableness* of our request, yet he saw fit *peremptorily* to refuse it, and *authoritatively* to require that we should depart from the country. As no alternative was left us, we *unhesitatingly* prepared to obey this arbitrary mandate.

EXERCISES ON INFLECTION.

EXERCISE 2.

Page 29. *The disjunctive (or) has the rising inflection before, and the falling after it.*

1. Then said Jesus unto them, I will ask you one thing.

Is it lawful on the sabbath-days to do góod, or to do èvil ? to sáve life or to destroy it ?

2. Whether we are hurt by a mad or a blind man, the pain is still the same. And with regard to those who are undone, it avails little whether it be by a man who deceives them, or by one who is himself deceived.

3. Has God forsaken the works of his own hands ? or does he always graciously presérve, and kēep, and guide them ?

4. Therefore, O ye judges ! you are now to consider, whether it is more probable that the deceased was murdered by the man who inherits his estate, or by him, who inherits nothing but beggary by the same death. By the man who was raised from penury to plénty, or by him who was brought from happiness to misery. By him whom the lust of lucre has inflamed with the most inveterate hatred against his own relations ; or by him whose life was such, that he never knew what gain was, but from the product of his own labors. By him, who of all dealers in the trade of blood, was the most audacious ; or by him who was so little accustomed to the forum and trials, that he dreads not only the benches of a court, but the very town. In short, ye judges, what I think most to this point is, you are to consider whether it is most likely that an énemy, or a sòn, would be guilty of this murder.

5. As for the particular occasion of these (charity) schools, there cannot any offer, more worthy a generous mind. Would you do a handsome thing without return ?—do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation.* Would you do it for the public góod ?—do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of héaven ?—give it for one who shall be instructed in the worship of Him, for whose sake you gave it.

EXERCISE 3

Page 29. *The direct question, or that which admits the answers yes or no, has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling.*

1. Will the Lord cast off foréver, and will he be favorable no móre ? Is his mercy clean gone foréver ? doth

* Disjunctive or is understood.

his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

2. Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? and his sisters, are they not all with us?

3. Are we intended for actors in the grand drama of eternity? Are we candidates for the plaudit of the rational creation? Are we formed to participate the supreme beatitude in communicating happiness? Are we destined to co-operate with God in advancing the order and perfection of his works? How sublime a creature then is man!

The following are examples of both question and answer.

4. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection—that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bread?—who have no treasure but the labor of their hands—who rise, with the rising sun, to expose themselves to all the rigors of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat? No. The labors of such are the very blessings of their condition.

5. What, then, what was Cæsar's object? Do we select extortioners, to enforce the laws of equity? Do we make choice of profligates, to guard the morals of society? Do we depute atheists, to preside over the rites of religion? I will not press the answer: I need not press the answer; the premises of my argument render it unnecessary.—What would content you? Talent? No! Enterprise? No! Courage? No! Reputation? No! Virtue? No! The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but all, of these.

6. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Ruscio: Call in Casca. Did Clodius waylay Milo? He did: Drag them instantly to execution.—He did not: Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination?

7. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your rich-

es might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility.—There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the Gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The Gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The Gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The Gospel offers you the aid of heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

Page 29, Note 1. *When (or) is used conjunctively, it has the same inflection before and after it.*

In some sentences the disjunctive and the conjunctive use of *or* are so intermingled as to require careful attention to distinguish them.

1. Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him? Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears?

2. But should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable; from believing it what harm could ensue? would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable, the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents or children, husbands, or wives; masters, or servants, friends, or neighbors? *or** would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy, in every situation?

EXERCISE 4.

Page 30. *Negation opposed to affirmation.*

1. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally

* The last *or* is disjunctive.

4*

glâres ; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

2. Think not, that the influence of devotion is confined to the retirement of the closet, and the assemblies of the saints. Imagine not, that, unconnected with the duties of life, it is suited only to those enraptured souls, whose feelings, perhaps, you deride as romantic and visionary. It is the guardian of innocence—it is the instrument of virtue—it is a means by which every good affection may be formed and improved.

3. Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy not to *injure* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restòre* them.

4. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous : and he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for *ours* only, but also for the sins of the whole *world*.

5. These things I say now, not to insult one who is fallen, but to render more secure those who stand ; not to irritate the hearts of the wounded, but to preserve those, who are not yet wounded, in sound health ; not to submerge him who is tossed on the billows, but to instruct those sailing before a propitious bréeze, that they may not be plunged beneath the waves.

6. But this is no time for a tribunal of justice, but for showing *mèrcy* ; not for *accusâtion*, but for *philânthropy* ; not for trial, but for *pardon* ; not for *sentence* and *execùtion*, but compassion and kindness.

Comparison and contrast belong to the same head.

1. By *honor* and *dishonor*, by *evil report* and *good report* ; as *deceivers*, and yet *true* ; as *unknown*, and yet *well known* ; as *dy'ing*, and behold we live ; as *châstened* and not *killed* ; as *sorrowful*, yet always *rejoicing* ; as *poor*, yet making many *rich* ; as having *nothing*, and yet possessing *all* things.

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers ; for what fellowship hath *righteousness* with *unrighteousness* ? and what communion hath *light* with *darkness* ? and what concord hath Christ with *Bélial* ? or what part hath he that *belièveth* with an infidel ?

A wise man feareth, and departeth from évil; but the fool râgeth, and is cònfident. The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hòpe in his death. Righteousness exálteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. The king's favor is toward a wise servant; but his wrath is against him that causeth shâme.

2. Between fame and true honor a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and noisy applause: the latter a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the múltitude: honor rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds esteem; true honor implies esteem, mingled with respect. The one regards particular distinguished talents: the other looks up on the whole chàracter.

3. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for fréedom, and the strong for dominion. The king was without pôwer, and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at hóme, and robbers abròad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

4. The power of delicacy is chiefly seen in discerning the true mérit of a work; the power of correctness, in rejecting false pretensions to merit. Delicacy leans more to feeling; correctness more to rèason and judgment. The former is more the gift of náture; the latter, more the product of culture and art. Among the ancient critics, Longinus possessed most délicacy; Aristotle, most correctness. Among the moderns, Mr. Addison is a high example of délicate taste; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a cor-rèct one.

5. Homer was the greater génius; Virgil, the better artist; in the one, we most admire the mán; in the other, the wòrk. Homer hurries us with a commanding im-petuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive màjesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden óverflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant strèam.—And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the héavens; Virgil, like the same power in his bénèvolence, counseling with the gòds, laying plans for empires, and ordering his whole crèation.

6. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, those of Pope by minute attention.

The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the sythe, and leveled by the roller.

If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire, the blaze is brighter; of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

7. Never before were so many opposing interests, passions, and principles, committed to such a decision. On one side an attachment to the ancient order of things, on the other a passionate desire of change; a wish in some to perpetuate, in others to destroy every thing; every abuse sacred in the eyes of the former, every foundation attempted to be demolished by the latter; a jealousy of power shrinking from the slightest innovation, pretensions to freedom pushed to madness and anarchy; superstition in all its dottage, impiety in all its fury.

EXERCISE 5.

Page 31. *The pause of suspension requires the rising slide.*

Several kinds of sentences are classed under this rule, in the body of the work; but as the principle is the same in all, no distinction is necessary in the Exercises.

1. For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment; and spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly; and turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemned them with an overthrow, making

them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly; And delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked: (For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds;) The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished.

2. If reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common custom all nations in general; and if even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods; you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining at the same time that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by his sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to fall by the hands of Clodius, who had more than once, before this, made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is not whether Clodius was killed? for that we grant: but whether justly or unjustly? an inquiry of which many precedents are to be found.

3. Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fullness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

4. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, has conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defense:

when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the pásions; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rápture,—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart; see how vain, how weak, how empty a thing it is!

5. Besides the ignorance of masters who teach the first rudiments of reading, and the want of skill, or negligence in that article, of those who teach the learned lágúages; besides the erroneous manner, which the untutored pupils fall into, through the want of early attention in masters, to correct small faults in the beginning, which increase and gain strength with yéars; besides bad habits contracted from imitation of particular persons, or the contagion of example, from a general prevalence of a certain tone or chant in reading or reciting, peculiar to each school, and regularly transmitted, from one generation of boys to another: besides all thése, which are fruitful sources of vicious elocution, there is one fundamental error, in the method universally used in teaching to read, which at first gives a wrong bias, and leads us ever after blindfold from the right path, under the guidance of a false rúle.

6. A guilty or a discontented mind, a mind, ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own pásions, soured by négléct, or fretting at disappóintments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, or a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them.

7. "I perfectly remember, that when Calidius prosecuted Q. Gallius for an attempt to poison him, and pretended that he had the plainest proofs of it, and could produce many letters, witnesses, informations, and other evidences to put the truth of his charge beyond a dóbdt, interspersing many sensible and ingenious remarks on the nature of the crime; I remember," says Cicero, "that when it came to my turn to reply to him, after urging every argument which the case itself suggested, I insisted upon it as a material circumstance in favor of my clíent, that the prosecutor, while he charged him with a design against his life, and assured us that he had the most indubitable proofs of it then in his hands, related his story with as much ease, and as much

calmness and indifference, as if nothing had happened."—"Would it have been possible," exclaimed Cicero, (addressing himself to Calidius,) "that you should speak with this air of unconcern, unless the charge was purely an invention of your own?—and, above all, that you, whose eloquence has often vindicated the wrongs of other people with so much spirit, should speak so coolly of a crime which threatened your life?"

8. To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters, to restrain every irregular inclination,—to subdue every rebellious passion,—to purify the motives of our conduct,—to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce,—to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle,—to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm, and that integrity which no interest can shake; this is the task which is assigned to us,—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

9. The beauty of a plain, the greatness of a mountain, the ornaments of a building, the expression of a picture, the composition of a discourse, the conduct of a third person, the proportion of different quantities and numbers, the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting, the secret wheels and springs which produce them, all the general subjects of science and taste, are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to either of us.

10. Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;

5 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,

10 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading even fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;

15 While Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—

Who but must láugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if ÁTTICUS were he !

11. For these reasons, the senate and people of Áthens, (with due veneration to the gods and heroes, and guardians of the Athenian city and territory, whose aid they now implore ; and with due attention to the virtue of their ancestors, to whom the general liberty of Greece was ever dearer than the particular interest of their own státe,) have resolved that a fleet of two hundred vessels shall be sent to sea, the admiral to cruise within the straits of Thermopylæ.

As to my own abilities in spéaking, (for I shall admit this chárge, although experience hath convinced me, that what is called the power of eloquence depends for the most part upon the hearer, and that the characters of public speakers are determined by that degree of favor which you vouchsafe to each,) if long practice, I say, hath given me any proficieney in speaking, you have ever found it devoted to my country.*

Of the various exceptions which fall under the rule of *suspending inflection*, the only one which needs additional exemplification, is that, where emphasis requires the intensive falling slide, to express the true sense. See pp 32 and 43. In some cases of this sort, the omission of the falling slide only weakens the meaning; in others it subverts it.

1. If the population of this country were to remain *stàtionary*, a great increase of effort would be necessary to supply each family with a Bible; how much more when this population is increasing every day.

2. The man who cherishes a strong ambition for preferment, if he does not fall into *adulàtion* and *servility*, is in danger of losing all manly independence.

3. For if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in *Sòdom*,† it would have remained unto this day.

EXERCISE 6.

Page 32. *Tender emotion inclines the voice to the rising slide.*

1. And when Joseph came home they brought him the

* I have not thought it necessary to give examples of the cases in which emphasis requires the falling slide at the close of a parenthesis.

† *Even in Sodom*, is the paraphrase of this emphasis, and so in the two preceding examples.

present which was in their hand, into the house, and bowed themselves to him, to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your *father* well, the *old man* of whom ye spake? Is *he* yet alive?—And they answered, Thy servant *our* father is in good health, he is yet alive: and they bowed down *their* heads, and made obeisance.—And he lifted up his *eyes*, and saw his brother *Benjamin*, his *mother's son*, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spáke unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my *son*.—And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.

2. Methinks I see a fair and lovely child,
Sitting compos'd upon his mother's knée,
And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from the Sabbath;* while the tears
5 Stand in his little eye so softly blúe,
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs
Most infantine, within her gladden'd bréast,
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afráid,
10 Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dám.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the bóok,
And asks him if he doth remember still
A stranger, who once gave him, long agó,
15 A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!
His sobs speak fond reméembrance, and he weeps
To think so kind and good a man should die.

3. Ye who have anxiously and fondly watched
Beside a fading friénd, unconscious that
The cheek's bright crimson, lovely to the view,
Like nightshade with unwholesome beauty blóomed,
5 And that the sufferer's bright dilated eye,
Like mouldering wood, owes to *decay* alone
Its wondrous lústre:—ye who still have hoped,
Even in death's dread presence, but at length
Have heard the súmmons, (O heart-freezing cáll!)

* Sabbath,—a poem.

10 To pay the last sad duties, and to hear
 Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid
 The first earth thrown, (sound deadliest to the soul!—
 For, strange delusion! then, and then alone,
 Hope seems forever fled, and the dread pang

15 Of final separation to begin)—
 Ye you have felt all this—O pay my verse
 The mournful meed of sympathy, and own,
 Own with a sigh, the sombre picture's just.

EXERCISE 7.

Page 33. *The indirect question and its answer have the falling inflection.*

The interrogative mark is here *inverted*, to render it significant of its office, in distinction from the direct question, which turns the voice upward.

1. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate said unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why? what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

2. Where now is the splendid robe of the consulate? Where are the brilliant torches? Where are the applauses and dances, the feasts and entertainments? Where are the coronets and canopies? Where the huzzas of the city, the compliments of the circus, and the flattering acclamations of the spectators? All these have perished.

3. I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring, oppression. How far this was the case with the Romans, you may inquire of those nations that surrounded them. Ask them, 'What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong-holds?' They will answer, 'A Roman legionary.' Demand of them, 'What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness?' They will inform you, 'A Roman Quaestor.' Inquire of them, 'What imperious stranger issued to them his

mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death ; They will reply to you, 'A Roman Cònsul.' Question them, 'What haughty conqueror led through his city, their nobles and kings in châins ; and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in gladiators' shows, for the amusement of his fellow citizens ?' They will tell you: 'A Roman Gèneral.' Require of them, 'What tyrants imposed the heaviest yòke ;—enforced the most rigorous exàctions ;—inflicted the most savage pùnishments, and showed the greatest gust for blòod and torture ?' They will exclaim to you, 'The Roman pèople.'

4. Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favorable to Milo, or to Clodius. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him ; which of these circumstances was not a very great incùmbrance ; the dress, the chariot, or the companion ? How could he be worse equipped for engagement, when he was wrapt up in a clòak, embarrassed with a chàriot, and almost fettered by his wife ? Observe the other now, in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat ; for what rèason ;—in the èvening ; what urged him ;—làte ; to what pùrpose, especially at thàt season ;—He calls at Pompey's seat : with what view ? To see Pómpey ? He knew he was at Àlsium.—To see his hòuse ? He had been in it a thousand tìmes—What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about ? He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

5. Wherfore cèase we then ;

Say they who counsel war, we are décrèed,
Resèrvèd, and destin'd to eternal wòe ;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,

5 What can we suffer wòrse ? Is this then wòrst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in árms ?
Whàt ! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us—this Hell then seem'd

10 A rèfuge from those wounds : or when we lay

Chain'd on the burning lake,—that sure was worse.
 What, if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
 Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flâmes ; or from above
 15 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right-hand to plague us ? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
 20 One day upon our héads ; while we perhaps,
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of wracking whirlwinds ; or forever sunk
 25 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in châins ;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriv'd,
 Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.

Milton.

6. But, first, whom shall we send
 In search of the new world ; whom shall we find
 Sufficient ; who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 5 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, and spread his airy flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle ; what strength, what art can then
 10 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick
 Of Angels watching round ; Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage ; for on whom we send,
 15 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies. *Milton.*

EXERCISE 8.

Page 34. *Language of authority, of surprise, and of distress, commonly requires the falling inflection. Denunciation, reprobation, &c., come under this head.*

1. Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and

be wise:—which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?—Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:—So shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth, and thy want as an armed man.

2. And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man that had not on a wedding-garment:—And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment? And he was speechless.—Then said the king to the servants, Bind him, hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

3. Then he which had received the one talent came, and said, Lord, I knew thee, that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed:—And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.—His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant,—thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not,* and gather where I have not strewed:—Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.—And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

4. Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not.—Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon,† they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.—But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you. And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in

* This clause uttered with a high note and the falling slide, expresses censure better with the common punctuation, than if it were marked with the interrogation.

† *Even in Tyre and Sidon, is the paraphrase of the emphasis.*

Sodom, it would have remained until this day.—But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

5. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions, with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your own understanding.

6. You *have* done that, you *should* be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,

5 Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me—
For I can raise no money by vile means;
—I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

10 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: Was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

15 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
* Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Shakespeare.

7. The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:

* The reader will observe, that the notation is more various, as the examples become longer, including more variety of rhetorical principles.

With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted—“ *Victory!*
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion !

8. So judge thou still, presumptuous !—till the wrath
Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight,
Sev’nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hèll,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
5 Can equal anger infinite provok’d.
But wherefore thou alône ? wherefore with thee
Came not all *Hèll* broke loose ? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fléed ? or thou than they
Less hardy to endûre ? Courâgeous Chief !
10 The first in flight from pain !—hadst thou *allèg’d*
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sôle fugitive.

Milton.

9. To whom the warrior Angel soon replied.
To say, and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no léader, but a liar, trac’d,
5 Sàtan !—and couldst thou fáithful add ? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan’d !
Faithful to whòm ? to thy rebellious crêw ?
Army of Fiends !—fit body to fit head !
Was this your discipline and faith engag’d,
10 Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to th’ acknowledg’d Pow’r supreme ?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn’d, and crèng’d, and servilely ador’d
15 Heav’n’s awful Mònarch ? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thysèlf to reign.
But mark what I areed thee now :—Avaùnt :
Fly thither whence thou flèd’st : if from this hour,
Within these hallow’d limits thou appear,
20 Bâck to th’ inférral pît I drâg thee châined.
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell, too slightly barr’d.

Milton.

Apostrophe and exclamation, as well as the imperative mode when accompanied by emphasis, incline the voice to the falling inflection.

10. Oh ! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !

5 Mystèrious worlds ! untravel'd by the sun,
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears—
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,

10 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
Daughter of Faith, awake ! arise ! illume
The dread unknown, the chàos of the tomb !
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting sòul !

15 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed, by the star of day !
The strife is o'er !—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rupture triumphs o'er her woes !
Hàrk ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,

20 The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born mélody ;
Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shépherds in the lonely vale,

25 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Campbell.

11. ————— Piety has found
Friends in the Friends of science, and true prayer
Has flow'd from lips wet with *Castalian* dews.
Such was thy wisdom, *Newton*, child-like sage !

5 Sagacious reader of the *Works* of God,
And in his *Word* sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna. And such thine, in whom
Our *British Themis* gloried with just cause,

10 Immortal *Hale* ! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, not more, than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

12. These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair ; thysèlf how wond'rous then !
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns

5 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs

10 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

15 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,

20 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

25 And ye five other wand'ring Fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run

30 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix,
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,

35 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
 Join voices all, ye living Souls ; ye Birds,
 That singing, up to Heaven's gate ascend,

40 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

Milton.

EXERCISE 9.

Page 35. *Emphatic succession of particulars requires the falling slide.*

Notes 1 and 2, page 35, should be examined before reading this class of Exercises.

1. He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;—the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom: but the tares are the children of the wicked one;—the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

2. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit;—to another, faith, by the same Spirit; to another, the gifts of healing, by the same Spirit;—to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues.

3. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; majesty, to kings; serenity, or mildness of temper, to princes; excellence, or perfection, to ambassadors; grace, to archbishops; honor, to peers; worship, or venerable behavior, to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

4. It pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps, creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall, ere long, shoot away with the swiftness of imagination; trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations; be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career; be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds; visit the several apartments of creation; know how they are furnished and how inhabited; comprehend the order and measure, the magnitude and distances of those orbs, which, to us, seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependence of the parts of each system; and (if our minds are big enough) grasp the theory of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe.

5. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a

multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments he never keeps—to the consulter, who asks advice he never takes—to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised—to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied—to the projector, whose happiness is only to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain—to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements—to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances—to the usurer, who compares the different funds—and to the talker, who talks only because he loves talking.

6. That a man, to whom he was, in great measure, beholden for his crown, and even for his life! a man to whom, by every honor and favor, he had endeavored to express his gratitude; whose brother, the earl of Derby, was his own father-in-law; to whom he had even committed the trust of his person, by creating him lord chamberlain; that a man enjoying his full confidence and affection; not actuated by any motive of discontent or apprehension; that this man should engage in a conspiracy against him, he deemed absolutely false and incredible.

7. I would fain ask one of those bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motion and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together, and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose.

EXERCISE 7.

Page 36. *Emphatic repetition requires the falling inflection; though the principle of the suspending slide, or of the interrogative, may form an exception.*

1. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.—And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, ABRAHAM.—And he said, Here am I.

2. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wèpt: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalóm!—my són, my son Absalóm!—would God I had died for thee, O Absalóm, my són, my són!

3. O Jerusalem, *Jerùsalem*!—thou that killest the prophets, and *stonest* them which are sent unto thee!—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye *would* not?

4. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. *Newton* was a *Christian*! *Newton*, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions.—*Newton*, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy: not those visionary and arrogant presumptions, which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie.—*Newton*, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

5. To die, they say, is noble—as a soldier—
But with such guides, to point th' unerring road,
Such able guides, such arms and discipline
As I have had, my soul would sorely feel

5 The dreadful pang which keen reflections give,
Should she in death's dark porch, while life was ebbing,
Receive the judgment, and this vile reproach:—
“ Long hast thou wander'd in a stranger's land,
A stranger to thyself and to thy God ;

10 The heavenly hills were oft within thy view,
And oft the shepherd call'd thee to his flock,
And call'd in vain.—A thousand monitors
Bade thee return, and walk in wisdom's ways.
The seasons, as they roll'd, bade thee return;

15 The glorious sun, in his diurnal round,
Beheld thy wand'ring, and bade thee return;
The night, an emblem of the night of death,
Bade thee return; the rising mounds,
Which told the traveler where the dead repose

20 In tenements of clay, bade thee return;
And at thy father's grave, the filial tear,

Which dear remembrance gave, bade thee return,
And dwell in Virtue's tents, on Zion's hill !
—Here thy career be stay'd, rebellious man !

25 Long hast thou liv'd a cumberer of the ground.
Millions are shipwreck'd on life's stormy coast,
With all their charts on board, and powerful aid,
Because their lofty pride disdain'd to learn
Th' instructions of a pilot, and a God."

On Cadence, Circumflex, and Accent, no additional illustrations seem to be required in the Exercises.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

It was necessary in the rules to examine and exemplify the difference between emphatic stress, and emphatic inflection, and also between absolute and relative stress. The examples, however, illustrating these distinctions, must generally be taken from single sentences and clauses. But as I wish here to introduce such passages as have considerable length, I have concluded to arrange them all under the general head of EMPHASIS, leaving the reader to class particular instances of stress, and inflection, according to the principles laid down page 39 to 47.

EXERCISE 11.

1. He that planted the ear, shall he not *hear*? he that formed the eye, shall he not *see*?—he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he *correct*? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he *know*?

2. The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation, and condemn them: for she came from the utmost parts of the earth, to hear the wisdom of *Solomon*; and behold, a *greater* than Solomon is here. The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of *Jonas*; and behold, a *greater* than Jonas is here.

3. But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by *Beelzebub*, the *prince* of the devils. 2. And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against *itself*, is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against *itself*

shall not stand. 3. And if *Sátan* cast out Sátan, *he* is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand? And if I by *Beélzebub* cast out devils, by whom do your *children* cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges. But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of *Göd*, then the kingdom of God is come unto you. 4. Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first *bind* the strong man? and then he will spoil his house.

4. And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? 2. He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? 3. And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. 4. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.—But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? 5. And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. 6. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.—And likewise a *Le-vite*, when he was at the place, came and *looked* on him, and passed by on the other side. 7. But a certain Samáritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,—and *went* to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. 8. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. 9. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was *neighbor* unto him that fell among the thieves?—And he said, He that showed *mercy* on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

5. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that *yourselves* have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. But it cannot be. No, my countrymen! It cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the

liberty and safety of all *Grēece*. *Nò!* By those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at *Marāthon*! By those who stood arrayed at *Platēa*! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at *Sàlamis*! who fought at *Artemisium*! By all those illustrious sons of Athens whose remains lie deposited in the public mònuments! *All* of whom received the same honorable interment from their country: Not those only who *preváiled*, not those only who were *victórious*. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they *all* performed; their success was such as the Supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

EXERCISE 12.

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
 What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pów'r,
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
 To bid the *wrētch* survive the *fōrtunate*;

5 The *feeble* wrap the *athlētic* in his shroud;
 And weeping *fāthers* build their *chilđren's* tomb:
Mē, thīne, NARCISSA!—What though short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling *sūns*, the mind matures.
 That life is long, which answers life's great *ēnd*.

10 The tree that bears no *frūit*, deserves no *nāme*:
 The man of *wisdom*, is the man of years.
NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
 And can her *gāyety* give counsel too?
 That, like the Jew's fam'd oracle of gems,

15 Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
 And opens more the character of death;
 Ill known to thee, *LORENZO*: This thy vaunt;
 "Give death his due, the *wrētched*, and the *old*;
 "Let him not violate kind *nāture's* laws,

20 "But own man born to *live* as well as *dīe*."
 Wretched and old thou *givest* him; young and gay
 He *takes*; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.
 * Fortune, with youth and gayety conspir'd
 To weave a triple wreath of happiness,

25 (If happiness on earth,) to crown her brow,
 And could death charge through such a shining shield?
 That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear;
 As if to damp our elevated aims,

* In this place, and in many others, the connection of the author is broken in the selections, without notice.

And strongly preach humility to man.
 O how portentous is prosperity !
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !
 Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition.

5 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, and purpled o'er
 With recent honors, bloom'd with every bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,

10 The gaudy center, of the public eye,
 When fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him *dropp'd* at once,
 Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !

15 Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
 A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;
 And startles thousands with a single fall.
 (o) As when some stately growth of oak or pine,
 Which nods aloft and proudly spreads her shade,

20 The sun's defiance, and the flock's defense ;
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd
 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height,
 In cumb'rous ruin, thunder to the ground :
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,

25 And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.*

Young.

EXERCISE 13.

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve.—

— If these alone
 Assist our flight, *fame's flight is glory's fall.*

30 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our hight is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch when I behold,
 When I behold a genius, bright, and base,
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;

35 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,

* In the following Exercises, the marks of modulation are occasionally used.

At once compassion soft, and envy rise—
 But wherefore envy ? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting *worth*, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults

5 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an achievement of great *pòw'rs*.

Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.

Means have no merit, if our *end* amiss.

Heàrts are proprietors of all applause.

10 Right ends, and means, make *wìsdom* : Worldly-wise
 Is but *hàlf*-witted, at its highest praise.

Let genius then despair to make thee great ;

Nor flatter *stàtion* : What *is* station high ?

'Tis a proud *mèndicant* ; it boasts and begs ;

15 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.

Monarchs and ministers, are awful names ;

Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.

Religion, public order, both exact

20 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave ; all more is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right,
 Nor ever paid the *mónarch*, but the *màn*,

25 Our *héarts* ne'er bow but to superior *wòrth* :
 Nor ever *fail* of their allegiance there.

Fools, indeed, drop the *màn* in their account,
 And vote the *màntle* into majesty.

Let the small *savage* boast his silver fur ;

30 His royal robe unborrow'd and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
 And souls in ermine scorn a soul without ?
 Can *pláce* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?

35 Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on *Alps* ;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his *own* statue, builds himself,
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids :

Her monuments shall last when *Egypt*'s fall.

40 ————— Thy bosom burns for *pòw'r* ;
 What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
 'Tis thine. And art thou *greáter* than before ?

Then thou before was something *less* than *man*.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?
 That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 5 The being *mean*, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
 High *worth* is elevated place : 'Tis more ;
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee :
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an *honest man* ;
 Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth ;
 19 And though it wears no *ribin*, 'tis renown ;
 Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.
 Other ambition nature interdicts ;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
 15 By pointing at his origin, and end ;
 Milk, and a swathe, at first his whole demand ;
 His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone ;
 To whom, between, a *world* may seem too small.

Young.

EXERCISE 14.

Ambition ! pow'ful source of good and ill !

20 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
 And swifter flight transports us to the skies ;
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
 It turns a *curse* ; it is our *chain*, and *scourge*,
 25 In this dark dungeon, where confined we lie,
 Close grated by the sordid bars of sense ;
 All prospect of eternity shut out ;
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.
 In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
 30 Ne'er to be priz'd enough ! enough revolv'd !
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
 They see no farther than the clouds ? and dance
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe ?
 Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
 35 Headlong they plung, where end both dance and song.
 Are there on earth,—(let me not call them men,)—
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore ;
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?
 40 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these

Shall *knōw* their treasure ; treasure, then, no more.

Are there, (still more amazing !) who *resist*

The rising thought ? Who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth ? Who struggle to be *brûtes* ?

5 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with revers'd ambition, strive to *sink* ?
Who labor *downwards*, through th' opposing pow'r
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock

10 Of endless night ? night darker than the gráve's !
Who fight the proofs of immortality ?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their energies, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
15 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise,) Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themsélves ?

Young.

EXERCISE 15.

He ceas'd ; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up ; the strongest and fiercest spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair :

20 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be *less*,
Cared not to be at *all* ; with that care lost
Went all his fear : of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.

25 " My sentence is for *open wär* ; of wiles,
More unexpert, *I* boast not ; *them* let those
Contrive who need, or when they need not now ;
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and, longing, wait

30 The signal to ascend, sit *ling'ring here*,
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay ? *No*, let us rather choose,

35 Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, *all at once*,
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms,
Against the Torturer ; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear

40 *Infern*al thunder, and for lightning see

*Black fire and horror, shot with equal rage
Among his Angels and his throne itself,
Mix'd with Turtarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.* (o) But perhaps

5 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let them bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend

10 Up to our native seat: *descent and fall*
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight

15 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is *easy* then.
Th' *event* is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some *worse* way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What *can* be worse

20 Than to *dwell here*, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe:
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge

25 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What *fear* we then? what *doubt* we to incense
His *utmost* ire? which to the height enrag'd,

30 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, (happier far,
Than miserable, to have eternal being,)
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst

35 On this side nothing; and by *proof* we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne,

40 Which if not victory, is yet revenge."

Milton.

EXERCISE 16.

I should be much for open war, O peers!

As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd,
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success,—

5 When he, who most excels in feat of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on *despair*,
 And utter *dissolution* as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

10 First, *what* revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
 Encamp their legions, or, with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,

15 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
 By *force*, and at our heels all *hell* should rise,
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne

20 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd our final hope
 Is *flat despair*: we must exasperate

25 Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must *end* us, *that* must be our cure,
 To *be no more*: sad cure; for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,

30 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or *will* ever? how he *can*

35 Is doubtful; that he never *will* is sure. *Milton.*

EXERCISE 17.

— Aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.
 "Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 40 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss ; while I to *Hell* am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 (Amongst our other torments not the least,)
 Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.

5 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths : all is not theirs it seems ;
 One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste. *Knowledge* forbidden ?

10 Suspicious, reasonless ! Why should their Lord
 Envy them *that* ? Can it be sin to know ?
 Can it be death ? and do they only stand
 By ignorance ? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith ?

15 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt

20 Equal with Gods : aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die ; what likelier can ensue ?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd ;
 A chance, but chance, may lead where I may meet

25 Some wand'ring spirit of Heav'n, by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
 Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures for long woes . . . are to succeed."

30 (°) So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began,
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his
 roam.

Milton.

EXERCISE 18.

Page 27, bottom. *Difference between the common and the intensive inflection.*

I place this here, rather than under Inflections, because, intensive slide so often stands connected with emphasis. The difficulty to be avoided may be seen sufficiently in an example or two. There is a general tendency to make the slide of the voice as great in degree, when there is little stress, as when there is much ; whereas, in the former case, the slide should be gentle, and sometimes hardly perceptible.

Common slide.

To play with important truths ; to disturb the repose of established ténets ; to subtilize objections ; and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents.

Were the miser's repentance upon the neglect of a good bárgain ; his sorrow for being over-reached ; his hope of improving a sum ; and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many Christian graces and virtues.

Intensive slide.

Consider, I beseech you, what was the part of a faithful citizen ? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister ? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defense against all attacks by séa ? Was he not to make Boëtia our barrier on the midland side ? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark on that quarter ? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progress, up to our own harbors ? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded, by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Ténedos ? To exert himself in the assémbly for this purpose, while with equal zeal he labored to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and Euboëa ?—Was he not to cut off the best, and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective ?—And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration.

EXERCISES ON MODULATION.

The reader will be able from the following examples, to choose those which are appropriate to *roundness* of voice, *fullness*, *loudness*, *time*, *rhetorical pause*, &c.

COMPASS OF VOICE.

Page 56. EXERCISE 19.

To assist in cultivating the *bottom* of the voice, I have selected examples of sublime or solemn description, which admit of but little inflection ; and some which contain the figure of simile. Where the mark for low

note is inserted, the reader will take pains to keep down his voice, and to preserve it in nearly the grave monotone.

1. (o) He bōwed the hēavens also and cāme dōwn ; and darkness was under his feet.—And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly : yea, he fid fly upon the wings of the wind.—He made darkness his secret place ; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.—At the brightness that was before him, his thick clouds pāssed, hailstones and coals of fire.—The LōRD also thundered in the heavens, and the highest gave his voicē ; hailstōnes and coals of fire.

2. (o) And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven ; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.—And he shall send his angels, with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

3. (o) And the hēaven depārted as a scrōll, when it is rolled together ; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. 2. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains ; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb :—For the *great day of his wrath* is come ; and who shall be able to stand ?

4. And I saw a grēat white thrōne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them. 5. And I saw the dēad, small and grēat, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. 6. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works.

5. "Tis listening Fear and dumb Amazement all :
When to the startled eye, the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud :
And following slower, in explosion fast,

The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; (o) but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burthen on the wind ;
 5 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens, still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 10 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

6. 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
 prov'd,
 15 That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war ;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid ;
 20 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 (o) So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,)
 25 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
 And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

7. Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes
 aghast,
 When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
 30 A giant surge down rushes from on high,
 And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie ;
 (o) As when Britannia's empire to maintain,
 Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
 Around, the brazen voice of battle roars,
 35 And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
 Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
 The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone ;
 Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke,
 The beams beneath the thund'ring deluge broke.

8. To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern replied.
 Reign thou in *Hell*, thy kingdom: let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
 5 Yet *chains* in Hell, not *realms* expect: meanwhile
 From me, (return'd as erst thou saidst from flight,) _____
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
 (.) So saying a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 10 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thoughts, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept; ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
 15 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines.——
 Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now
 20 Was never; arms on armor clashing, bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 25 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
 Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
 30 Had to her center shook.——
 Long time in even scale——
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 35 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 40 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great Archangel from his warlike toil

Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
 5 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,
 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth
 10 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

Milton.

The following examples are selected as a specimen of those passages which are most favorable to the cultivation of a top to the voice. In pronouncing these, the reader should aim to get up his voice to the highest note on which he can articulate with freedom and distinctness. See remarks, page 57, bottom. If the student wishes for more examples of this kind, he is referred to EXERCISE 5, p. 84.

9. Has a wise and good God furnished us with desires which have no correspondent objects, and raised expectations in our breasts, with no other view but to disappoint them ?—Are we to be forever in search of happiness, without arriving at it, either in this world or the next ?—Are we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish, after this short period of existence ?—Are we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life, under the severest hardships and most powerful temptations, by the hopes of a reward which is visionary and chimérical, by the expectation of praises, of which it is utterly impossible for us ever to have the least knowledge or enjoyment ?

10. (°) “ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,
 5 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee :
 Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.”

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied ;
 (°) " Art thou that traitor Angel ? art thou he,
 10 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
 Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 15 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of *Heav'n*,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where *I* reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ? *Back to thy punishment*,
 20 False fugitive, and to thy speed add *wings*,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart,
 Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."*

TRANSITION.

Page 60. EXERCISE 20.

The Exercises of the foregoing head were designed to accustom the voice to exertion on the extreme notes of its compass, high and low. The following Exercises under this head are intended to accustom the voice to those sudden transitions which sentiment often requires, not only as to *pitch*, but also as to *quantity*.

The Power of Eloquence.

AN ODE.

1 HEARD ye those loud contending waves,
 That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state ?
 Saw ye the mighty from their graves
 Look up, and tremble at her fate ?
 Who shall calm the angry storm ?
 Who the mighty task perform,
 And bid the raging tumult cease ?
 See the son of Hermes rise ;
 With siren tongue, and speaking eyes,
 Hush the noise and soothe to peace !

2 Lo ! from the regions of the North,
 The reddening storm of battle pours ;
 Rolls along the trembling earth,
 Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

* The two preceding are good examples of the *intensire*, in distinction from the *common slide*.

3 (°) "Where rests the sword?—where sleep the brave?
 Awake! Cecropia's ally save
 From the fury of the blast;
 Burst the storm on Phocis' walls;
Rise! or Greece forever falls.
Up! or Freedom breathes her last!"

4 (o) The jarring States, obsequious now,
 View the Patriot's hand on high;
 Thunder gathering on his brow,
 Lightning flashing from his eye.

5 Borne by the tide of words along,
 One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:
 (°°) "To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,
 "Grasp the shield and draw the sword,
 Lead us to Philippi's lord,
 Let us *conquer him*—or *die!*"

6 (—) Ah, *Eloquence!* thou wast undone;
 Wast from thy native country driven,
 When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,
 And blotted out the stars of heaven.

7 When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
 And o'er the Adriatic flew,
 To where the Tiber pours his urn,
 She struck the rude Tarpeian rock;
 Sparks were kindled by the shock—
 Again thy fires began to burn!

8 Now, shining forth, thou mad'st compliant
 The Conscript Fathers to thy charms;
 Rous'd the world-bestriding giant,
 Sinking fast in Slavery's arms!

9 I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
 Pouring the persuasive strain,
 Giving vast conceptions birth:
Hark! I hear thy thunder's sound,
 Shake the Forum round and round—
 Shake the pillars of the earth!

10 First-born of Liberty divine!
 Put on *Religion's* bright array;

*Speak ! and the starless grave shall shine
The portal of eternal day !*

11 *Rise, kindling with the orient beam ;
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme !
Unfold the garments roll'd in blood !
O touch the soul, touch all her chords,
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to heaven—to God.*

EXERCISE 21.

Hohenlinden—Description of a Battle with Fire-arms.

1 (o) *On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.*

2 *But Linden saw another sight,
(*<*) When the drūm bēat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.*

3 *By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each warrior drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.*

4 (*<*) *Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the stēeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flāsh'd the red artillery.*

5 *And redder yēt those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow ;
And dārker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.*

6 *'Tis morn,—but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.*

7 *The combat deepens :—(oo) On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !*

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8 (—) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. *Campbell.*

EXERCISE 22.

Battle of Waterloo.

1 There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
(o) But hush ! hark ! · · a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

2 Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
(o) On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
(o) But, hark !—That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
(oo) *Arm ! arm !* it is—it is the *cannon's* opening roar !

3 (—) Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness :
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet, those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise ?

4 (==) And there was mounting, in hot haste ; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! They come,
 They come!"

5 (—) And Ardennes* waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewey with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when the fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

6 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds closed o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

Byron.

EXERCISE 23.

Negro's Complaint.

1 (—) Forced from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 O'er the raging billows borne.
 Men from England bought and sold me,
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;
 But though *slave* they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

2 Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are *England's* rights I ask,
 Me from my delights to sever,
 Me to *torture*, me to *task* ?

* Pronounced in two syllables.

Fleecy locks, and black complexion,
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but *affection*
 Dwells in white and black the same.

3 Why did all-creating nature
 Make the plant for which we toil ?
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
 Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
 Lolling at your jovial boards ;
 Think · · how many *backs* have smarted
 For the sweets your cane affords.

4 (8) Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
 Is there One who reigns on high ?
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,
 Speaking from his throne the sky ?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,
 Are the means that *duty* urges
 Agents of his will to use ?

5 (o) *Hark !*—he answers ;—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
 Where his WHIRLWINDS answer—no.

6 By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain ;
 By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main ;
 By our sufferings since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart ;
 All, sustain'd by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart ;

7 *Deem our nation *brutes* · · no longer,
 Till some *reason* ye shall find

Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the *color* of our kind.

Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that *you* have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question *ours*!

Couper.

EXERCISE 24.

Marco Bozzaris the Epaminondas of Modern Greece.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish Camp, at Lasi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

- 1 At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.
- 2 An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
(°) "To arms! they come! The Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band.
(°°) "Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land."
- 3 They fought—like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,

They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud—"hurrah,"
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

4 (—) Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals,
 Which close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible : the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

5 But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

Halleck.

EXERCISE 25.

(o) Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms

The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, resplendent host,

5 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light armed scour,
 Each quarter, to despatch the distant foe,
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met

10 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came fly'ng, and in mid air aloud thus cried.
 (°°) 'ARM, Warriors, arm for fight—the foe at hand

15 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight: so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure; let each
 His adamantine coat gird well,—and each

20 Fit well his helm,—gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows, barb'd with fire.'

(°) So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon

25 In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
 And onward move, embattled: when behold,
 Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube,

30 Training his devilish enginery, impal'd
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

35 (°°) 'VANGUARD!—to right and left the front unfold,
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse.'

Milton.

EXPRESSION.

Page 61.

The Exercises arranged in this class, belong to the general head of the *pathetic* and *delicate*. As this has been partly anticipated under another head of the Exercises, and as the manner of execution in this case depends wholly on emotion, there can be little assistance rendered by a notation. Before reading the pieces in this class, the remarks, p. 61 and 62 should be reviewed; and the mind should be prepared to feel the spirit of each piece, by entering fully into the circumstances of the case.

EXERCISE 26.

GENESIS XLIV. *Judah's Speech to Joseph.*

18. * Then Judah came near unto him and said, O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh.—19. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother?—20. And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an *old* man, and a child of his old age, a little one: and his brother is *dead*, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father *loveth* him.—21. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto *me*, that I may set mine eyes upon him.—22. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his *father*: for if he should leave his father, his father would *die*.—23. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.—24. And it came to pass, when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord.—25. And our father said, Go again and buy us a little food.—26. And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then we will go down; for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.—27. And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons:—28. And the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since:—29. And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall *him*, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave (—) 30. Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; (seeing that his *life* is bound up in the *lad's* life:)—31. It shall come to pass, when he seeth

* The reader is again desired to bear in mind, that in extracts from the Bible, as well as other books, Italic words denote emphasis.

that the lad is not with us, that he will *die*: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave.—32. For thy servant became surely for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.—33. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide *instead* of the lad, a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren.—34. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

EXERCISE 27.

GENESIS XLV. *Joseph disclosing himself.*

1. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.—2. And he wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.—3. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I AM JOSEPH: doth my FATHER yet live?—And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence.—4. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you; and they came near. And he said, I am JOSEPH, *your brother*, whom ye sold into Egypt.—5. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life.—6. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall be neither earring nor harvest.—7. And God sent me before you, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.—8. So now it was not *you* that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.—9. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt; *come down unto me*, tarry not.—10. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast:—11. And there will I nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine,) lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.—12. And behold, your

eyes *sée*, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is *my* mouth that speaketh unto you. 13. and ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither. 14. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. 15. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them: and after that his brethren talked with him.

25. And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, 26. And told him, saying, JOSEPH is yet *ALIVE*! and he is *GOVERNOR* over *all the land of Egypt*. And Jacob's heart *fainted*, for he believed them not. 27. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the *wagons* which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived: 28. And Israel said, it is *enough*; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.

EXERCISE 28.

The Death of a Friend.

- 1 I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.
- 2 Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind;
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,—
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!
- 3 Art thou, my GREGORY, forever fled?
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow?

Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.—
 'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh my tears.
Beattie.

EXERCISE 29.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

- 1 (—) Not a drùm was heard, not a fùneral note,
 As his corse tō the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his fàrewèll shòt
 O'er the grave, where our Hero we buried.
- 2 We buried him dàrkly ; at dead of night ;
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling mòon-beams' misty light,
 And the làntern dimly burning.
- 3 No useless còffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in shéet nor in shròud we wound him ;
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
 With his martial clòak around him !
- 4 Fèw and shòrt were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a wòrd of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow—
- 5 We thought—as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
 How the fòe and the strànger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far awày on the billow !
- 6 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbràid him ;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
- 7 But hàlf of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing—

8 (ɔ) Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory !
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But left him—alone with his glory ! *Wolfe.*

EXERCISE 30.

Eve lamenting the loss of Paradise.

(—) “O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
 5 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At ev’n, which I bred up with tender hand,
 10 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow’r, by me adorn’d
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 15 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom’d to immortal fruits ?

EXERCISE 31.

Soliloquy of Hamlet’s Uncle.

(ɔ) Oh ! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon ’t,
 A brother’s mürder !—*Pray* I cannot,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 5 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intènt :
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And *both* neglect. (°) What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother’s blöod ;
 10 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snów ? Whereto serves mèrcy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what’s in pràyer, but this twofold force,

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,

15 Or pardon'd being down?—Then I'll look *up*;
My fault is past.—But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve *my turn*? “Forgive me my foul mûrder!”
That *cannot* be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I *did* the murder,

20 My crôwn, mine own àmbition, and my queén:
May one be pardon'd, and *retain* the offence?
In the corrupted currents of *this* world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by jûstice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself

25 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so *above*:
There, is no shuffling; *there*, the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.—What then?—what rësts?

30 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what *can* it, when one *cannot* repent?
(.) O wrëtched state! oh, bosom, black as dëath!
Oh, limed soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engàg'd! Help, angels! make assay!

35 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

RHETORICAL DIALOGUE.

Page 62. EXERCISE 32.

1. MATT. xiv.—22. And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away. 23. And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone. 24. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. 25. And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. 26. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, it is a *spirit*; and they cried out for fear. 27. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good chèer; it is *I*; be not *afraid*. 28. And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thon, bid me còme unto thee on the wa-

ter. 29. And he said, Còme. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. 30. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lòrd, *sàve* me. 31. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou *dòubt*? 32. And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. 33. Then they that were in the ship came and worshiped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

2. MATT. xvii.—14. And when they were come to the multitude, there came to him a certain man kneeling down to him, and saying, 15. Lord, have mercy on my sòn; for he is lunatic and sore vexed: for ofttimes he falleth into the *fire*, and oft into the *water*. 16. And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him. 17. Then Jesus answered and said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to *mè*. 18. And Jesus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour. 19. Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not *wè* cast him out? 20. And Jesus said to them, Because of your *unbelief*: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this *mòuntain*, Remove hence to yonder place; and it *shàll* remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

3. MATT. xviii.—Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. 24. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. 25. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be *sòld*, and his wife and children, and all that he *hàd*, and payment to be made. 26. The servant therefore fell down and worshiped him, saying, Lòrd, have *patience* with *mè*, and I will pay thee *àll*. 27. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. 28. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hun-

dred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, *Pay* me that thou owest. 29. And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have *patience* with me, and I will pay thee all. 30. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. 31. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. 32. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou *wicked* servant, I forgave *thee* all that debt, because thou desiredst me: 33. Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy *fellow-servant* even as I had pity on thee?

4. MATT. xx.—25. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. 26. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; 27. And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: 28. Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. 29. And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him.

30. And behold, two blind men sitting by the way-side, when they heard that *Jesus* passed by, cried out, saying, Have *mercy* on us, O Lord, thou son of David. 31. And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace: but they cried the more, saying, Have *mercy* on us, O Lord, thou son of David. 32. And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you? 33. They say unto him, Lord, that our *eyes* may be opened. 34. So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes: and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him.

5. MATT. xxi.—23. And when he was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him, as he was teaching, and said, By what *authority* doest thou these things? and who *gave* thee this *authority*? 24. And Jesus answered and said unto them, I also will ask you one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what *authority* I do these

things. 25. The baptism of Jòhn, whence was it? from héaven, or of mèn? And they reāsoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From héaven; he will say unto us, Why did ye not then believè him? 26. But if we shall say, Of mén: we fear the people: for all hold John as a prophet. 27. And they answered Jesus and said, We cannot tell. And he said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

28. But what think ye? A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. 29. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and wènt. 30. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered, I go, sir; and went nòt. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The *first*. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.

6. MATT. xxv.—31. When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: 32. And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: 33. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. 34. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, *Còme*, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; 35. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me mèat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drìnk: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: 36. Naked, and ye clòthed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. 37. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, *whèn* saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drìnk? 38. *Whèn* saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? 39. Or *whèn* saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? 40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my *bréthren*, ye have done it unto mè. 41. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, *Depàrt* from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: 42. For I was an hungered, and ye

gave me *no* meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me no *drink*.
43. I was a stranger, and ye took me not *in* : naked, and ye clothed me not : sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.
44. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, *when* saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ! 45. Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of *these*, ye did it not to *me*. 46. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal.

7. Acts xii.—5. Peter therefore was kept in prison ; but, prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. 6. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains ; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. 7. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison ; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, *Arise* up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. 8. And the angel said unto him, *Gird* thyself, and bind on thy sandals ; and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. 9. And he went out, and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the *angel* ; but thought he saw a vision. 10. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city ; which opened unto them of his own accord : and they went out, and passed on through one street : and forthwith the angel departed from him. 11. And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his *angel*, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. 12. And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together, praying. 13. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. 14. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. 15. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his *angel*. 16. But

Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished. 17. But he beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the *Lord* had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go, show these things unto James and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place.

Luther wrote ^{Book} east
Bridgewater moss

Torquay ^{is} this book

E X E R C I S E S.

PART II.

The reader will observe that rhetorical notation is but partially applied in the following Exercises.

EXERCISE 33.

Character of Columbus.

IRVING.

“A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character, remains to be noticed; that ardent and enthusiastic imagination, which threw a magnificence over his whole style of thinking. Herrera intimates, that he had a 5 talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies, which he presented to the Catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings, and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, 10 and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavilings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria, about the form 15 of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir, in Hispaniola, and of the Aurea Chersonesus, in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of the crusade, for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his 20 mind with solemn and visionary meditations, on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and su- 25 pernatural visions from the Deity; such as the voice he imagined spoke to him in comfort, amidst the troubles

of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night, on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

“ He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which 5 his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of wasting itself in idle soarings, lent wings to his judgment, and 10 bore it away to conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived; nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

“ To his intellectual vision it was given, to read in the signs of the times, and the reveries of past ages, the 15 indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. ‘ His soul,’ observes a Spanish writer, ‘ was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise to 20 plow a sea, which had given rise to so many fables, and to decipher the mystery of his time.’ ”

“ With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until 25 his last breath, he entertained the idea, that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, 30 and that Cuba and Terra Firma, were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans 35 from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man; and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the chills of age, and cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires 40 which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

EXERCISE 34.

The Victim.—PHILADELPHIA CASKET.

- 1 "Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band,"
He said—" 'twill rouse my mirth ;"
But conscience seized his trembling hand
And dash'd the cup to earth.
- 2 He look'd around, he blush'd, he laugh'd,
He sipp'd the sparkling wave ;
In it he read—" who drinks this draught,
Shall dig a *murderer's* grave !"
- 3 He started up, like one from sleep,
And trembled for his life ;
He gazed, and saw—his children weep,
He saw his weeping wife.
- 4 In his deep dream he had not felt
Their agonies and fears ;
But now he saw them as they knelt,
To plead with prayers and tears.
- 5 But the foul fiend her hateful spell
Threw o'er his wilder'd mind,
He saw in every hope a hell ;
He was to reason blind.
- 6 He grasp'd the bowl to seek relief ;
No more his conscience said :
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,
His children begg'd for bread.
- 7 Through haunts of horror and of strife,
He pass'd down life's dark tide ;
He cursed his beggar'd babes and wife ;
He cursed his God—and died !

EXERCISE 35.

Conflagration at Rome of an Amphitheatre.—CROLY.

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Hight and depth
were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast

like an endless tide.—The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed 5 and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing 10 in the conflagration. ***** All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by 15 the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava. * * * * *

“ The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us, 20 hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his 25 fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets 30 of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to 35 impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire: the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were 40 wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this

colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena.—The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games 45 had broken from their dens.—Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and 50 round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any *human* being was involved 55 in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the 60 amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had been either unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He 65 had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous 70 game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man."

EXERCISE 36.

The African Chief.—BRYANT.

1 Chain'd in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground,—

And silently they gazed on him,
As on a *lion* bound.

2 Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a *captive* now ;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Show'd warrior true and brave ;
A *prince* among his tribe before,
He could not be a *slave*.

3 Then to his conqueror he spake—
(?) “ My brother is a *king* ;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring.
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands.”

4 (=) “ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

5 (‘) Then *wept* the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

6 (<) “ *Look*, feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—(thou askest sums untold—)
And say that I am freed.

*Take it—(—) my wife, the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."*

7 "I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And mean that by the cocoa shade,
Thy wife shall wait thee long."

Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

8 His *heart* was broken—crazed his *brain*,—
At once his eye grew wild,
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whisper'd, and wept, and smil'd ;
Yet wore not *long* those fatal bands,
For once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

EXERCISE 37.

Riches of a Poor Barber.—EDINBURGH PAPER.

Conscientious regard to the Sabbath, providentially rewarded.

In the city of Bath, during the last century, lived a barber, who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was pursuing his morning's employment, he happened to look into some 5 place of worship, just as the minister was giving out his text, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He 10 became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to the minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath dressing, and worship God. He replied, beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing 15 trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length

after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected the more his duty became apparent. He discontinued Sabbath dressing, went constantly and

20 early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel customers left

25 him, and he was nicknamed a Puritan or Methodist. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and in the course of years became so reduced, as to take a cellar under the old market-house, and shave the common people.

30 One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the ostler, to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, *as he did not like to violate the Sabbath.*

35 This was touching the barber on a tender chord.—He burst into tears—asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must

40 be reduced. When shaved, he said, “There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?” “William Reed,” said the as-

45 tonished barber. “William Reed!” echoed the stranger: “William Reed; by your dialect, you are from the west?” “Yes, sir! from Kingston, near Taunton!” “William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton! What was your father’s name?” “Thomas.” “Had he any

50 brother?” “Yes, sir; one after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and as we never heard from him we supposed him to be dead.” “Come along, follow me,” said the stranger, “I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taun-

55 ton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal debts are removed.”

60 They went by the coach—saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him
 65 in his way, in a most extraordinary manner, and he had much pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man—the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man's extremity, God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even
 70 had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, “Seek ye my face in vain.”

EXERCISE 38.

Burning of the Fame and escape of the Passengers.

NEW YORK ATLAS.

“We embarked on the 2d inst. and sailed at daylight for England, from the East Indies, with every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was everything we could wish; and having closed my charge
 5 here, much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, *too* happy; for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of *fire! fire!*—roused us from our calm content, and in
 10 five minutes the whole ship was in flames! I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. (—) Down with the boats!—Where is Sophia? Here.—The children? Here.—A *rope* to the side! Lower
 15 Lady Raffles. Give her to *me*, says one. *I'll* take her, says the captain. Throw the *gunpowder* overboard. It cannot be got at; it is in the magazine, close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Scuttle the water casks!—Water! Water!—Where's Sir Stamford? Come into the
 20 boat; Nilson! Nilson!—come into the boat. Push off, *push off*. Stand clear of the after part of the ship.

(—) All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off, and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin window, and the whole after part of the ship

was in flames. The masts and sails not taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were coming out of the main hatchway; and seeing the rest of the crew, with the 25 captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off; we hailed her; have you all on board? 30 Yes, all, save one. Who is he? Johnson, sick in his cot. Can we save him? No, impossible. The flames were issuing from the hatchway. At this moment, the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon the deck. I will go 35 for him, says the captain. The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat, which was overladen. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe? Yes, we have got the 40 man: all lives safe. Pull off from the ship. Keep your eye on the star, Sir Stamford. There's one scarcely visible.

We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass, but we had no light 45 except from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen, we estimated to be about fifty miles, in a southwest direction. There being no landing place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow, 50 in a N. N. E. course, as well as we could: no chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship; for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. 55 There goes her mizen-mast; pull away, my boys; there goes the *gunpowder*. Thank God! thank God!

You may judge of our situation without further particulars. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in 60 flames. There was not a soul on board at half-past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold

the people, as there was not time to have got out the long-boat, or to make a raft. All we had to rely upon were two small quarter-boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident; and in these two small, open
65 boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies! Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but her wrapper;
70 neither shoes nor stockings. The children just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things. Can the
ship be saved?—No. Let us save *ourselves* then. All
75 else was swallowed up in one grand ruin.

To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, which she had
80 on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that ever was seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others most horrible. She burnt and con-
85 tinued in flame, in this style, for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in clouds of smoke.

Neither Nilson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend, who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; but the tail of mine, with a pocket-handkerchief, served to
90 keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neck-cloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again. The night became serene and starlight. We were now certain of our course, and the men be-
95 haved manfully; they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit; and never did poor mortals look out more for daylight and for land, than we did. Not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what has often befallen others; but from So-
100 phia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of our coast, I felt perfectly convinced that we were unable to undergo starvation, and exposure to sun and weather many days; and aware of the rapidity

of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

At daylight, we recognized the coast, and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits; and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected, and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine, we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads. They had seen the flames on shore, and sent out vessels to our relief; and here certainly came a minister of Providence in the character of a minister of the Gospel; for the first person I recognized was one of the missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment, and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock, we landed safe and sound: and no words of mine can do justice to the expressions of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, by which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting, that my administration had been satisfactory here, we had it unequivocally from all. There was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of—"God be praised."

EXERCISE 39.

The Hour of Prayer.—MRS. HEMANS.

1 Chfld, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Móther, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Fáther, by the breeze at eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave,
Prày!—Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

2 Tráveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;

Móurner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;
 Cáptive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell,
 Sailor on the darkening sea,
 Lift the *heart*, and bend the knee.

3 Wárrior, that from battle won,
 Breathest now at set of sun ;
 Wóman, o'er the lowly slain,
 Weeping on his burial-plain ;
 Ye that tríumph, yē that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie !
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

EXERCISE 40.

My Mother's Grave.—ANONYMOUS.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had 5 come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an 10 excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and 15 childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one—but the thought of it now pains my heart, and I relate it, that those children 20 who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had be-

come so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the 25 same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged, and fretful;—I went to my mother's chamber. She 30 was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs, and 35 bring her a glass of water;—I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, 'And will not my daughter bring a glass of water, for her poor sick mother?'

40 I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone 45 in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, 'Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?' I couldn't sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy 50 slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! she never spoke more—never smiled upon me again—and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I might die, and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave

my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; 65 and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.

EXERCISE 41.

A Tale of Waterloo.—ANONYMOUS.

About the middle of the night I received a visit from a young man, with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property in the South of Ireland; but having formed 5 an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited and turned out of doors.*****

Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which that night he accosted me. 10 He felt a presentiment, he said, that he would not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell, and to intrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed, 15 or rather doubled, all his fondness for the former, and portrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her while the tears ran down his cheeks, and conjured me, if ever I reached England, to find her out, and make known her case 20 to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, I endeavored to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest; flung his arms round my neck; wrung my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. 25 It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day, when with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir William Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's chivalry. 30 Far ahead even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadrons; and the clouds of smoke, that closed in masses

round friend and foe, hid him from my view. When
35 the battle was over, and all was hushed but the groans of
the wounded, and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums
of the victorious Prussians, who continued the pursuit
during the entire of the night, I quitted the shattered re-
mains of the gallant regiment in whose ranks I had that
40 day the honor of standing. The moon was wading
through scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when
I commenced my search for my friend. The light was
doubtful and uncertain; yet it was easy to keep along
the track that marked the last career of Ponsonby.
45 Shuddering, lest in every face I should recognize my
friend, I passed by, and sometimes trod upon the cold
and motionless heaps, which now looked so unlike the
“fiery masses of living valor” that a few hours before,
had commingled, with a concussion more dreadful than
50 the earthquake’s shock. Although I at first felt a certain
conviction of his fate, I afterwards began to hope that
the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction,
survived the terrible encounter. I was about to retire,
when a heap of slain, in a ploughed field, on which the
55 moon was now shining clearly, attracted my notice.
Literally piled on each other, were the bodies of five
cuirassiers; and lying beneath his horse was the dead
body of my friend. You may form some idea of my as-
tonishment, on finding, by a nearer inspection, that his
60 head was supported and his neck intwined by the arms
of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its de-
parture; but you can form no conception of the horror
I felt at beholding, in this scene of carnage and desola-
tion, in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a
65 corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moon-
beam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing
on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers, and
inspiring its dreams! And who knows but perhaps they
were? The conviction now flashed on my mind, that
70 these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend;
and the letters we afterwards found on the person of the
former, proved that I was right in my conjecture. Driv-
en aside by the gale of pleasure or ambition, or by the
storms of life, the affections of man may veer; but un-
75 changeable and unchanging is a true heart in woman,
“She loves, and loves forever.”—This faithful wife had

followed her husband through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea; through the crowded city and the bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the
 80 battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit, quitting its worn-out tene-
 ment of clay, winged its way with his to Him who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my
 85 comrades, I consigned this hapless pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant, this dear child of my adoption, in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.

EXERCISE 42.

The Righteous never forsaken.—NEW YORK SPECTATOR.

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom
 5 that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human com-
 10 prehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared
 15 amidst the bounding pines and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bo-
 20 som all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that he whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had
 25 many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home, to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she heard no note or tidings of him;

and in later time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, 30 in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne: she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the 35 ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand 40 and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children—far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such an one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took 45 up the last scanty remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a 55 dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food; said he, “it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread.” The 60 widow’s heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. “We shall not be forsaken;” said she, “or suffer deeper for an act of 65 charity.”

The traveler drew near the board—but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards Heaven with astonishment—“and is this *all* your store?” said he—“and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? 70 then never saw I *charity* before! But, madam,” said he,

continuing, “do you not wrong your *children* by giving a part of your last mouthful to a *stranger*?” “Ah,” said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, “I have a *boy*, a darling *son*, somewhere 75 on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards *you*, as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel—and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a 80 wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this—were I to turn you unrelieved away.”

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—“God indeed has provided your son a home—and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my *mother*! oh, my *mother*!”

It was her long lost son; returning to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might 90 the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the 95 enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

EXERCISE 43.

To Printers.—FISHER AMES.

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market, as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers, engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary events 5 multiply upon us surprisingly. *Gazettes*, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to any thing, that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter, if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies or monstrous 10 births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust ; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste ; or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule ? Is the 15 history of Newgate the only one worth reading ? Are oddities only to be hunted ? Pray tell us, men of ink, if our free presses are to diffuse *information*, and we, the poor ignorant people, can get it no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge we are to glean from the 20 blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunder storms, that, strange to tell ! kill oxen or burn barns ! The crowing of a hen is supposed to forebode cuckoldom ; and the ticking of a little bug in the wall threatens yellow fever. It seems really as if our news- 25 papers were busy to spread superstition.—Omens, and dreams, and prodigies, are recorded, as if they were worth minding. One would think our gazettes were intended for Roman readers, who were silly enough to make account of such things. We ridicule the papists 30 for their credulity ; yet, if all the trumpery of our papers is believed, we have little right to laugh at any set of people on earth ; and if it is not believed, why is it printed ?

Surely, extraordinary events have not the best title to 35 our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the *ordinary* course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and it is inhabited by almost six millions 40 of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed, and a great many strange things will happen every seven years ? There will be thunder showers, that will split tough white-oak trees ; and hail storms, that will cost some farmers the full 45 amount of *twenty shillings* to mend their glass windows ; there will be taverns, and boxing matches, and elections, and gouging, and drinking, and love, and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man *supposes* eight, or ten, or twenty dozen of these 50 amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man, who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and, of course, knows that they have happened ?

This state has almost one hundred thousand dwelling houses; it would be strange, if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents, by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney corner, and put a fender before the back-log before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day, or meditate by night, the terrible newspaper articles of fires.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some, terror; and some, horror and disgust. Now what *instruction* is there in these endless wonders?—Who is the *wiser* or *happier* for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts, as they receive, of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious; and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North church fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

EXERCISE 44.

Washington.—PIERPONT.

[The following original hymn was sung at the celebration on the 22nd of February, in the Old South Church, Boston.]

To thee, beneath whose eye,
Each circling century
Obedient rolls,
Our nation, in its prime,
Look'd with a faith sublime,
And trusted in “the time
That tried men's souls—”

When, from this gate of heaven,*
People and priest were driven
By fire and sword,

* The Old South Church was taken possession of by the British, while they held Boston, and converted into barracks for the cavalry, the pews being cut up for fuel, or used in constructing stalls for the horses.

And, where thy saints had pray'd,
The harness'd war-horse neigh'd,
And horsemen's trumpet bray'd
In harsh accord.

Nor was our father's trust,
Thou Mighty One and Just,
Then put to shame :
" Up to the hills" for light,
Look'd they in peril's night,
And, from yon guardian height,*
Deliverance came.

There, like an angel form,
Sent down to still the storm,
Stood WASHINGTON !
Clouds broke and roll'd away ;
Foes fled in pale dismay ;
Wreath'd were his brows with bay,
" When war was done.

God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless,
And, like the brave and wise
Of by-gone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

EXERCISE 45.

Miserable case of a Weaver.—BELL'S MESSENGER.

A very worthy poor weaver applied to his master about three weeks since, begging earnestly for work, stating that he was in great want, and would thankfully do *any* thing for the means of supporting his existence.

5 His master assured him he did not want any more goods, his stock being very heavy, without any sale, and that he could not give out more work to any one. The man pressed very much, and at length his master said,

* From his position on " Dorchester Heights," that overlook the town, General Washington succeeded in compelling the British forces to evacuate Boston.

“ Well, Jonathan, if it is absolutely *necessary* for you
10 to weave a piece to prevent you from *starving*, I will
let you *have* it, but cannot give you more than 1s. for
it, (2s. is the regular price,) for I really do not want
any more goods made up for a long time to come.”
“ Let me have it, master, I beg,” said the poor man,
15 “ whatever you *pay* me for it, pray let me *have* it.”
The piece was given to him to weave, and at the
end of two days he brought it home, and on carrying it
to his master begged of him to give him 1s. 6d. for
it, saying how much he was distressed for money.
His master paid him the 1s. 6d., and the man went
20 away. The master feeling very uncomfortable about
the poor man, and thinking that the earnestness of his
manner must arise from excessive want, determined
on following him home. He went to the cottage of the
weaver, and found the wife alone in the lower room,
25 making a little gruel over a poor fire. “ Well, Mary,”
said the master, “ where is your husband?” “ Oh!
sir, he is just come in from your house, and being very
faint and weary, he is just gone to lie down in his bed.”
“ I will go up and see him, Mary;” and immediately
30 he went to the upper room, where he saw the poor man
lying on his bed, just in the agonies of death, with his
mouth open, and his hands clasped; and after a short
convulsion, he expired. The master was very much
distressed, and came down stairs, hoping to be able to
35 save the wife, who was in a very emaciated condition;
she had just poured the gruel into a basin, intending
to carry it up to her husband. The master said, “ Come,
Mary, take a little *yourselves* first.” “ No, sir,” said she,
“ not a *drop* will I taste till *Jonathan* has had some.
40 Neither of us have had any thing within our lips but
water for the two days we were weaving your piece; and
I thought it best to make a little *gigel* for us, before we
took any thing stronger, as it is so long since we tasted
food; but, sir, *Jonathan* shall have it *first*.” The mas-
45 ter insisted on her taking some herself before she went
up to her husband, but she positively refused it: at last
finding that he could not prevail on her to touch the gruel,
he was obliged to tell her that her husband was dead.
The poor woman set down the basin of gruel, sunk on the
50 floor, and immediately expired.

EXERCISE 46.

The Tomb of Washington.—ANONYMOUS.

PART I.

We thought to gallop to Mount Vernon, but the chance of missing the way, and the tiresomeness of a gig, induced us to take a hackney coach. Accordingly we took possession, and ordered it on with all convenient 5 dispatch. But haste was out of the question ;—for never was worse road than that to Mount Vernon. Still, in the season of foliage, it may be a romantic route. As it was, we saw nothing to attract the eye, save a few seats, scattered among the hills, and occupying some pictu-10 resk eminences. On we went—and yet onward—through all variety of riding ; hill and vale, meadow and woodland, until a sheet of water began to glimmer through the dim trees, and announce our approach again to the Potomac. In a few moments, a turn in the wild and un-15 even road brought us in view of the old mansion-house of Washington. We drove to the entrance of the old gateway, and alighted in the midst of what appeared to be a little village, so numerous and scattered were the buildings. About those which we first came upon, there 20 was an air of dilapidation and neglect that was rather unpromising. They were of brick, and devoted to the lower menial purposes of the place. As we advanced, the houses that covered the grounds had a neater appearance ; and when we came in view of the edifice, of 25 which all these were the outworks or appendages, we were at once struck with the simple beauty of the structure, and the quiet and secluded loveliness of its situation. The roof is crowned with a little cupola or steeple, a common thing upon the old seats of rich pro-30 prietors of Virginia, and the building itself is two stories in hight. The portion nearest the river, and which is fronted with a light piazza, is an addition which was made to the mansion by the general. By this arrangement the beauty of the whole must have been much increased. The style of the work, and the painting, have 35 the effect of a freestone front ; and though there is nothing imposing or grand in the appearance of the house, still there is an air of substance and comfort about it, that after all is far more satisfying than magnificence. Send-40 ing in our cards, by an old servant, we were soon in-

vited to enter. Not having letters to Mr. W. the present proprietor, who is now very ill, we did not expect to see any of the family. A servant accordingly, at our request, merely accompanied us through the rooms made
45 interesting by the hallowed associations that came fast upon us as we traversed them. In the hall or entry, hangs, in a glass case, the key of the Bastile, which every body has heard of. It was presented to Washington by Lafayette. Under it is a picture of that re-
50nowned fortress. This key is by no means formidable for its size, being about as large as a bank key, and of a shape by no means mysterious enough for a dissertation. The only curious portion of it, is that grasped by the hand in turning. It is solid and of an oval shape,
55 and appeared to me, for I always love to be curious in these matters, to have been broken, on a time, and then soldered or brazed again. It probably had some hard wrenches in its day. On the whole it appeared to be a very amiable key, and by no means equal to all the turns
60 it must have seen in the Revolution.

We were first shown into a small room, which was set apart as the study of Washington. Here he was wont to transact all his business of State, in his retirement. It was hung with pictures and engravings of revolutionary
65 events; and among the miniatures was one of himself, said to be the best likeness ever taken. Another room was shown us, which had nothing remarkable about it, and we then passed into a larger one, finished with great taste, and containing a portrait of Judge Washington.
70 A beautiful organ stood in the corner, and the fireplace was adorned by a mantel of most splendid workmanship, in bass-relief. It is of Italian marble, and was presented to Washington by Lafayette. This part of our visit was soon over. There was little to see in the house, and
75 the portions referred to were all to which we were admitted. I could not help admiring, however, the neatness and air of antiquity together, which distinguished the several rooms through which we passed. There was something, also, fanciful in their arrangement, that was
80 quite pleasing to my eye, far more so than the mathematical exactness of modern and more splendid mansions. Passing from the house, down a rude and neglected pathway, and then over a little broken, but already verdant ground, we came to an open space, and found ourselves

85 standing before the humble tomb of George Washington. It was a happy moment to visit the spot. There was something in the time, fortunate for the feelings. The very elements seemed in accordance with the season. The day was beautiful—the sunlight was streaming full 90 upon the trees round about, and glowing with a mellow beam upon the grave;—the place was quiet and imbosomed, and the only sound that we heard, save that of our own hearts, was the voice of the wind through the pines, or of the waters as they broke upon the shore below us. Who can analyze his feelings as he stands before 95 that sepulchre! Who can tell the story of his associations; or do any justice by his tongue or his pen to the emotions which the memories of the past awaken there! The history of a whole country is overpowering him at 100 once. Its struggle—its darkness—its despair—its victory rush upon him. Its gratitude, its glory, and its loss, pass before him—and in a few moments he lives through an age of interest and wonder. Strange power of human mind! What an intimation does this rapid communion 105 with the past, and with the spirits of the past, give, at once, of their immortality and our own! But it is vain to follow out these feelings here. They would fill volumes.

PART II.

There is no inscription upon the tomb. The simple words "WASHINGTON FAMILY," chiseled in granite, 5 surmount the plain brick work. The masonry was originally wretched, and the plaster is now falling from it. The door is well secured, and of iron. There is a total absence of every thing like parade or circumstance about the resting-place of the Hero. He sleeps there in the midst of the very simplicities of nature. Laurel trees wave over his dust, on every side, and the pilgrim who goes to 10 stand by his grave, finds no careful inclosure to forbid his too near approach. In short, Washington rests in an obscurity—just that obscurity which he would have chosen, but which seems hardly compatible with the vast gratitude and deep reverence of a great country.

15 As we were standing upon this spot, a couple of spaniels came bounding along, and following close, was an old servant of the family, and formerly a slave of Washington. On examining him, we found he was born on the place, and recollects his master, and all he said,

20 with great distinctness. He was a very aged negro, and quite gray.

I found there was something to be gathered from this ancient of the family—and accordingly, as I stood leaning upon the broken gate, which swung before the door 25 of the old tomb, put him in the train, by a few questions. “In front of the new grave-place, yonder,” said he, “lie buried a hundred people of color.” These, it seemed, were slaves of the plantation, who from time to time had died here. He spoke of the great kindness of Washington, and his emancipating a hundred of his people.

“His wife did the same,” added he. There were now, he said, but about fifteen attached to the establishment. Passing from one thing to another without much connection, he went on to say, referring to Washington—“I 35 never see that man laugh to show his teeth—*he done all his laughing inside.*” This I thought worth a page of description. We then recurred to Lafayette’s visit in 1825. “We were obliged to *tote* him all about,” said he—by which I understood that the general was so overcome, that he was literally supported by the arms of attendants. I inquired how he appeared at the tomb. “He cried like a little infant.” “Did he go in?” I asked. “O yes—he went in, sir—alone—and he made a mighty long talk there—but I don’t know what it was 45 about.” All these little things were jewels. I loved to hear such simple narrations, from such a source, and it was with reluctance I turned away, after gathering a relic or two, and followed our old guide up to the house again. But we had seen all that we could see, and after 50 glancing at the garden and greenhouse, which appeared in all the coming beauty of spring, and turning one more melancholy gaze upon the cluster of buildings, which had once been improved by the great One who now slept in their shadow, we entered our carriage, and rode slowly 55 away from Mount Vernon.

EXERCISE 47.

Destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, by fire, under Titus.—MILLMAN.

PART I.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former

temple, by the King of Babylon : it was almost passed. Titus withdrew again into Antonia ; intending the next 5 morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on ; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the temple roof. Titus had retired to rest ; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came 10 rushing in, announcing that the *temple* was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding the repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, 15 but entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the temple. A soldier, without orders, mounted on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door, on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames 20 sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed ; he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the 25 fires ; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not, or would not hear ; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the 30 other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice ; and then hurried to the work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands ; they lay heaped, like sacrifices, round the altar ; the steps of the temple ran with streams of blood, 35 which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery ; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with wonder ; and as the flames had not yet penetrated 40 to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavored to enforce obedience with his staff of office ; but even respect for the Emperor gave way to the furi- 45 ous animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement

of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames ; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in 50 the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door ; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat ; and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

PART II.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew ? The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, 5 and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame ; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light ; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighboring hills were lighted up ; and dark groups of people were 10 seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction : the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings 15 of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights : all along the walls, resounded 20 screams and wailings ;—men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and 25 young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The numbers of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead, to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his 30 way through, first into the outer court of the temple ; afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests

upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the
 35 Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide : they were summoned to surrender ; but two of them, Mair, son of Belgo, and Joseph, son of Dalia, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which 6000 unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge.
 40 These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building,
 50 and every soul perished.

EXERCISE 48.

The Charnel Ship.—CHARLESTON COURIER.

- 1 The night—the long dark night at last
 Pass'd fearfully away.
 'Mid crashing ice, and howling blast,
 They hail'd the dawn of day,—
 Which broke to cheer the whaler's crew,
 And wide around its gray light threw.
- 2 The storm had cèased—its wrath had rent
 The icy wall asunder—
 And many a piercing glance they sent
 Around in awe and wonder—
 And sailor hearts their rude praise gave,
 To Gòd, that morn, from o'er the wave.
- 3 The breeze blew freshly, and the Sun
 Pour'd his full radiance far,
 On heaps of icy fragments won—
 Sad trophies—in the past night's war
 Of winds and waters—and in piles,
 Now drifted by, bright shining Isles.
- 4 But lo !—still farther off appears
 A form more dim and dark ;

And anxious eyes, and hopes, and fears,
 Its slow, strange progress mark ;
 As it moves tow'rs them by the breeze
 Borne onward from more Northern Seas.

5 Near, and more near—and can it be,
 (More vent'rous than their own,)
A Ship, whose seeming ghost they see,
 Among those Icebergs thrown ;
 With broken masts, dismantled all,
 And dark sails, like a funeral pall ?

6 (o) “God of the Mâriner ! protect
 Her inmates as she moves along,
 Through perils which, ere now, had wrèck'd—
 But that thine arm is strong.”
 (o) Hal ! she has struck—she gròunds—she stànds
Still as if held by giant hands.

7 “Quick, man the boat !”—away they sprang,
 The stranger ship to aid ;
 And loud their hailing voices rang,
 And rapid speed they made :
 But all in silence, deep, unbroke,
 The vessel stood—none answering spoke.

8 'Twas fearful—not a sound arose—
 No moving thing was there,
 To interrupt the dread repose
 Which fill'd each heart with fear ;
 On deck they silent stepp'd, and sought,
 'Till one, a man, their sad sight caught.

9 He was alone—the damp, chill mould
 Of yèars hung on his cheek ;
 A pen in his hand had meekly told
 The tale no voice might speak :
 “Seventy days,” the record stood,
 “Had they been in the ice, and wanted food.”

10 They took his book, and turn'd away,
 But soon discover'd where
 The wife, in her death-sleep, gently lay,
 Near him, in life most dear—
 Who, seated beside his young heart's pride,
 Long years before had calmly died.

11 Oh, wedded lòve ! how beautifull,
 How pùre a thing thou art :
 Whose influence even in dèath can rule,
 And triumph o'er the heart ;
 Can cheer life's roughest walk, and shed
 A holy light around the dead.

12 There was a solemn, sacred feeling
 Kindled in every breast ;
 And softly from the cabin stealing,
 They left them to their rèst—
 The fair, the yoúng, the cónstant pair,
 They left them with a blessing there :

13 And to their boat returning, each
 With thoughtful brows and haste,
 And o'ercharged hearts, too full for speech,
 Left 'midst the frozen waste,
 That Chàrnél Ship, which years before,
 Had sail'd from distant Albion's shore.

14 They left her in the icebergs, whéré
 Few venture to intrude ;
 A monument of death and fear,
 'Mid Ocean's solitude !
 And, grateful for their ówn release,
 Thank'd Gòd, and sought their homes in peace.

 EXERCISE 49.

Life.—A Spanish Poem.—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

1 Oh ! while we eye the rolling tide,
 Down which our flowing minutes glide
 Away so fast ;
 Let us the present hour employ,
 And deem each future dream a joy
 Already past.

2 Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
 No happier let us hope to find,
 To-morrow than to-day ;
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
 Like them the present shall delight—
 Like them decay.

3 Our lives like hastening streams must be,
 That into one ingulfsing sea,
 Are doom'd to fall—
 The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all.

4 Alike the river's lordly tide,
 Alike the humble riv'lets glide
 To that sad wave ;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

5 Our birth is but a starting place ;
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal ;
 There all those glittering toys are brought,
 That path alone, of all unsought,
 Is found of all.

6 Say then, how poor and little worth
 Are all those glittering toys of earth,
 That lure us here ?
 Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
 Alas ! before it bids us wake,
 Ye disappear !

EXERCISE 50.

Death and the Drunkard.—ANONYMOUS.

His form was fair, his cheek was health ;
 His word a bond, his purse was wealth ;
 With wheat his field was cover'd o'er,
 Plenty sat smiling at his door.
 His wife the fount of ceaseless joy ;
 How laugh'd his daughter, play'd his boy ;
 His library, though large, was read,
 Till half its contents deck'd his head.
 At morn 'twas health, wealth, pure delight,
 'Twas health, wealth, peace and bliss at night ;
 I wish'd not to disturb his bliss—
 'Tis gone ! but all the fault was his.

2 The social glass I saw him seize,
 The more with festive wit to please,
 Daily increase his love of cheer—
 Ah, little thought he *I* was near !
 Gradual indulgence on him stole,
 Frequent became the midnight bowl.
 I in that bowl the *headache* placed,
 Which, with the juice, his lips embraced.
Shame next I mingled with the draught ;
 Indignantly he drank and laugh'd.

3 In the bowl's bottom *bankruptcy*
 I placed—he drank with tears and glee.
Remorse did I into it pour ;
 He only sought the bowl the more.
 I mingled next *joint torturing pain* ;
 Little the less did he refrain.
 The *dropsy* in the cup I mix'd ;
 Still to his mouth the cup was fix'd.
 My emissaries thus in vain
 I sent the mad wretch to restrain.

4 On the bowl's bottom then *myself*
 I threw ; the most abhorrent elf
 Of all that mortals hate or dread ;
 And thus in horrid whispers said—
 “ Successless ministers I've sent,
 Thy hastening ruin to prevent ;
 Their lessons nought—then here am I ;
 Think not my threat'nings to defy.
 Swallow this, this thy last 'twill be,
 For with it thou must swallow *me*.”

5 Haggard his eyes, upright his hair,
 Remorse his lips, his cheeks despair,
 With shaking hand the bowl he clasp'd,
 My meatless limbs his carcass grasp'd
 And bore it to the church-yard—where
 Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

6 Death speaks—ah, reader, dost thou hear ?
 Hast thou no lurking cause to fear ?
 Has not o'er *thee* the sparkling bowl
 Constant, commanding, sly control ?

Betimes reflect, betimes beware—
 Though ruddy, healthful now and fair,
 Before slow reason lose the sway,
 Reform—postponed another day,
 Too soon may mix with common clay.

EXERCISE 51.

The Plague in London.—ROTHELAN.

In its malignancy, it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death, it possessed itself of all his armories, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The 5 touch, yea, the very sight of the infected, was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals, have seen the plague spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves forever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, 10 when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosom, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter;—some, went into ships and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring the vial had a foot on the 15 sea, as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild, that the plague did not visit—none so secret, that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover, none could fly that it did not overtake.

It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shoveling them all into the sepulchre. 20 Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailers fled from the felons that were in fetters—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety;—the grass grew 25 in the market-places;—the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers;—the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries;—silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen 30 clamoring at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds;

but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave;—the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fire became extinguished, as if its element too had expired: the seams of the sailorless ship yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft; all offences ceased, and no calamity but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves together, 45 having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls; old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged: it traveled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun- 55 source of life.

* * * At that epoch, for a short time, there was a silence, and every person in the street, for a moment stood still; London was as dumb as a church-yard. Again the sound of a bell was heard; for it was that sound, so 60 long unheard, which arrested the fugitive multitude, and caused their silence. At the third toll a universal shout arose, as when the herald proclaims the tidings of a great battle won, and then there was a second silence.

• The people fell on their knees, and with anthems of 65 thankfulness rejoiced in the dismal sound of that tolling death-bell; for it was a signal of the plague being so abated that men might again mourn for their friends, and hallow their remains with the solemnities of burial.

EXERCISE 52.

Battle of Borodino.—ANONYMOUS.

The night passed slowly over the wakeful heads of the impatient combatants. The morning of the 7th of September at length broke, and thousands beheld the dawn for the last time.—The moment was arrived, when 5 the dreadful discharge of two thousand cannon was to break the silence of expectation, and arouse at once all the horrors of war. General as the attack seemed, the corps of Prince Bagration had to sustain the accumulating weight of nearly half the French army; and the de- 10 termination shown by its cavalry was so desperate, that they charged up to the mouth of the Russian guns.— Whole regiments of them, both horses and men, were swept down by the cannon shot; and all along the front of Bagration's line, arose a breast-work of dead and dy- 15 ing. Napoleon ordered up fifty additional pieces of artillery, and a fresh division of infantry, with several regiments of dragoons. This new force rushed on, over the bodies of their fallen countrymen, and did not allow themselves to be checked until they reached the parapets of the Russian works. Their vigorous onset over- 20 turned with fierce slaughter every thing that opposed them, and obliged Bagration to fall back nearer to the second line of the army. The rage of battle at this cri- sis is not to be described. The thunder of a thousand 25 pieces of artillery was answered by the discharge of an equal number on the part of the Russians. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light to pursue the work of death than the flashes of musketry, which blazed in every direction.

30 The sabres of 40,000 dragoons met each other, and clashed in the horrid gloom; and the bristling points of countless bayonets, bursting through the rolling vapor, strewed the earth with heaps of slain.

Such was the scene for an extent of many wersts, and 35 the dreadful contest continued without cessation until the darkness of the night.—This closed that memorable day, and with it terminated the lives of eighty thousand human beings. The horses which lay on the ground, from right to left, numbered full 25,000.

40 The next day, says Labaume, very early in the morning, we returned to the field of battle.—In the space of a square league, almost every spot was covered with the killed and wounded.—On many places, the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and

45 horses.

But the most horrid spectacle was the interior of the ravines, almost all the wounded, who were able to drag themselves along, had taken refuge there, to avoid the shot. These miserable wretches, heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with pierceing cries, eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments.

EXERCISE 53.

Shipwreck.—FREDERICKSBURG ARENA.

In the winter of 1825—Lieutenant G——, of the United States Navy, with his beautiful wife (the most lovely female my eyes ever beheld) and infant child, embarked in a packet at Norfolk, bound to South Carolina. 'Tis true the weather was extremely cold, but as the wind was favorable, this mode of getting to their friends was not considered more hazardous, than the same trip by stages through the swamps and sands of the Carolinas. Besides, the vessel in which they sailed

10 was a well known and popular trader, and had never encountered an accident in making her numerous voyages. For the first day and night after their departure, the wind continued fair, and the weather clear; but on the evening of the second day, they being then in sight

15 of the coast of North Carolina, a severe gale sprung up from the northward and westward, and towards midnight, the Captain judging himself much farther from the land than he really was, and dreading the Gulf stream, hauled in for the coast; but with the intention, it is

20 presumed, of lying to, when he supposed himself clear of the Gulf. Lieut. G—— did not approve of the Captain's determination to stand in for the land, and the result proved that his objections were well founded; for about four A. M. the vessel grounded. Vain would it be

25 to attempt a description of the horror which was depicted in every countenance when the awful shock, occasioned by the striking of the vessel's bottom, was first experienced. The terrors of such a situation can be known only to those who have themselves been shipwrecked. None others can have a tolerable idea of what passed in the minds of the wretched crew, as they gazed with vacant horror on the threatening elements, and felt that their frail bark must soon, perhaps the next thump, be dashed to pieces, and they left at the 30 mercy of the billows, with not even a *plank* between themselves and eternity! First comes the thumping of the vessel—next the breaking of the raging surge over her sides—then the receding for an instant of the waves, causing the vessel to careen on her beam-ends— 35 and lastly, the crashing of the spars and timbers by the returning rollers—the whole exhibiting a scene of confusion and horror, of which the most vivid language could afford but a cold and faint picture. But awful as this is, cheerless as are the shipwrecked sailor's pros- 40pects, what are *his* feelings compared to the agony of a fond husband and father, who clasps in a last embrace his little world, his beloved wife and child!

Although conscious of the hopelessness of his situation—that to remain by the vessel was death! and to 50 seek the shore, which, now that the day began to dawn, had become visible, was scarcely less perilous; still every feeling of his noble nature prompted him to action. My friend was a seaman, and a brave one: accustomed to danger, and quick in seizing upon every means of 55 rescuing the unfortunate. But *now*, *who* were the unfortunate that called upon him for rescue? *who* were they whose screams were heard louder than the roaring elements, imploring that aid which no human power could afford them? His wife and child! O! heart- 60 rending agony! But why attempt to describe what few can imagine! The subject is too appalling to admit of amplification. In a word, then, the only boat which could be got at was manned by two gallant tars. Mrs. G—— and child, and its nurse, were lifted into it— 65 it was the thought of desperation! The freight was already too much. Mr. G—— saw this, and knew that the addition of himself would diminish the chances

of the boat reaching the shore in safety ; and much as he deplored the necessity—horrible as was the alternative—he himself gave the order ;—“Push off, and make for the land, my brave lads !”—the *last* words which ever passed his lips ! The order was obeyed ; but ere the little boat had proceeded fifty yards, (about half the distance to the beach,) it was struck on the quarter by a roller, capsized, and boat, passengers, and all, enveloped, for a time, in the angry surge ! The wretched husband saw but too distinctly what seemed to be the destruction of all that he held dear ! But here, alas, and *forever*, were shut out from him all sublunary prospects !

He fell upon the deck powerless—senseless—A CORPSE ! the victim of a sublime sensibility ! But what became of the unhappy wife and child ? The answer shall be brief ; Mrs. G—— was borne through the breakers to the shore, by one of the brave sailors ; the nurse was thrown upon the beach, with the drowned infant grasped in her arms. The nurse survived. Mrs. G—— was taken to a hut senseless—continued delirious many days, but finally recovered her senses, and with them a consciousness of the awful catastrophe which in a moment made her A CHILDLESS WIDOW.

EXERCISE 54.

The Bucket.—A Cold Water Song.—WOODWORTH.

1 How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood !
 When fond recollection presents them to view ;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew :
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well :
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

2 That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure—
 For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it with bands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well :
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The-moss cover'd bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from that loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well :
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the well.

EXERCISE 55.

Anecdote of Judge Marshall.—WINCHESTER REPUBLICAN.

It is not long since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time,
 5 before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow-guest, at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling.—
 10 Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his kneebuckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered
 15 the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number—most, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon
 20 an eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt

equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the 25 pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock, until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said 30 pro and con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child: as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing with philosophic eye the faculties of the youthful 35 mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment 40 of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which, (characteristic of himself,) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

45 At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid 50 lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was 55 his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered, than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole 60 lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was now a matter of 65 curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the *préacher* from whom

the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no—it was the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

EXERCISE 56.

The First and Last Ticket.—MANUSCRIPT OF A CRIMINAL.

PART I.

My first ticket was a blank. I was persuaded by a friend to buy it, who tempted me by holding up to view the glittering prize, and exciting my hopes of obtaining it. I was not disappointed at the result of my purchase, 5 although a curse involuntarily burst from my lips when I first learned it. I hardly thought of drawing a high prize, yet the possibility of being so fortunate kept my mind in a constant, burning excitement. I was a young man then, and could ill afford to lose the cost of the ticket. However, I comforted myself with the reflection, that experience must be paid for. I also made a determination that I would not be so foolish again. I kept it unbroken for six months: yet all that time there 10 was a whispering in my ear—“*try again, you may be more fortunate.*” It was the whispering of my evil genius—and I obeyed it. I bought part of a ticket and drew five hundred. I had previously to this, being in a good situation, and with every prospect of *doing well* in the world, engaged myself to Eliza Berton, a young lady 15 who had long possessed my affections. She was one no, I will not, I cannot speak of her as she was. Well, shortly after my good fortune—I should say *misfortune*—I married her. I was considerably elated with my luck, and treated my friends freely. I did 20 not however buy any tickets at that time, though strongly urged. One evening, after I had been married some months, I went out to visit a friend, intending to return in the course of an hour. On the way to my friend’s house, I passed a lottery office. It was brilliantly lighted 25 up, and in the windows were temptingly displayed schemes of chance, and invitations to purchase. I had not tried my luck since my marriage, and had given up buying tickets. As I passed by the window of the office 30 my eye caught the following, in illuminated letters 35 and figures—“\$10,000 prize will be heard from this

night. *Tickets \$5.*" I hesitated a moment, then walked on—"Who knows but what I may get it?" I said to myself. I stopped—turned about—still hesitating—"Try again," I heard, and retracing my steps, I 40 went into the office. A number of my acquaintances were sitting there smoking.—The vender gave me a cigar, and after a while asked me if I should not like to try my luck in the lottery, which he was expecting every moment to hear from; his clerk having gone out 45 to await the opening of the mail. So saying, he handed me out a package of quarters, which he prevailed on me to take, and pay twenty-five dollars; the price he sold them at. The clerk soon after came in with the list of the drawing; and I left the office that evening, one 50 thousand dollars better off than when I entered. But where for? For home? No—for the *tavern*; all went for a treat. At midnight, I went home to my anxious, sleepless wife, in a fit of *intoxication*. This was her *first* experience.

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55 A week went by, and Eliza began to smile again. The excitement I was in that night, she admitted as an excuse for my conduct. But she tenderly advised me, nay, on her knees, in the stillness of our chamber, every night she implored God to have me in his keeping,—to preserve me from temptation. I was ashamed of myself; and I solemnly swore to abstain altogether from tickets. My wife was herself again. Months passed away;—a charge was intrusted to my keeping—a holy charge. I was presented with a son. He took his father's name. 60 65 Thank God! he will not bear his sorrows—his shame! I was happy as man need be for a year. Business prospered—I enjoyed good health, and was blessed with a happy home, where all was peace.

PART II.

I said I was happy—I was at times; but there was a secret thirst within me for riches—and yet I was not avaricious—nor was I parsimonious. But the desire had been awakened—the hope had been encouraged, that, by 5 venturing little, much might be had: and although by lottery gambling, yet a burning thought of gain—of gain by lotteries—agitated me day and night. In the day time, when about my business, the thought that by ven-

turning a few dollars I might draw enough to make me
10 independent of labor—to allow me to live at ease, was
uppermost in my mind; and every night I received a
large sum of prize money. I strove to banish such
desires from my mind; but they haunted me like an evil
spirit.

15 About eighteen months after taking my oath, a *grand scheme* was advertised to be drawn on a certain day in
my own town. I felt a strong propensity to try my
luck again. I was importuned by friends to buy
20 tickets—the scheme was so good—the chance of success
was so great; but I thought of the oath I had taken, and
was firm in my denial. The day of drawing drew nigh.
The vender who sold me the prize urged me to take a
few tickets—I was also urged by others—even in the
presence of my wife. But I resisted it. She, trusting
25 me, said not a word—she knew my oath was pledged
—she knew that I remembered it,—and she had confi-
dence in my keeping it sacred. She only gave a glance
of pleasure, it may be triumph, as she heard me refuse
my friend's invitation.—That night I *dreamt* that a par-
30 ticular number would be a fortunate one—that I purchas-
ed it, and it came up the highest prize. When I arose in
the morning my firmness was a little shaken—it was the
forenoon, and showed me a parcel of tickets; amongst
35 them I saw the number of my *dream!* He offered them
to me—I forgot myself—I mocked my God—I broke
my oath; I did not stay in the house at noon any longer
than to hurry through with my dinner.—My wife's
presence was a burden to me; her happy smile discom-
40 fitted me, and her cheerful tones went to my heart like a
reproach. From that day her presence was a curse to
me;—not that I loved her less—not that she had changed
—but how could I stand before her, perjured as I was,
and she the while not doubting my innocence—how
45 could I without feeling my unholiness? A thousand
times that forenoon did I resolve to seek my friend and
return him the ticket, and so often did I break them.
Conscience smote heavily. But the prize, thought I, will
check it. Fool! to think paltry gold would reconcile
50 an offended God—would buy off punishment! The
lottery was drawn that afternoon. That evening I sat

alone with my wife in her room. She was talking of the folly of some men, in not being contented with what they possessed, and for being ever on the search for more.

55 "How many hearts have been agitated—wound up to the highest pitch, this afternoon, in hopes of drawing a prize," said she. What could I do? I was there, and had to listen to her, although each word seemed like a burning coal at my heart. She continued—

60 "And how many have spent that, which should have gone for bread and clothing for their families—and for what? For a vain hope of obtaining more! for a piece of mere colored paper! And think you, my husband, there have been no vows violated, no oaths broken this 65 afternoon?" I made no answer, and she went on—"If there are any such, and if they have been unfortunate, how bitter must be their disappointment, and how doubly keen their remorse! Are you not, David, better pleased with yourself this evening for not buying tickets—

70 allowing you had not pledged your oath not to meddle with them—than you would have been, had you purchased them and made money by it?" Thus did the woman talk to me, as though I were as pure and guiltless as herself. She knew not that at the moment her

75 words were like daggers to my heart—that at every motion of her lips my soul writhed in agony;—she knew not that my pocket-book was crammed with the accursed tickets—*blank tickets!* And when she poured out her soul in prayer that night, she knew not that he, for 80 whom she prayed, dared not listen to her words, but stopped his ears. So it was. * * * *

"Do, my dear husband, stay at home, *one* evening this week! You shall read to me, or I will read to you! come, keep me company this evening." Thus said my 85 wife one evening, as she took me affectionately by the arm, a tear at the same time filling her eye. Brute that I was! I shook her off repulsively, scarcely deigning her a reply as I went out. I was an altered man—my innocence had departed from me—I had perjured myself. My oath once broken, I still continued to break it. Not a lottery was drawn but that I had some chance in it. Ill luck attended me. Blanks—blanks were my portion. Still I kept on. Most of my hours were spent in lottery offices. I neglected my business—debts ac-

95 cumulated—wants came upon me; and I had nothing to satisfy them with but a *hope*—a hope, that at the next drawing I should be lucky. As cares increased I went to a tavern for relief. Remorse gnawed at my heart like a worm. It had drank up all my happiness. When 100 I first broke my oath I thought gold would still my conscience. Gold I had none, so I attempted to ease it by strong drink. Rum burnt up my tender feelings—my better nature; but it only added to the quenchless fire that was raging at my heart. It was not uncommon for 105 me at this stage, to get intoxicated every night. Oft have I staggered home to my patient, dying Eliza—for my conduct was making sad inroads on a constitution naturally delicate; and without a shadow of cause fell to abusing her. What insult and misery has not that 110 woman endured! and all brought on by me, her husband, her protector! About this time our child died. I dare not think of his death—how it was brought on. The poor child *might* have lived longer—perhaps he *might*—but he complained of being cold sometimes, of wanting 115 clothes; and sometimes his cry for bread was vain. It was a great shock to my wife; and her gradual failing, day by day sobered me, and made me thoughtful. But what had I to do with *reflection*? The past was made up of sharp points, and when I turned to it, I was 120 pierced! and the future—what could I *anticipate*? what was there in store for me? So I closed my ears—shut my heart to the starving condition of Eliza, and became, a brute again. * * * * *

PART III.

It was in the evening of a wet, cloudy day, that I sallied forth from my boarding hovel, to shame and sin, to learn the fate of my *last* ticket. To obtain it, I had to dispose of a Bible, which belonged to my late wife—my 5 dead Eliza—and which was the dying gift of her mother. It was the last thing that I held that had belonged to her. One by one, had I disposed of what little effects she left, to gratify my passion for drinking and gambling. I had lost all feelings of shame. My wife 10 had been dead two years.

The ticket I now had was to seal my fate. I had fasted more than one day to obtain means to purchase

it; I had even stinted my drink for means, so strong was my passion for gambling. Well, I went into the 15 office and called for the prize list. At a glance, I saw my hopes were frustrated; and crushing the list convulsively in my hand, I muttered a deep oath and stalked out of the office. That ticket indeed sealed my fate. "The world owes me a living, and a living I will have!" 20 I said to myself, as I turned away with a despairing heart, and walked up the street. My mind was suddenly made up to a strong purpose. "There is money!" I said between my teeth, as I sauntered along meditating some desperate deed. I knew not the time of night; 25 it was late however, for the stores were all closed, when a man brushed by me. As he passed I saw it was the vender of tickets—the man who had sold me the *first* and *last* ticket!—the man to whom I had paid dollar after dollar, until all was gone. He had a trunk in his 30 hand, and was probably going home. "This man," thought I, "has received from me even to the last farthing; shall not I be justified in compelling him to return a part? at least ought he not to be made to give me something to relieve my misery—to keep me from starving?" Such was my reasoning, as I buttoned my jacket and slowly followed him. Before reaching his house, he had to pass over a lonely space, where there were no houses, and at that time of the night but little passing. He had gone over half this space, when I stepped 35 40 quickly and warily behind him; and grasping with one hand his collar and with the other his trunk, in a gruff voice demanded his money. The words were barely uttered before I was grappled by the throat. He was a strong man, and he had a dangerous hold. I put forth 45 all my strength to shake off his grasp, striking him at the same time in the face and breast, but without avail—he still kept his hold. Finding that something decisive must be done, for I could with difficulty breathe, I clasped him round the middle, and giving him a sudden 50 jerk, we both fell to the ground. I fell underneath, and he had me in his power. I struggled in vain to free myself. He still held me by the throat, and he began to cry for assistance.—What was to be done? I had a jack-knife in my pocket—there was no time for 55 reflection—my left hand was free—it was the work of a moment—the hot blood spirted from his heart full in

my face. His hold relaxed, and giving a terrible groan, he rolled on the ground in agony. I sprang upon my feet, and snatched the trunk; as I moved away in the 60 darkness, the death rattle in the throat of my victim came fearfully upon my ears.

What followed until I found myself chained in this dungeon, I know not. I have a faint recollection of flying from the spot where lay the dying man; of being 65 aroused in the morning by the officers of justice;—of a court-room, where were displayed the trunk found in my possession, and a knife taken from the breast of the corpse with my name on the handle. I have a more distinct recollection of an after trial and of a condemnation; and 70 to-morrow the jailer tells me I am to die—to be publicly executed. I acknowledge the justice of my punishment—I deserve death; and may God show mercy to him who showed no mercy!

EXERCISE 57.

Death at the Toilet.—DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

“Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?” inquired her mother. She listened—“I have not heard her moving for the last three-quarters of an hour! I’ll call the maid, and ask.” She rung the 5 bell, and the servant appeared.

“Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?” “Go up to her room, Betty, and see if she wants any thing, and tell her it’s half-past nine o’clock,” said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at 10 the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? Oh! impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; 15 and after a moment’s pause opened the door and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. “Why, ma’n’m!” commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, “here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and——” Betty staggered, horror struck to the 20 bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy 25 night in March: and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me 30 out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors, who had been called to her assistance. I repaired to the scene of death, and beheld 35 what I never shall forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, 40 brooches, curling-papers, ribins, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons.—Each of 45 her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy, fixed features, 50 daubed with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even 55 the palsyng hand of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the 60 tinseltry of fashion—the “vain show” of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity!

65 On examination of the body, we found that death had

been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composition 70 of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, so unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*

EXERCISE 58.

Sabbath Schools.—FREILINGHUYSEN.

We have witnessed, with grateful interest, the progress of Sabbath School instruction. Every year has furnished some fresh proofs of its substantial benefits. Take a single illustration in your city; a recent investigation 5 ascertained that, of twelve thousand children who had shared in the blessings of this institution, not one had ever been arraigned for crime. This is a volume of commendation; but, sir, it is only the beginning of good. The next age will witness some of the fulness of its mercies, when these children shall take our places, and assume upon them the duties of men and citizens.

I hasten to the appropriate business of this evening. A noble impulse has been given to this sacred cause in a neighboring city; it has reached the friends of truth 15 and awakened a kindred spirit here. The moral condition and prospects of the West—the influence which it will very soon exert in the public councils of our country, and its own distinct claims, as an important part of ourselves, combined a weight of interest in its behalf, 20 that has attracted general concern and distinguished liberality. I advert to the share, that will soon be taken by the Valley of the Mississippi, in our national concerns. Sir, the children will, after a few more years, give the law to the mother. This infant West is fast 25 attaining to a giant's dimensions; and its power will be tremendous, unless controlled by principle. Washington, who had studied the human character under many diversities, came to the full conviction, that no principle could be safely trusted, which did not flow from a 30 sense of religious obligation; and an infinitely greater

than Washington had ages before proclaimed the same truth. In this Valley of the West, upwards of four millions of freemen have, with astonishing rapidity, peopled the fairest regions of our republic; and the eventful 35 question to be resolved is, how we shall most happily fashion the elements of these rising communities; whether by our benignant regards, they shall aid to strengthen the cords of our union; whether they shall cherish the principles of private and public virtue; or whether 40 by our neglect, they shall be left to exhibit the melancholy spectacle of universal degeneracy of manners, among a people, but yesterday born into political existence. Sir, this is the true, honest question. We cannot, and we ought not to evade it. It is put to us as 45 Christians and as American citizens. These sister states of the West possess capacities for good or evil, that cannot be trifled with or disregarded. Rightly influenced, immense blessings will reward our philanthropy—but should we suffer them to grow on, with no moral culture, 50 floods of wickedness will by and by come over upon us, that will sweep away the last vestiges of hope and freedom. I lately heard from a distinguished citizen of that section of the Union, the evil, and the antidote in one short sentence. While deplored the frequent oc- 55 currence of street murders—sometimes by men high in official stations, he remarked, that the terrors of law interposed no check, and that his hope rested in the reformation of public sentiment: there, said he, the mischief receives its countenance, and there we must look 60 for its corrective. This was the language of truth and soberness. When the late movement in Philadelphia was announced, it was hailed as the harbinger of incalculable blessings. A fountain was to be opened, whose healthful streams would send forth richer benefits to the 65 Valley of the Mississippi, than all their majestic rivers. The Sunday schools will reform that perverted public opinion, that sanctions the deeds of the transgressor. They will purify the elements of society; they will arrest the torrent of corruption; erect the standard of 70 sound principles, and, by the blessing of Heaven, save the country and perpetuate her liberties. A cause, thus exalted in its aims, this evening addresses itself to the philanthropy of a generous people. It becomes

not a stranger to press this suit. It befits the occasion, 75 however, to say of it, that a nobler charity could not well engage our sympathies. To raise an empire of immortal beings to the dignity of virtuous freemen; to send forth moral influences among them, that shall establish the basis of political prosperity; that shall raise a protection around the sacred privileges of the fireside, and 80 secure the hearth and the altar from rude invasion. And more than this—to open to them the pathway to a blessed immortality, to fill up time with social comforts, to gild its close with consolation, and crown the whole with 85 imperishable happiness. Sir, what are earthly sceptres—what is human wealth and greatness, compared with such a vision? And in the just hope that it may shortly be realized, who can longer grasp his gold? Where or how can wealth accomplish for us, more substantial 90 or sublime pleasures. Patriotism in its boldest conceptions, cannot aspire to a purer bliss than this—To elevate an extensive body of enterprising men, to secure them from the wasteful influence of irreligion and crime; and bring up millions of our fellow-men, to the purity of a 95 virtuous community. Sir, failure in such an enterprise, would be no common calamity. But we need not fail. The faithful consecration of our best efforts, is destined to demolish the throne of the prince of darkness: and honored will be the humblest man, permitted to raise a 100 finger in the work.

EXERCISE 59.

The folly and wickedness of War.—Knox.

Two poor mortals, elevated with the distinction of a golden bauble on their heads, called a crown, take offence at each other, without any reason, or with the very bad one of wishing for an opportunity of aggrandizing themselves, by making reciprocal depredations. The creatures of the court, and the leading men of the nation, 5 who are usually under the influence of the court, resolve (for it is their interest) to support their royal master, and are never at a loss to invent some colorable pretence for engaging the nation in war. Taxes of the 10

most burdensome kind are levied, soldiers are collected, so as to leave a paucity of husbandmen; reviews and encampments succeed; and at last fifteen or twenty thousand men meet on a plain, and coolly shed each other's blood, without the smallest personal animosity, or the shadow of a provocation. The kings, in the meantime, and the grandees, who have employed these poor innocent victims to shoot bullets at each other's heads, remain quietly at home, and amuse themselves, in the intervals of balls, hunting schemes, and pleasures of every species, with reading at the fireside, and over a cup of chocolate, the dispatches from the army, and the news in the Extraordinary Gazette. If the King of Prussia were not at the head of some of the best troops in the world, he would be judged more worthy of being tried, and condemned, at the Old Bailey, than any shedder of blood who ever died by a halter. But he is a king; but he is a hero;—those names fascinate us, and we enroll the butcher of mankind among their benefactors.

When one considers the dreadful circumstances that attend even victories, one cannot help being a little shocked at the exultation which they occasion. I have often thought it would be a laughable scene, if there were not too much of the melancholy in it, when a circle of eager politicians have met to congratulate each other on a piece of good news just arrived. Every eye sparkles with delight; every voice is raised in announcing the happy event. And what is the cause of all this joy? and for what are our windows illuminated, bonfires kindled, bells rung, and feasts celebrated? We have had a successful engagement. We have left a thousand of the enemy dead on the field of battle, and only nine hundred of our countrymen. Charming news! it was a glorious battle! But before you give a loose to your raptures, pause awhile; and consider, that to every one of these nineteen hundred, life was no less sweet than it is to you; that to the far greater part of them there probably were wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, and friends, all of whom are at this moment bewailing that event which occasions your foolish and brutal triumph.

EXERCISE 60.

The Warrior.—HARBINGER OF PEACE.

- 1 A gallant form is passing by,
The plume bends o'er his lordly brow ;
A thousand tongues have raised on high
His song of triumph now.
Young knees are bending round his way,
And age makes bare his locks of gray.
- 2 Fair forms have lent their gladdest smile,
White hands have waved the conqueror on,
And flowers have deck'd his path the while,
By gentle fingers strown.
Soft tones have cheer'd him, and the brow
Of beauty beams, uncover'd now.
- 3 The bard hath waked the song for him,
And pour'd his boldest numbers forth ;
The wine cup, sparkling to the brim,
Adds frenzy to the mirth ;
And every tongue, and every eye,
Does homage to the passer by.
- 4 (<) The gallant steed treads proudly on ;
His foot falls firmly now, as when
In strife that iron heel went down
Upon the hearts of men ;
And foremost in the ranks of strife,
Trod out the last, dim spark of life.
- 5 Dream they of these—the glad and gay,
That bend around the conqueror's path ?
The horrors of the conflict day—
The gloomy field of death—
The ghastly slain—the sever'd head—
The raven stooping o'er the dead ?
- 6 Dark thoughts and fearful ! yet they bring
No terrors to the triumph hour,
Nor stay the reckless worshiping
Of blended crime and power.
The fair of form, the mild of mood,
Do honor to the man of blood.

7 Mén—Christians ! pause—the *air* ye breathe
 Is *poison'd* by your idol now ;
 And will ye turn to him, and wreath
 Your châplets round his brow ?
 Nay, call his darkest deeds sublime ?
 And smile assent to giant crime ?

EXERCISE 61.

Death of Ashmun.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1 (—) Whose is yon sable bier ?
 Why move the throng so slow ?
 Why doth that lonely mòther's tear
 In sudden anguish flow ?
 Why is that sleeper laid
 To rest in manhood's pride ?
 How gain'd his chèeks such pallid shade ?—
 I spake,—but none replied.

2 (o) The hoarse wave murmur'd low,
 The distant surges roar'd ;—
 And o'er the sèa in tones of woe
 A deep response was pour'd ;
 I heard sad *Africk* mourn
 Upon her billowy strand ;—
 A *shield* was from her bosom torn,
 An *anchor* from her hand.

3 (—) Ah ! well I know thee now,
 Though foreign suns would trace
 Deep lines of death upon thy brow,
 Thou friend of misery's race ;—
 Their leader when the blast
 Of ruthless war swept by,
 Their teacher when the storm was past,
 Their guide to worlds on high.

4 Spirit of Power,—pass on !—
 Thy homeward wing is free ;—
 Earth may not claim thee for her son,—
 She hath no chain for thee :—

Toil might not bow thee down,—
 Nor Sorrow check thy race,—
 Nor Pleasure win thy birthright crown,—
 Go to thy own blest place.

EXERCISE 62.

Love of Applause.—HAWES.

To be insensible to public opinion, or to the estimation in which we are held by others, indicates any thing, rather than a good and generous spirit. It is indeed the mark of a low and worthless character;—devoid of 5 principle, and therefore devoid of shame. A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say, without blushing, *I don't care what others think of me.*

But to have a proper regard to public opinion is one thing; to make that opinion our rule of action is quite 10 another. The one we may cherish consistently with the purest virtue, and the most unbending rectitude; the other we cannot adopt, without an utter abandonment of principle and disregard of duty. The young 15 man whose great aim is to please, who makes the opinion and favor of others his rule and motive of action; stands ready to adopt any sentiments, or pursue any course of conduct, however false and criminal, provided only, that it be popular. In every emergency, his first 20 question is, What will my companions, what will the world think and say of me, if I adopt this, or that course of conduct? Duty, the eternal laws of rectitude, are not thought of. Custom, fashion, popular favor; these are the things, that fill his entire vision, and decide every question of opinion and duty. Such a man can 25 never be trusted; for he has no integrity, and no independence of mind, to obey the dictates of rectitude. He is at the mercy of every casual impulse and change of popular opinion, and you can no more tell whether he will be right or wrong to-morrow, than you can predict the course of the wind, or what shape the clouds 30 will then assume.

And what is the usual consequence of this weak and foolish regard to the opinions of men?—What the end of thus acting in compliance with custom in opposition 35 to one's own convictions of duty? It is to lose the es-

teem and respect of the very man whom you thus attempt to please. Your defect of principle and hollow-heartedness are easily perceived ; and though the persons to whom you thus sacrifice your conscience, may affect to commend your complaisance, you may be assured, that, inwardly, they despise you for it. Young men can hardly commit a greater mistake, than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes, contrary to their own sense of duty. Such conduct is always morally wrong, and rarely fails to deprive one both of self-respect, and of the respect of others.

EXERCISE 63.

Christian Integrity.—HAWES.

It is very common, I know, for young men just commencing business, to imagine that, if they would advance their secular interests, they must not be very scrupulous in binding themselves down to the strict rules of rectitude. They must conform to custom ; and if in buying and selling they sometimes say the things that are not true, and do the things that are not honest ; why, their neighbors do the same ; and, verily, there is no getting along without it. There is so much competition and rivalry, that to be *strictly honest*, and yet succeed in business, is out of the question.

Now if it were indeed so, I would say to a young man ; Then quit your business. Better dig, and beg too, than to tamper with conscience, sin against God, and lose your soul.

But is it so ?—is it necessary in order to succeed in business, that you should adopt a standard of morals, more lax and pliable, than the one placed before you in the Bible ? Perhaps, for a time, a rigid adherence to rectitude might bear hard upon you ; but how would it be in the end ? Possibly, your neighbor, by being less scrupulous than yourself, may invent a more expeditious way of acquiring a fortune. If he is willing to violate the dictates of conscience ; to lie, and cheat, and trample on the rules of justice and honesty, he may, indeed, get the start of you, and rise suddenly to wealth and distinction. But would you envy him his riches, or be

willing to place yourself in his situation ? Sudden wealth, especially when obtained by dishonest means, rarely fails 30 of bringing with it sudden ruin. Those who acquire it, are of course beggared in their morals, and are often, very soon, beggared in property. Their riches are corrupted ; and while they bring the curse of God on their immediate possessors, they usually entail misery and ruin 35 upon their families.

If it be admitted, then, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success ; is it not the surest, the happiest, and the best ? A young man of thorough integrity may, it is true, find it difficult, in the midst of 40 dishonest competitors and rivals, to start in his business or profession ; but how long, ere he will surmount every difficulty ; draw around him patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know him ?

45 What if, in pursuing this course, you should not, at the close of life, have so much money by a few hundred dollars ? Will not a fair character, an approving conscience, and an approving God, be an abundant compensation for this little deficiency of pelf ?

50 Oh, there is an hour coming, when one whisper of an approving mind, one smile of an approving God, will be accounted of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. In that hour, my young friends, nothing will sustain you, but the consciousness of having been 55 governed in life by worthy and good principles.

EXERCISE 64.

Watch.—J. MASON GOOD.

1 Life is a sea,—how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters' pace,
Its canopy how pure !
But *rocks* below, and *tempests* sleep
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
Nor leave an hour secure.

2 Life is a wilderness,—beset
With tangling thorns, and treach'rous net,
And prow'ld by beasts of prey.

One path alone conducts aright,
 One *narrow* path, with little light ;
 A thousand lead astray.

3 Life is a warfare,—and alike
 Prepared to parley, or to strike,
 The practiced foe draws nigh.
 O, hold no truce ! less dangerous far
 To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
 Than trust his specious lie.

4 Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
 While life is lent to man below,
 One duty stands confess,—
 To *watch* incessant, firm of mind,
 And watch where'er the post assign'd,
 And leave to God the rest.

5 'Twas while they watch'd, the shepherd swains
 Heard angels strike to angel-strains
 The song of heavenly love :
 Blest harmony ! that far excels
 All music else on earth that dwells,
 Or e'er was tuned above.

6 'Twas while they watch'd, the sages traced
 The star that every star effaced
 With new and nobler shine :
 They follow'd, and it led the way
 To where the infant Savior lay,
 And gave them light divine.

7 'Twas while they watch'd, with lamp in hand,
 And oil well stored, the virgin band
 The bridal pomp descried ;
 They join'd it,—and the heavenly gate,
 That oped to them its glorious state,
 Was closed on all beside.

8 *Watch ! watch and pray !* in suffering hour
 Thus He exclaim'd who felt its power,
 And triumph'd in the strife.
 Victor of Death ! thy voice I hear :
 Fain would I watch with holy fear,
 Would watch and pray through life's career,
 And only cease with life.

EXERCISE 65.

New Social Order in America.—DOUGLAS.

America is to modern Europe, what its western colonies were to Greece, the land of aspirations and dreams, the country of daring enterprise, and the asylum of misfortune, which receives alike the exile and the adventurer, 5 the discontented and the aspiring, and promises to all a freer life, and a fresher nature.

The European emigrant might believe himself as one transported to a new world, governed by new laws, and finds himself at once raised in the scale of being—the 10 pauper is maintained by his own labor, the hired laborer works on his own account, and the tenant is changed into a proprietor, while the depressed vassal of the old continent becomes co-legislator, and co-ruler in a government where all power is from the people, 15 and in the people, and for the people. The world has not witnessed an emigration like that taking place to America; so extensive in its range, so immeasurable in its consequences, since the dispersion of mankind; hordes of emigrants are continually swarming off, as 20 ceaseless in their passage, and crowded, and unreturning, as the travelers to eternity. Even those who are forced to remain behind, feel a melancholy restlessness, like a bird whose wing is crippled, at the season of migration, and look forward to America, as to the land of 25 the departed, where every one has some near relative, or dear friend gone before him. A voice like that heard before the final ruin of Jerusalem, seems to whisper to those who have ears to hear, “Let us depart hence.”

Every change in America has occasioned a correspondent change in Europe; the discovery of it overthrew the systems of the ancients, and gave a new face to adventure and to knowledge; the opening of its mines produced a revolution in property; and the independence of the United States overthrew the monarchy of 30 France, and set fire to a train which has not yet fully exploded. In every thing, its progress is interwoven with the fates of Europe. At every expansion of American influence, the older countries are destined to undergo new changes, and to receive a second character

40 from the colonies which they have planted, whose greatness is on so much larger a scale than that of the parent countries, and which will exhibit those improvements which exist in miniature in Europe, unfettered by ancient prejudices, and dilated over another continent.

EXERCISE 66.

Voluntary Association.—DOUGLAS.

A new influence is arising, which is sufficiently able to supply the deficiencies of Governments, in attaining ends which they cannot reach, and in affording aids over which they have no control—the power of voluntary association. There is no object to which this power cannot adapt itself; no resources which it may not ultimately command; and a few individuals, if the public mind is gradually prepared to favor them, can lay the foundations of undertakings which would have baffled 10 the might of those who reared the pyramids; and the few who can divine the tendency of the age before it is obvious to others, and perceive in which direction the tide of public opinion is setting, may avail themselves of the current, and concentrate every breath that is favorable 15 to their course. The exertions of a scanty number of individuals may swell into the resources of a large party, which, collecting at last all the national energies unto its aid, and availing itself of the human sympathies that are in its favor, may make the field of its 20 labor and its triumph as wide as humanity itself. The elements being favorably disposed, a speck of cloud collects vapors from the four winds which overshadow the heavens; and all the varying and conflicting events of life, and the no less jarring and discordant passions of the 25 human breast, when once the channel is sufficiently deepened, will rush into one accelerating torrent, and be borne towards their destined end. The power of voluntary association, though scarcely tried as yet, is of largest promise for the future; and when extended upon a great 30 scale, is the influence most removed from the shock of accidents and the decay of earthly things, renewing its youth with renewed generations, and becoming immortal through the perpetuity of the kind.

The favorable result of all undertakings depends upon
 35 the previous state and preparation of the world, no less than the vegetation of the seed does upon the soil into which it is cast; those who have proceeded farthest in their attempts, and gained the point at which they aimed, had the stream in their favor, and were more indebted
 40 to the strength of the current than to their own individual efforts; their superiority to others consisted chiefly in their superior discernment; and they seemed to lead their contemporaries, merely because they themselves were most led by the spirit of the age, and took a favor-
 45 able situation for being borne forward by the tide, which they had the sagacity to see was upon the turn. The Greeks would have conquered the Persians without Alexander; the Romans would have been enslaved had Cæsar never been born, and the Arabians would have been de-
 50 ceived by other impostors had Mahomet never professed himself a prophet.

EXERCISE 67.

Bible Societies.—DOUGLAS.

Modern writers have discovered that words are more plentiful than thoughts; and that therefore the true economy of writing consists in being sparing of the latter, and profuse of the former; the reports of different societies
 5 carry this even too far, and one may read through a long report, and reach the conclusion without meeting a single new fact, or new observation by the way. This ought to be amended, and a series of publications which would extend the knowledge, and deepen the interest which
 10 the subscribers take in the progress of religion, are strongly required, before that interest can become more general and abiding. With several defects, the Bible Society continues the most perfect institution of its kind, and the finest example of the power of voluntary associa-
 15 tion. It has merited the thanks of its bitterest enemies as well as of its warmest friends; for, while it has done religion one service, by uniting all its friends in one great cause, it has done it a second service, by uniting all its enemies, however hostile to each other,
 20 against it; thus ranging each side front to front, and

preparing them for one decisive and final struggle. It leaves every one without excuse, who does not co-operate with it; it combines all classes and all creeds, the poor may contribute their mite, and the rich may pour in 25 their abundance; and those who build precious things, and those who heap up stubble upon the foundation of the Scriptures, have here one point of agreement in the foundation for which they both earnestly contend. It has done more good than all the theological discussions 30 for the last hundred years; and though it has confuted no heresy, it has done still better, for it has made many be neglected and forgotten. It oversteps the boundaries of kingdoms, and the separation of national jealousies, and presents a field wide enough for men of all nations 35 and languages to enter, without conflicting or jarring with each other; its field is truly the world; it embraces directly or indirectly, all the interests of humanity; and it is ever profusely distributing the benefits of time, while its ultimate results are lost in the glories of eternity.

EXERCISE 68.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.—CUNNINGHAM.

- 1 From Olivet's sequester'd seats,
 What sounds of transport spread?
What concourse moves through Salem's streets
 To Zion's holy head?
Behold him there in lowliest guise!
 The Savior of mankind!
Triumphal shouts before him rise,
 And shouts reply behind!
And "strike," they cry, your loudest string;
He comes! *Hosanna to our King!*"
- 2 He came to earth: from eldest years,
 A long and bright array,
Of Prophet-bards and Patriarch-seers,
 Proclaim'd the glorious day:
The light of heaven in every breast,
 Its fire on every lip,
In tuneful chorus on they press'd,
 A goodly fellowship:

And on the pealing anthem ran,
 "Hosanna to the Son of Man!"

3 He came to earth: through life he pass'd
 A man of griefs: and, lo,
 A noble army following fast
 His track of pain and woe:
 All deck'd with palms, and strangely bright,
 That suffering host appears;
 And stainless are their robes of white,
 Though steep'd in blood and tears;
 And sweet their martyr-anthem flows,
 "Hosanna to the Man of Woes!"

4 From ages past descends the lay,
 To ages yet to be,—
 Till far its echoes roll away
 Into eternity.
 But O! while saints and angels high,
 Thy final triumph share,
 Amidst thy followers, Lord, would I,
 Though last and meanest there,
 Receive a place, and joyful raise
 A loud Hosanna to thy praise!

EXERCISE 69.

Evening Hymn.—MONTHLY VISITOR.

1 Departing day fades in the west,
 The busy world is still;
 Be human passion hush'd to rest,
 Be tranquil, human will.

2 Father in Heaven, to thee I bend,
 To thee I lift my prayer;
 Vouchsafe, Divine, Almighty Friend,
 Thy suppliant's voice to hear.

3 If lured by pleasure's specious wiles,
 By shadowy hopes or fears,
 If earthly joys have waken'd smiles,
 Or earthly sorrows, tears;

4 If fall'n from Thee, and Thy command,
 (And fallen I must appear,)

Before Thee, Lord, thy creature stands,
A suppliant sincere.

5 Oh, be this day's offence forgiven,
This night with slumbers blest ;
And pious trust in pardoning Heaven,
The pillow of my rest.

EXERCISE 70.

Universal Peace.—CHALMERS.

The first great obstacle to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors, by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the 5 sublime in contemplating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest ; and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and 10 the shriek of their desolated families. There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior, burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle 15 for a remembrance and a name ; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more, who have been laid on the cold ground, 20 where they are left to languish and to die. There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening, fury of the combat, have been given and received, by the 25 children of one common Father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness is around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the unintended bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to 30 bear the message of tenderness to his distant home, without one companion to close his eyes.

I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work

which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back-ground 35 of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history, which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry, which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers ; as by 40 its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music, which represents the progress of the battle ; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, 45 the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment ; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men, as they fade away upon the ear, and 50 sink into lifeless silence. All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmixed hatefulness ; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon 55 earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle, on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wake- 60 ful benevolence of the Gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever, from its sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war—cruel, atrocious, unrelenting 65 war, will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations.

EXERCISE 71.

The Elder's Death Bed.—PROF. WILSON.—*Edinb.*

PART I.

For six years' Sabbaths I had seen the ELDER in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit—and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance

5 during sermon, psalm, and prayer. On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I met the Pastor, going to pray by his death-bed—and, with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, of resignation, and of death.

10 And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the Pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale, 15 cheeks, which otherwise were blooming in health and beauty;—and I recognized, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man whom we understood was now lying on his death-bed. “They had to send his grandson for me through 20 the snow, mere child as he is,” said the Minister, looking tenderly on the boy; “but love makes the young heart bold—and there is One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

As we slowly approached the cottage, through a deep 25 snow-drift, which the distress within had prevented the inmates from removing, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared; and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing, by her raised eyes, and arms 30 folded across her breast, how thankful she was to see, at last, the Pastor, beloved in joy, and trusted in trouble.

A few words sufficed to say who was the stranger—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me 35 his cold, shriveled hand in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bedside, and left a closer station for those who were more dear.

“If the storm do not abate,” said the sick man, after a pause, “it will be hard for my friends to carry me over 40 the drifts to the kirk-yard.” This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy—and, with a long deep sigh, he fell down, with his face like ashes, on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength to lay itself upon 45 his head.

“God has been gracious to me a sinner,” said the

dying man. “ During thirty years that I have been an elder in your kirk, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken 50 from me—it was on a Tuesday she died—and on a Saturday she was buried. We stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God—she commanded me to do so the night before 55 she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng.—Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there.”

The old man ceased speaking—and his grandchild, now able to endure the scene,—for strong passion is its 60 own support,—glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small, soft hands to his grandfather’s lips. He drank, and then said, “ Come closer to me, Jāmie, and kiss me for thine own and thy father’s sake ;” and as the child 65 fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man’s face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child, sobbing in his bosom.

“ Jāmie, thy own father has forgottē thee in thy 70 fancy, and me in my old age ; but, Jamie, *forget not thou, thy father, nor thy mother* ; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God.”

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old 75 man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather’s bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. “ Oh ! if my *husband* knew but of this —he would never, *never* desert his dying father !” And 80 I now knew that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

PART II.

At this affecting time the Minister took the Family Bible on his knees, and said, “ Let us sing to the praise of God, part of the fifteenth Psalm.” Ere the Psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse.

Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed.

10 When the psalm ceased, the Elder said, with a solemn voice, "My són—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shines over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways!"

15 Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy *God* and thy *Savior*, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stèrn, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three 20 years past, your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thùnder, may tremble at the still, small voice—now is the hour for re-pentance—that your *father's spirit* may carry up to Heaven, tidings of a contrite soul, saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bedside, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the *minister* had been seen 30 riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover, and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness;—for though I may not think as you do on matters of *religion*, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not crùel. I ask your 35 forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bedside, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for *blindness* is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first born, and thou art my only living son. All thy 40 brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the jöy, the pride of my soul,—aye, *too much* the pride, for there was not in all the parish, such a man, such a son, as my own *William*. If thy heart has since been changed, God may 45 inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wèpt for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!"

50 A long, deep groan, was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know
 55 you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word *father*, to him who has denied *God*, the Father of us all?" "Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal
 60 herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to *me*;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms, mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the
 65 Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down, somewhat timidly, by his father's side; nor did
 70 the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm, the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and
 75 let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There *was* a time when none, William, could read
 80 the Scriptures better than couldst *thou*—can it be that the son of my friend hath *forgotten* the lessons of his youth?" He had *not* forgotten them—there was no need of the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bedside. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a
 85 channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, "Jesus said unto her, *I am the resurrection and the life: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.* *Believest thou this?* She said unto him, *Yea, Lord: I believe thou art*
 90 *the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.*"

"That is not an *unbeliever's voice*," said the dying

man triumphantly ; “ nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever’s *heart*. Say that thou *believest* in what thou
 95 hast now read, and thy father will die happy ! ” “ I do believe ; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father, who is heaven.” The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied
 100 hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. (o) *Intō thy hānds, O Gōd ! I commit my sp̄it;*”—and so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow ; and I thought I heard a sigh.—There was then a long, deep silence, and
 105 the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white, placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest ; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the
 110 DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

EXERCISE 72.

Benevolence of God.—CHALMERS.

It is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that a single world, or a single system, is not enough for it—that it must have the spread of a mightier region, on which it may pour forth a tide of exuberancy through-
 5 out all its provinces—that, as far as our vision can carry us, it has strewed immensity with the floating receptacles of life, and has stretched over each of them the garniture of such a sky, as mantles our own habitation—and that, even from distances which are far beyond the
 10 reach of human eye, the songs of gratitude and praise may now be arising to the one God, who sits surrounded by the regards of his one great and universal family.

Now it is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that it sends forth these wide and distant emanations over the surface of a territory so ample—that the world we inhabit, lying imbedded as it does, amidst so much surrounding greatness, shrinks into a point that to the universal eye might appear to be almost imperceptible. But does it not add to the power and to the
 20 perfection of this universal eye, that at the very moment

it is taking a comprehensive survey of the vast, it can fasten a steady and undistracted attention on each minute and separate portion of it; that at the very moment it is looking at all worlds, it can look most pointedly and most intelligently to each of them; that at the very moment it sweeps the field of immensity, it can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every distinct handbreadth of that field; that at the very moment at which it embraces the totality of existence, it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its details, and into every one of its endless diversities? You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the power of the all-seeing eye. Tell me, then, if it do not add as much perfection to the benevolence of God, that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate habitation; that while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population. Oh! does not the God, who is said to be love, shed over this attribute of his, its finest illustration! when, while he sits in the highest heaven, and pours out his fullness on the whole subordinate domain of nature and of Providence, he bows a pitying regard on the very humblest of his children, and sends his reviving Spirit into every heart, and cheers by his presence every home, and provides for the wants of every family, and watches every sick-bed, and listens to the complaints of every sufferer; and while, by his wondrous mind, the weight of universal government is borne, oh! is it not more wondrous and more excellent still, that he feels for every sorrow, and has an ear open to every prayer?

EXERCISE 73.

Death of the Princess Charlotte.—ROBERT HALL.

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of

the deepest tranquillity, at midnight a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men, and singing women, 5 not of revelry and mirth, but the cry, “Behold the bridegroom cometh!” The mother, in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant’s death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity. “It is a night 10 much to be remembered.” Who foretold this event; who conjectured it; who detected at a distance the faintest presage of its approach, which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as their inability to foresee it! Un- 15 moved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur, and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern, on this awful oc- 20 casion, the hand of Him who “bringeth the princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity;” who says, “They shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth;” and he “shall blow upon them, and they 25 shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.”

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable Princess so suddenly removed, “that her sun went down while it was yet day,” or that, prematurely 30 snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which we humbly hope Religion prepared her, she is so far 35 from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much;—that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an “eternal weight of glory;” and, as far as 40 memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness by associating the present with the past, it is not the recollection of her illustrious birth, and elevated prospects, but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded 45 with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated

by its charms ; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery : in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly
50 with her God.

The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret, at the sudden removal of this most lamented Princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived by this visita-
55 tion of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress. But what, my friends, (if it were lawful to indulge such a thought,) what would
60 be the funeral obsequies of a *lost soul*? Where shall we find tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle, or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his
65 light, and the moon her brightness ; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth—or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude
70 and extent of such a catastrophe ?

EXERCISE 74.

Remarkable Preservation from Death at Sea.

PROF. WILSON.

You have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life, which at the distance of thirty years, I cannot look back to without horror. No words can give an adequate image of the miseries I suffered during
5 that fearful night ; but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered.

I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in uninter-
10 mitting toil, in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous ; and, on Christmas day, we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew

were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive
15 with mirth and jollity.

About eight o'clock in the evening, I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow-storm blew, but steadily, and
20 without danger; and, now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw, for some distance round us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leaned over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost
25 my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body,
30 and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chillness, from immersion into the waves, but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I think that a momentary belief rushed across
35 my mind, that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the
40 surface, I recollect in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror, which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire mo-
45 ment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is said to be something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone forever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from
50 the heart of joy, delight, and happiness, into the uttermost abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes! I felt that the Almighty God had done this,—that there was an act, a fearful act of Providence; and miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort
55 of wild, indefinite, objectless rage and wrath assailed me, and took for awhile the place of that first shrieking ter-

ror. I gnashed my teeth, and cursed myself,—and with bitter tears and yells, blasphemed the name of God. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that 60 wickedness. The Being, whom I then cursed, was, in his tender mercy, not unmindful of me,—of me, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; and the winds yelled, and the snow beat like drift- 65 ing sand into my eyes,—and the ship, the *ship* was *gone*, and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish; alone, unseen, and unpitied by man, and, as I thought too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my 70 glaring eyes, that felt leaping from their sockets; and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night;—but no *ship*,—nothing but white- crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the 75 crew, till my voice was gone,—and that too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and, when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion,— while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, re- 80 iterated, and drove me along, like a log of wood, or a dead animal.

PART II.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. 5 Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not; but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been 10 suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hen-coop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at 15 sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my

existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold, weltering world of waters ; and, the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, 20 gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought ; and I looked round eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew 25 could not be far off, but, for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward ; and in that dim snowy night, how was such a speck to be seen ? I saw a flash 30 of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore ? I was separated from her by a dire necessity,—by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. 35 Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that, scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me, that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they 40 not send out all their boats to row round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well ? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of 45 wood, that still kept me from eternity.

Every thing was now seen in its absolute, dreadful reality. I was a Castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased ; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. 50 What dreadful clouds ! Some black as pitch and charged with thunder ; others like cliffs of fire ; and here and there all streamered over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, and despairing sky. The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld 55 three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them ; and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry them, one by one, into the darkness of the stormy dis-

60 tance. Many birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over 65 me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea, with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was

70 Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous, racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights, kept moving to and fro. I heard 75 dismal whisperings, and now and then a pale silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was over head, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits? But, why strive to recount the mortal pain 80 of my recovery,—the soul-humbling gratitude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skillful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there. Adieu, my dear friend. It is 85 now the hour of rest, and I hasten to fall down on my knees before the merciful Being who took pity upon me, and who, at the intercession of our Redeemer, may, I hope, pardon all my sins.

EXERCISE 75.

The Bible the best Classic.—GRIMKE.

To the *Parent*, I would say, your offspring are the children of God. On you they depend for education. God has commanded you to train them betimes, to know and to serve, to love and to enjoy him. The paths of 5 business are equally the paths of temptation and duty. Religion belongs to every thought, and word, and deed. As then the Bible is the only standard of duty, why do you not interweave it with the whole scheme of secular education? To the *Instructor*, I would say, you stand

10 in the place of Parent and Guardian. Their duties are unquestionably yours. To you is transferred, not only the obligation to teach, but more especially the selection of appropriate books, and the regulation of the order and proportion of studies. What Parent or Guardian has
15 ever interfered with your plans? How entirely, and with what a cordial confidence, have they appointed you to think, to consult, to decide, to act for them? Why then have you excluded the Bible of those very Parents and Guardians, from the whole scheme for the education
20 of their children and wards? To the *Patriot*, I would say, Can you doubt, that to the Bible your country owes not only her religious liberty, and her entire moral condition, but, to a great extent, her civil and political rights, her science, literature and arts? The Bible
25 is emphatically the book of truth and knowledge, of freedom and happiness to your country. Children you regard as public property; and you know, that they will honor and serve their country best, the more they are instructed in the Scriptures, and imbued with their spirit.
30 Why then, do you withhold the full benefit of those sacred oracles, by thus proscribing them, in every scheme of education? To the *Christian*, I would say, you admit the divinity of the Scriptures, their absolute authority, and inestimable worth. You concede, that they are
35 the common property of all; that even children may profit by them, since they are so simple and plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. Why then do you not give them this lamp of life, as well as the lamp of knowledge to guide them daily, with harmonious beams, in their preparation for the inseparable duties and business of life? To the *Scholar*, I would say, we offer you a more ancient, venerable, noble classic, than is to be found in the whole compass of Grecian and Roman Literature.

EXERCISE 76.

Fathers of New England.—SPRAGUE.

1 Behold! they come—those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;

Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
 And earth puts on its rudest frown ;
 But colder, ruder was the hand,
 That drove them from their own fair land,
 Their own fair land—Refinement's chosen seat,
 Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat ;
 By valor guarded, and by victory crown'd,
 For all, but gentle charity, renown'd.

With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
 Even from that land they dared to part,
 And burst each tender tie ;
 Haunts, where their sunny youth was pass'd,
 Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
 In peaceful age to die ;
 Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurn'd—
 Their fathers' hallow'd graves ;
 And to a world of darkness turn'd,
 Beyond a world of waves.

2 When Israel's race from bondage fled,
 Signs from on high the wanderers led ;
 But here—Heaven hung no symbol here,
Their steps to guide, *their* souls to cheer ;
 They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night
 Nought but the fagot's guilty light ;
 The cloud they gazed at was the smoke,
 That round their murder'd brethren broke ;
 Nor power above, nor power below,
 Sustain'd them in their hour of woe ;
 A fearful path they trod,
 And dared a fearful doom,
 To build an altar to their God,
 And find a quiet tomb.

3 Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,
 On yonder ice-bound rock,
 Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
 'To meet fate's rudest shock.
 Though anguish rends the father's breast,
 For them, his dearest and his best
 With him the waste who trod—
 Though tears that freeze, the mother sheds
 Upon her children's houseless heads—
 The Christian turns to God !

4 In grateful adoration now,
 Upon the barren sands they bow.
 What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer,
 As bursts in desolation there?
 What arm of strength e'er wrought such power,
 As waits to crown that feeble hour?

There into life an infant empire springs!
 There falls the iron from the soul;
 There Liberty's young accents roll,
 Up to the King of kings!
 To fair creation's farthest bound,
 That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
 The dreaming nations shall awake,
 And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.

Pontiff and prince, your sway
 Must crumble from that day;
 Before the loftier throne of Heaven,
 The hand is raised, the pledge is given—
 One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
 That monarch, God, that creed, His word alone.

5 Spread out earth's holiest records here
 Of days and deeds to virtue dear;
 A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
 On kingdoms built
 In blood and guilt,
 The worshipers of vulgar triumph dwell—
 But what exploit with theirs shall page,
 Who rose to bless their kind;
 Who left their nation and their age,
 Man's spirit to unbind?
 Who boundless seas passed o'er,
 And boldly met in every path,
 Famine and frost, and heathen wrath,
 To dedicate a shore,
 Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
 And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
 Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come,
 And set up there an everlasting home?

EXERCISE 77.

Duty of Literary Men to their Country.—GRIMKE.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, our COUNTRY?* I come not here to speak the dialect, or to give the counsels of the patriot-statesman. But I come, a patriot-scholar, to vindicate the rights and to plead for the interests of the American Literature. And be assured, that we cannot, as patriot-scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget,—let us rather remember, with a religious awe, that *the union of these States is indispensable to our Literature*, as it is to our national independence and civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement. If, indeed, we desire to behold a Literature like that, which has sculptured with such energy of expression,—which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe:—if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the

burning cottage ; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of
40 cities ;—if we desire to unchain the furious passions of
jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition,
those lions, that now sleep harmless in their den ;—if we
desire, that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush
45 with the blood of brothers ; that the winds should waft
from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the
roar and the smoke of battle ; that the very mountain-
tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers ;—
if we desire that these, and such as these—the elements
50 to an incredible extent, of the Literature of the old
world—should be the elements of our Literature ; then,
but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic
statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all
our land. But, if we covet for our country the noblest,
purest, loveliest Literature the world has ever seen, such
55 a Literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind ; a
Literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's
face, whose tears “would not stain an angel's cheek ;”
then let us cling to the union of these States, with a
patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Chris-
60 tian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust
self-sacrificed to God ; at the hight of her glory, as the
ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people,
American Literature will find that THE INTELLECTUAL
SPIRIT IS HER VERY TREE OF LIFE, AND THAT UNION, HER
65 *GARDEN OF PARADISE.*

EXERCISE 78.

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.—WIRT.

Such was the state of things under which the Congress
of 1776 assembled, when Adams and Jefferson again
met. It was, as you know, in this Congress, that the
question of American Independence came, for the first
5 time, to be discussed ; and never, certainly, has a more
momentous question been discussed in any age or in any
country ; for, it was fraught, not only with the destinies
of this wide extended continent, but as the event has
shown, and is still showing, with the destinies of man all
10 over the world.

Amid this appalling array that surrounded them, the first to enter the breach, sword in hand, was John Adams—the vision of his youth at his heart, and his country in every nerve. On the sixth of May, he offered, in committee of the whole, the significant resolution, that the colonies should form governments independent of the crown. This was the harbinger of more important measures, and seems to have been put forward to feel the pulse of the House. The resolution, after a severe struggle, was adopted on the 15th of May following. On the 7th of June, by previous concert, Richard Henry Lee moved the great resolution of Independence, and was seconded by John Adams; and “then came the tug of war.” The debate upon it was continued from the 7th to the 10th, when the further consideration of it was postponed to the 1st of July, and at the same time a committee of five was appointed to prepare, provisionally, the draught of a Declaration of Independence. At the head of this important committee, which was then appointed by a vote of the House, although he was probably the youngest member, and one of the youngest men in the House, for he had served only part of the former session, and was but thirty-two years of age, stands the name of Thomas Jefferson—Mr. Adams's stands next. And these two gentlemen, having been deputed a sub-committee to prepare the draught, that draught, at Mr. Adams's earnest importunity, was prepared by his more youthful friend. Of this transaction Mr. Adams is himself the historian, and the authorship of the Declaration, though once disputed, is thus placed forever beyond the reach of question.

The final debate on the resolution was postponed, as we have seen, for nearly a month. In the meantime, all who are conversant with the course of action of all deliberative bodies, know how much is done by conversation among the members. It is not often, indeed, that proselytes are made on great questions by public debate. On such questions, opinions are far more frequently formed in private, and so formed, that debate is seldom known to change them. Hence the value of the out-of-door talent of chamber consultation, where objections, candidly stated, are candidly, calmly, and mildly discussed; where neither pride, nor shame, nor anger, take

part in the discussion, nor stand in the way of a correct
55. conclusion; but where every thing being conducted
frankly, delicately, respectfully, and kindly, the better
cause and the better reasoner are almost always sure
of success. In this kind of service, as well as in all
that depended on the power of composition, Mr. Jefferson
60 was as much a master-magician, as his eloquent friend
Adams was in debate. They were, in truth, hemi-
spheres of the same golden globe, and required only to be
brought and put together, to prove that they were parts
of the same heaven-formed whole.

65 On the present occasion, however, much still remained
to be effected by debate. The first of July came,
and the great debate on the resolution for Independence
was resumed with fresh spirit. The discussion was
again protracted for two days, which, in addition to the
70 former three, were sufficient, in that age, to call out all
the speaking talent of the House. * * * * *

Mr. Jefferson has told us, that "the *Colossus* of that
Congress—the great pillar of support to the Declaration
of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion
75 on the floor of the House, was John Adams."

* * * * *

The resolution having been carried, the draught of
the Declaration came to be examined in detail; and, so
faultless had it issued from the hands of its author, that
80 it was adopted as he had prepared it, pruned only of a
few of its brightest inherent beauties, through a prudent
deference to some of the States. It was adopted about
noon of the Fourth, and proclaimed to an exulting nation,
on the evening of the same day.

85 That brave and animated band who signed it—where
are they now? What heart does not sink at the ques-
tion? One only survives: CHARLES CARROLL, of Car-
rollton—a noble specimen of the age that has gone by,
and now the single object of that age, on whom the vene-
90 ration and prayers of his country are concentrated.

EXERCISE 79.

The Greek Revolution.—WEBSTER.

The end and scope of this amalgamated policy is
neither more nor less than this;—to interfere, *by force*,

for any government, against any people who may resist it. Be the state of the people what it may, they shall not rise; be the government what it will, it shall not be opposed. The practical commentary has corresponded with the plain language of the text. Look at Spain and at Greece. If men may not resist the Spanish inquisition, and the Turkish cimiter, what is there to 10 which humanity must not submit? Stronger cases can never arise.—Is it not proper for us, at all times—is it not our duty, at this time, to come forth, and deny, and condemn, these monstrous principles? Where, but here and in one other place, are they likely to be resisted? 15 They are advancing with equal coolness and boldness; and they are supported by immense power. The timid will shrink and give way—and many of the brave may be compelled to yield to force. Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the 20 intelligence and the vigor of the Saxon race. As far as depends on us, at least, I trust those hopes will not be disappointed; and that, to the extent which may consist with our own settled, pacific policy, our opinions and sentiments may be brought to act on the right side, and 25 to the right end, on an occasion which is, in truth, nothing less than a momentous question between an intelligent age, full of knowledge, thirsting for improvement, and quickened by a thousand impulses, and the most arbitrary pretensions, sustained by unprecedented 30 power.

In four days, the fire and the sword of the Turk, rendered the beautiful Scio a clotted mass of blood and ashes. The details are too shocking to be recited. Forty thousand women and children, unhappily saved from the 35 general destruction, were afterwards sold in the market of Smyrna, and sent off into distant and hopeless servitude. Even on the wharves of our own cities, it has been said, have been sold the utensils of those hearths which now exist no longer. Of the whole population 40 which I have mentioned, not above 900 persons were left living upon the island. I will only repeat, sir, that these tragical scenes were as fully known at the Congress of Vienna, as they are now known to us; and it is not too much to call on the powers that constituted that 45 Congress, in the name of conscience, and in the name

of humanity, to tell us if there be nothing even in these unparalleled excesses of Turkish barbarity, to excite a sentiment of compassion ; nothing which they regard as so objectionable as even the very idea of popular resistance

50 to arbitrary power. * * * * *

I close, then, sir, with repeating, that the object of this resolution is, to avail ourselves of the interesting occasion of the Greek revolution, to make our protest against the doctrines of the Allied Powers ; both as they

55 are laid down in principle, and as they are applied in practice.

I think it right, too, sir, not to be unseasonable in the expression of our regard, and, as far as that goes, in a ministration of our consolation to a long oppressed and

60 now struggling people. I am not of those who would in the hour of utmost peril, withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be passed, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses. The Greeks address the

65 civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favor by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities

70 of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors ; by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages ; by their wives and children, sold into an accursed slavery ; by their own

blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water ; by the common faith, and in the Name which unites all

75 Christians, that they would extend to them, at least some token of compassionate regard.

EXERCISE 80.

Triumph of the Gospel.—PHILLIP.

Whatever may be said scoffingly, or in earnest, about the march of intellect, the age in which we live is more distinguished than perhaps any other, by the march and triumph of enlightened, religious, and moral principle. Even the world itself seems to have forebodings of an approaching change ; all creatures sigh to be renewed ; the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in

pain together. There is at present a restlessness and an apprehension on the public mind, in relation to coming events ; something resembling the uneasiness and anxiety occasioned by the atmosphere, which is sometimes the forerunner of an earthquake ; like Jerusalem, when Christ entered it on his way to Calvary—the whole world seems to be moved—in short, all nature

10 seems to sympathize with us, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, while we groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our bodies. We have every reason to believe that we are at this moment standing on the brink of a great moral revolution. The

15 20 Angel of the Apocalypse, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, is now on the wing ; the shadow of death is in many parts turned into the morning ; the dawn of that day which is to renovate the dominions of darkness

25 30 has arisen upon us ; the delightful anticipations of former ages begin to be realized ; the splendid visions of prophecy are now embodying before our eyes ; and from the altar of God a fire has been kindled, which, like the last conflagration, will continue to burn, till the elements of corruption shall burn with fervent heat—till the earth, or political heavens, which are unfavorable to the progress of divine truth, shall be purified, or shall pass away with a great noise—till every idol in the heathen world shall be consumed—till the present system

35 40 45 50 of things shall give place to the new heavens and the new earth—till the celestial voice shall salute our ears, “Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and he will be their God.”

Were yonder sun turned into darkness and the moon into blood ; were the whole frame of nature dissolved, God would remain. God would be the same in himself as he now is ; but the promises contain, virtually contain the veracity of God ; and when it is said that the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the channels of the great deep, it is enough for me that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. I take my stand upon the high table-land of promise, and look forward with certainty to the period, when all the promises, which respect the future grandeur of Christ’s

kingdom, shall be accomplished.—Arise and shine, for thy light is come; let the Directors of this Society arise and shine; let the churches of London arise and shine; let the ministers of London arise and shine; let the rich 55 professors of religion arise and shine. Zion, the joy of the whole earth, shall arise and shine, for the glory of the Lord has arisen upon her; her palaces shall be adorned by the just and good of all ages. Multitudes who live in regions far remote, and myriads yet to come, 60 will arise to call her blessed: the barbarous nations shall attend at her gates, the numerous tribes of Africa, the millions of Madagascar, and the teeming population of India, and of China, shall be seen pressing forward to her hallowed courts, bending in her sanctuary, and offering 65 unto God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. The wealth of the nations shall be brought into her treasury, the martial trumpet shall be suspended on her battlements, and the temple of peace shall exhibit the sword and spear, to remind us of the triumph of the 70 Gospel. Kings' daughters shall be among her honorable women, the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift, the gold of Sheba and Seba shall be offered unto her, and the rich among the people shall entreat her favor; the light himself shall shine revealed from Heaven, and 75 one tide of glory, one unclouded blaze, shall overflow her courts.

EXERCISE 81.

Duties and Prospects of New England.—PRES. QUINCY.

And now, standing at this hour on the dividing line which separates the ages that are past, from those which are to come, how solemn is the thought that not one of this vast assembly—not one of that great multitude who 5 now throng our streets, rejoice in our fields, and make our hills echo with their gratulations, shall live to witness the next return of the era we this day celebrate! The dark veil of futurity conceals from human sight the fate of cities and nations, as well as of individuals. Man 10 passes away; generations are but shadows;—there is nothing stable but truth; principles only are immortal.

What, then, in conclusion of this great topic, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety, which the

inhabitants of New England at this day enjoy? In what
15 language, and concerning what comprehensive truths, does
the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of
the future?

Those elements are simple, obvious, and familiar.

Every civil and religious blessing of New England, all
20 that here gives happiness to human life, or security to
human virtue, is alone to be perpetuated in the forms and
under the auspices of a free commonwealth.

The commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope,
than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that
25 compose it.

For the intelligence and virtue of individuals, there is
no other human assurance than laws, providing for the
education of the whole people.

These laws themselves have no strength, or efficient
30 sanction, except in the moral and accountable nature of
man, disclosed in the records of the Christian's faith, the
right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning which,
belongs to no class or caste of men, but exclusively to the
individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his
35 own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of
living light on every page of our history,—the language
addressed by every past age of New England to all future
ages is this:—*Human happiness has no perfect security*
40 *but freedom;—freedom none but virtue;—virtue none but*
knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge
has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles
of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian
religion.

45 Men of Massachusetts! Citizens of Boston! Descend-
ants of the early emigrants! Consider your blessings;
consider your duties. You have an inheritance acquired
by the labors and sufferings of six successive generations
50 of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosper-
ity, in a severe and masculine morality; having intelli-
gence for its cement, and religion for its groundwork.
Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the
same principles; let the extending temple of your coun-
try's freedom rise, in the spirit of ancient times, in pro-
55 portions of intellectual and moral architecture,—just,
simple, and sublime. As from the first to this day, let

New England continue to be an example to the world, of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it. And, in all times to 60 come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of New England.

EXERCISE 82.

The Sabbath School Teacher.—JAMES.

My fancy has sometimes presented me with this picture of a faithful Sabbath school teacher's entrance to the state of her everlasting rest. The agony of dissolution is closed, the triumph of faith completed, and the conquering spirit 5 hastens to her crown.

Upon the confines of the heavenly world, a form divinely fair awaits her arrival. Wrapt in astonishment at the dazzling glory of this celestial inhabitant, and as yet a stranger in the world of spirits, she inquires, "Is this 10 Gabriel, chief of all the heavenly hosts, and am I honored with *his* aid to guide me to the throne of God?"

With a smile of ineffable delight, such as gives fresh beauty to an angel's countenance, the mystic form replies, "Dost thou remember little Elizabeth, who was in yonder 15 world a Sunday scholar in thy class? Dost thou recollect the child who wept as thou talkedst to her of sin, and directed her to the cross of the dying Redeemer? God smiled with approbation upon thy effort, and by his own Spirit sealed the impression upon her heart in characters 20 never to be effaced."

Providence removed her from beneath thy care, before the fruit of thy labor was visible. The seed, however, had taken root, and it was the business of another to water what thou didst sow. Cherished by the influence 25 of Heaven, the plant of religion flourished in her heart and shed its fragrance upon her character.

Piety, after guarding her from the snares of youth, cheered her amidst the accumulated trials of an afflicted life, supported her amidst the agonies of her last conflict, 30 and elevated her to the mansions of immortality: and now behold before thee the glorified spirit of that poor

child, who, under God, owes the eternal life on which she has lately entered, to thy faithful labors in the Sunday School ; and who is now sent by our Redeemer to introduce thee to the world of glory, as thy first and least reward for guiding the once thoughtless, ignorant, wicked Elizabeth to the world of grace. Hail, happy spirit ! Hail, favored of the Lord ! Hail, deliverer of my soul ! Hail, to the world of eternal glory !

40 I can trace the scene no further. I cannot paint the raptures produced in the honored teacher's bosom by this unexpected interview. I cannot depict the mutual gratitude and love of two such spirits meeting on the confines of heaven ; much less can I follow them to their everlasting mansion and disclose the bliss which they shall enjoy before the throne of God. All this, and a thousand times more, is attendant upon the salvation of one single soul. Teachers, what a motive to diligence !

EXERCISE 83.

Motives of the Gospel.—DWIGHT.

To this divine, this indispensable employment, every motive calls you, which can reach the heart of virtue, or wisdom. The terms, on which these blessings of the Gospel are offered, are of all terms the most reasonable.

5 You are summoned to no sacrifice but of sin, and shame, and wretchedness. No service is demanded of you, but services of gain, and glory. "*My son, give me thine heart,*" is the requisition which involves them all.

Remember how vast, how multiplied, how noble, these 10 blessings are ! Remember that the happiness of heaven is not only unmixed and consummate ; not only uninterrupted and immortal : but *ever progressive*.

To this scene of glory, all things continually urge you. The seasons roll on their solemn course. The earth yields 15 its increase, to furnish blessings to support you. Mercies charm you to their Author. Afflictions warn you of approaching ruin ; and drive you to the ark of safety. Magistrates uphold order and peace, that you may consecrate your labors to the divine attainment.

20 Ministers proclaim to you the *glad tidings of great joy* ; and point out to you the path to heaven. The Sabbath

faithfully returns its mild and sweet season of grace, that earthly objects may not engross your thoughts, and prevent your attention to immortality. The sanctuary unfolds its doors ; and invites you to enter in and be saved. The Gospel still shines to direct your feet, and to quicken your pursuit of the inestimable prize.

Saints wait, with fervent hope of renewing their joy over your repentance. Angels spread their wings to conduct you home. The Father holds out the golden scepter of forgiveness, that you may touch, and live. The Son died on the cross, ascended to heaven, and intercedes before the throne of mercy, that you may be accepted. The Spirit of grace and truth descends with his benevolent influence, to allure and persuade you.

While all things, and God at the head of all things, are thus kindly, and solemnly employed, to encourage you in the pursuit of this inestimable good, will *you* forget, that you have souls, which must be saved, or lost ? Will you forget, that the only time of salvation is the present ? that beyond the grave there is no Gospel to be preached ? that there no offers of life are to be made ? that no Redeemer will there expiate your sins ; and no forgiving God receive your souls ?

45 Of what immense moment, then, is the present life ! How invaluable every Sabbath ; every mean of salvation ! Think how soon your last Sabbath will set in darkness ; and the last sound of mercy die upon your ears ! How painful, how melancholy an object, to a compassionate eye, is a blind, unfeeling, unrepenting immortal !

See the gates of life already unfolding to admit you. The first-born open their arms to welcome you to their divine assembly. The Saviour, who is gone before to prepare a place for your reception, informs you, that *all things are ready*. With triumph, then, with ecstasy, hasten to enjoy the reward of his infinite labors in a universe of good, *and in the glory, which he had with the Father before ever the world was.*

EXERCISE 84.

Character of Richard Reynolds.—THORPE.

Look at mighty Athens, and you will everywhere perceive monuments of taste, and genius, and elegance ! Look at imperial, Pagan Rome in all her glory ! You will behold all the *grandeur of the human intellect unfolded* in her temples, her palaces, and her amphitheatres.

5 You will find no *hospital* or *infirmary* ; no *asylum* for the aged and the infirm, the fatherless and the widow ; the blind, the dumb, the deaf ; the outcast and the destitute.

10 How vastly superior in this respect is Bristol to Athens,—is London to Rome. These, Christianity, are thy triumphs ! These are thy lovely offspring ! they all bear the lineaments of their common parent. Their family 15 likeness proves the sameness of their origin. Mercy conjoined with purity is the darling attribute of our holy religion.

Its great Founder was mercy embodied in a human form. Those virtues which shone in him shone in Reynolds also ; though with a diminished lustre, when compared with his great original :—yet in a brighter lustre than in the rest of mankind.

20 But whence, it may be demanded, came it to pass that this man rose so high above the great mass of professed Christians ? The answer is obvious. The great mass of professed *Christians* are *Christians only by profession*. Reynolds was a Christian in reality. His Christianity was cordial—ardent—energetic. Not an empty name—a barren speculation ; but a vital principle.

30 Vital Christianity is not so much a solitary beauty, as it is an assemblage of all beauty.

It combines the wisdom of the serpent, with the innocence of the dove ; the gentleness of the lamb, with the courage of the lion. It adds a charm to the bloom of 35 youth, and converts the hoary head into a crown of glory. It gives dignity to the palace, and brings heaven into the cottage. The king upon the throne is not so venerable by the crown that encircles his brow, as by the religion that renders him the father of his people and the obedient 40 servant of the Sovereign of the world.

EXERCISE 85.

Address of the Bible Society,—1816.—MASON.

People of the United States—

Have you ever been invited to an enterprise of such grandeur and glory? Do you not value the Holy Scriptures? Value them as containing your sweetest hope; your most thrilling joy? Can you submit to the thought 5 that *you* should be torpid in your endeavors to disperse them, while the rest of Christendom is awake and alert?

Shall *you* hang back, in heartless indifference, when princes come down from their thrones, to bless the cottage of the poor with the Gospel of peace; and imperial 10 sovereigns are gathering their fairest honors from spreading abroad the oracles of the Lord your God? Is it possible that *you* should not see, in this state of human things, a mighty motion of Divine Providence?

The most heavenly charity treads close upon the 15 march of conflict and blood! The world is at peace! Scarce has the soldier time to unbind his helmet, and to wipe away the sweat from his brow, ere the voice of mercy succeeds to the clarion of battle, and calls the nations from enmity to love! Crowned heads bow to the 20 head that is to wear “many crowns;” and, for the first time since the promulgation of Christianity, appear to act in unison for the recognition of its gracious principles, as being fraught alike with happiness to man and honor to God.

25 What has created so strange, so beneficent an alteration? This is no doubt the doing of the Lord, and it is marvelous in our eyes. But what instrument has he thought fit chiefly to use? That which contributes, in all latitudes and climes, to make Christians feel their unity, 30 to rebuke the spirit of strife, and to open upon them the day of brotherly concord:—The Bible! the Bible!—through Bible Societies!

Come, then, fellow-citizens, fellow-Christians; let us 35 join in the sacred covenant. Let no heart be cold; no hand be idle; no purse reluctant! Come, while room is left for us in the ranks whose toil is goodness, and whose recompense is victory. Come cheerfully, eagerly, generally.

EXERCISE 86.

The Roman Soldier.—Last Days of Herculaneum.

ATHERSTONE.

PART I.

There was a man,
 A Roman Soldier, for some daring deed
 That trespass'd on the laws, in dungeon low
 Chain'd down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
 5 But generous, and brave, and kind.
 He had a son, it was a rosy boy,
 A little faithful copy of his sire
 In face and gesture. From infancy the child
 Had been his father's solace and his care.

10 Every sport
 The father shared and heighten'd. But at length
 The rigorous law had grasp'd him, and condemn'd
 To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
 15 He *felt* in all its bitterness:—the walls
 Of his deep dungeon answer'd many a sigh
 And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and
 touch'd
 His jailer with compassion;—and the boy,
 20 Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
 His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
 With his loved presence, that in every wound
 Dropt healing. But in this terrific hour,
 He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
 25 Where he had been a cure.—

With earliest morn,
 Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
 He came. The iron door was closed,—for them
 Never to open more! The day, the night,
 30 Dragg'd slowly by; nor did they know the fate
 Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
 The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
 And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
 Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
 35 The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped

The earthquake might pass by ; nor would he wake
 From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
 The dangers of their state. (o) On his low couch
 The fetter'd soldier sunk—and with deep awe
 40 Listen'd the fearful sounds :—with upturn'd eye
 To the great gods he breathed a prayer ;—then strove
 To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
 His useless terrors. But he could not sleep :—
 His body burned with feverish heat ;—his chains
 45 Clank'd loud although he moved not : deep in earth
 Groan'd unimaginable thunders :—sounds,
 Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
 Like the sad moanings of November's wind,
 In the blank midnight. (u) Deepest horror chill'd
 50 His blood that burn'd before ;—cold clammy sweats
 Came o'er him :—(=) then anon a fiery thrill
 Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
 And shiver'd as in fear :—now upright leap'd,
 As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound,
 55 And long'd to cope with death.

He slept at last,
 A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well,—had he slept
 Never to waken more ! His hours are few,
 But terrible his agony.

PART II.

Soon the storm

Burst forth : the lightnings glanced :—the air
 Shook with the thunders. They awoke ; they sprung
 Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glow'd
 5 A moment as in sunshine,—and was dark :—
 Again a flood of white flame fills the cell ;
 Dying away upon the dazzled eye
 In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
 Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
 10 And blackest darkness.—With intensest awe
 The soldier's frame was fill'd ; and many a thought
 Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
 As underneath he felt the fever'd earth
 Jarring and lifting—and the massive walls
 15 Heard harshly grate and strain : yet knew he not,
 While evils undefined and yet to come

Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
wound

Fate had *already* given.—Where, man of woe!

20 *Where*, wretched father! is thy *boy*? 'Thou call'st
His name in vain:—he cannot answer thee.—

Loudly the father call'd upon his child:—

No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously

He search'd their couch of straw:—with headlong haste

25 Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no *child* was there.

Again he call'd:—again, at farthest stretch

Of his accursed fetters,—till the blood

Seem'd bursting from his ears, and from his eyes

30 Fire flash'd,—he strained with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch

Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!

Yet still renew'd:—still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches,—and with dreadful cries

35 Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now:
He plants against the wall his feet;—his chain
Grasps;—tugs with giant strength to *force away*
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage,
And, like a desert lion in the snare

40 Raging to break his toils,—to and fro bounds.
But see! the *ground is opening*:—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless:—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretch'd,

45 Behold the lifeless child!—his dress is singed,
And o'er his face serene a darken'd line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,—

And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell

50 That instant on him: speechless, fix'd he stood,
And with a look that never wander'd, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed,—and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile return'd.

55 Silent and pale

The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—

The thunders bellow—but he hears them not:—

The ground lifts like a sea:—he knows it not:—
 The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof
 60 Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind:—
 See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him
 Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
 Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It *will* be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
 65 At every swell, nearer and still more near
 Moves towards the father's outstretch'd arm his boy:—
 Once he has touch'd his garment;—how his eye
 Lightens with love—and hope—and anxious fears.
 Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round—
 70 Kisses his face;—puts back the curling locks,
 That shaded his fine brow:—looks in his eyes—
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands—
 Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
 To lie when sleeping—and resign'd awaits
 75 Undreaded death.

And death *came* soon, and swift,
 And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once
 Into the opening earth. (· ·) Walls—arches—roof—
 80 And deep foundation stones—all . . mingling . . fell!

EXERCISE 87.

The Orphan Boy.—MRS. OPIE.

1 Stay, lady—stay, for mercy's sake!
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale:
 Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
 'Tis *want* that makes my cheek so pale!
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy:
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
 And I am now an orphan boy!

2 Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 To see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home home my mother sought—
 She could not bear to see my joy,
 For with my *father's life* 'twas bought—
 And made *me* a poor orphan boy! .

3 The people's shouts were long and loud !
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
 "Rejoice ! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
 My mother answer'd with her tears !
 "Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheeks,"
 Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
 She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,
 She call'd me her *poor orphan boy*.

4 "What is an orphan boy?" I said ;
 When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
 And her eyes closed ; I shriek'd for aid :—
 But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !
 My hardships since I will not tell :
 But now no more a parent's joy ;
 Ah ! lady, I have learn'd too well
 What 'tis to be an *orphan boy*.

EXERCISE 88.

Christian Consolation.—ANONYMOUS.

[The annexed feeling and beautiful lines, are said to have been written by a young English lady, who had experienced much affliction.]

1 Jesus—I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee,
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
 Perish every fond ambition—
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition—
 God and Heaven are all my own !

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure—
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain ;
 I have call'd thee Abba Father—
 I have set my heart on thee ;

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me!

3 Soul! then know thy full salvation—
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think, what spirit dwells within thee—
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of Heaven—canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer—
Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission!
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

EXERCISE 89.

Cruelty to Animals.—COWPER.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting *sensibility*,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

5 An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,

10 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A *necessary* act incurs no blame.

15 Not so, when held within their proper bounds
And guiltless of offence they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.

There they are privileged. And he that hurts
Or harms them *there*, is guilty of a wrong ;

20 Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who when she form'd, designed them an abode
The sum is this : if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, *his* rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish *theirs*.

25 Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your *sons*

30 To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonor'd and defil'd, in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas ! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,

35 Than cruelty, *most devilish of them all*.
Mercy to him that *shows* it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves, in pard'ning guilty man :
And he that *shows none*, being ripe in years,

40 And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall *seek* it, and not find it in his turn !

EXERCISE 90.

Christianity.—MASON.

The cardinal *fact* of Christianity, without which all her other facts lose their importance, is the resurrection, from the dead, of a crucified Saviour, as the prelude, the pattern, and the pledge of the resurrection of his followers

5 to eternal life. Against this great fact the “children of disobedience,” have leveled their batteries. One assails its proof ; another its reasonableness ; all, its truth. When Paul asserted it before an audience of Athenian philosophers, “some mocked”—a short method of refuting the

10 Gospel ; and likely, from its convenience, to continue in favor and in fashion.

Yet with such doctrines and facts did the religion of Jesus make her way through the world. Against the

superstition of the multitude—against the interest, influence, and craft of their priesthood—against the ridicule of wits, the reasoning of sages, the policy of cabinets, and the prowess of armies—against the axe, the cross, and the stake, she extended her conquests from Jordan to the Thames. She gathered her laurels alike upon the snows of Scythia, the green fields of Europe, and the sands of Africa. The altars of impiety crumbled before her march—the glimmer of the schools disappeared in her light—Power felt his arm wither at her glance; and, in a short time, she who went, forlorn and insulted, from the hill of Calvary to the tomb of Joseph, ascended the Imperial throne, and waved her banner over the palace of the Cæsars. Her victories were not less benign than decisive. They were victories over all that pollutes, degrades, and ruins man; in behalf of all that purifies, exalts, and saves him. They subdued his understanding to truth, his habits to rectitude, his heart to happiness.

The disregard which some of old affected to whatever goes by the name of evil; the insensibility of others, who yield up their souls to the power of fatalism; and the artificial gayety which has, occasionally, played the comedian about the dying bed of “philosophy, falsely so called,” are outrages upon decency and nature.—Death destroys both action and enjoyment—mocks at wisdom, strength, and beauty—disarranges our plans—robs us of our treasures—desolates our bosoms—breaks our heart-strings—blasts our hope. Death extinguishes the glow of kindness—abolishes the most tender relations of man—severs him from all that he knows and loves—subjects him to an ordeal which thousands of millions have passed, but none can explain; and which will be as new to the last who gives up the ghost, as it was to murdered Abel—flings him, in fine, without any avail from the experience of others, into a state of untried being. No wonder that nature trembles before it. Reason justifies the fear. Religion never makes light of it: and he who does, instead of ranking with heroes, can hardly deserve to rank with a brute.

What have *unbelievers* to gild their evening hour, to bind up their aching head, to soothe their laboring heart? What living hope descends from heaven to

smile on the sinking features, whisper peace to the retiring spirit, and announce to the sad surrounding relatives that all is well? There is none! Astonishment, 60 dismay, melancholy boding, are the “portion of their cup.” Sit down, ye unhappy, in the desolation of grief. Consolation heard the voice of your weeping: she hastened to your door, but started back affrighted; her commission extends not to *your* house of mourning; ye have 65 no hope!

EXERCISE 91.

Character of Mrs. Graham.—MASON.

Recall the example of Mrs. Graham. Here was a woman—a widow—a stranger in a strange land—with-out fortune—with no friends but such as her letters of introduction and her worth should acquire—and with a 5 family of daughters dependent upon her for their sub-sistence. Surely if any one has a clear title of immunity from the obligation to carry her cares beyond the domestic circle, it is this widow; it is this stranger. Yet within a few years this stranger, this widow, with no 10 means but her excellent sense, her benevolent heart, and her *persevering will* to do good, awakens the charities of a populous city, and gives to them an impulse, a direction, and an efficacy, unknown before! What might not be done by *men*;—by men of talent, of standing, of 15 wealth, of leisure? How speedily, under their well-directed beneficence, might a whole country change its physical, intellectual, and moral aspect; and assume, comparatively speaking, the face of another Eden—a second garden of God? Why then do they *not* diffuse, 20 thus extensively, the seeds of knowledge, of virtue, and of bliss? I ask not for their *pretences*; they are as old as the lust of lucre; and are refuted by the example which we have been contemplating—I ask for the *true* reason, for the inspiring principle of their conduct. It is 25 this—let them look to it when God shall call them to account for the abuse of their time, their talents, their station, their “unrighteous mammon.”—It is this: They believe not “the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 30 *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*” They labor under no want but one—they want the heart!

That venerable mother in Israel, who has exchanged the service of God on earth for his service in heaven, has left a legacy to her sisters—she has left the example of her faith and patience; she has left her prayers; she 35 has left the monument of her Christian deeds: and by these, she “being dead yet speaketh.” Matrons! has she left her *mantle* also? Are there none among you to hear her voice from the tomb, “Go, and do thou likewise?” None whom affluence permits, endowments 40 qualify, and piety prompts, to aim at her distinction by treading in her steps? Maidens! Are there none among *you*, who would wish to array yourselves hereafter in the honors of this “virtuous woman?” Your hearts have dismissed their wonted warmth and generosity, if they do 45 not throb as the revered vision rises before you—then prepare yourselves now, by seeking and serving the God of her youth.

Yea, let me press upon all who hear me this evening, the transcendent excellence of Christian character, and 50 the victorious power of Christian hope. The former bears the image of God; the latter is as imperishable as his throne. We fasten our eyes with more real respect, and more heart-felt approbation, upon the moral majesty displayed in “walking as Christ also walked,” than 55 upon all the pomps of the monarch, or decorations of the military hero. More touching to the sense, and more grateful to high heaven, is the soft melancholy with which we look after our departed friend, and the tear which embalms her memory, than the thundering plaudits which rend the air with the name of a conqueror. 60 She has obtained a triumph over that Foe who shall break the arm of valor, and strike off the crown of kings.

EXERCISE 92.

Living to God.—GRIFFIN.

The heart-breaking necessities of a world ought to rouse us from our selfish stupor. To say nothing of the multitudes who are swarming the way to death in the most favored regions; to say nothing of whole nations 5 in the Romish and Greek Churches who, though they

bear the Christian name, are apparently living without God in the world ; to say nothing of hundreds of thousands of nominal Christians, scattered through Asia and Africa, who scarcely retain any thing of Christianity but

10 the name ; to say nothing of three millions of Jews ; it is a distressing truth, that more than *two thirds* of the population of the globe are still buried under Pagan or Mahometan darkness, and are as abominably wicked as sin can make them.

15 While I am speaking they are bursting forth to meet their doom. It certainly has become the duty of every person in a Gospel land to rack his invention, to devise means, and to strain the last nerve of his strength, to rescue those perishing nations, as he would to deliver

20 his family from a burning house. O, if we loved those heathen as we do our children ! but we ought to love them as we love ourselves. Heretofore we knew not how it was possible to reach them ; but now a way is opened by which we may operate upon them, with as

25 much ease as though they lived at our door. If we drop a dollar into the American Bible Society, it will turn to a Bible, and find its way to India, and will travel while we sleep. If we deposit another, it will become a Bible and make its way to South America, without post-

30 age or risk. Thus God has opened a door by which we may pour upon the heathen the blessings of the Gospel as fast as we please, and need not be bounded by any other limit than our ability and inclination. One Bible will shed upon a benighted family a light which will ra-

35 diate through a neighborhood, and descend from generation to generation. And who is too poor to give a Bible ? It has been computed by those who have passed through our country, to search out its wants, that no less than five hundred thousand Bibles are wanted in

40 the United States, to furnish each family with one, that each man may have a Bible to lay upon his dying pillow. Do we hear this, and shall we sleep ? There ought to be two Bible Societies, one of males and the other of females, formed in every town, and village, and

45 hamlet in America. And into one of these every person but actual paupers ought to come. Every hand in Christendom, but those which are stretched out for alms, ought to give one Bible a year, till the wants of a

world are supplied. It is a tax which the God of 50 heaven has laid upon the whole population of Christian countries. Let the laboring poor work an hour longer each day, and retrench some unnecessary expenses, and they need not be excluded from this glorious work of regenerating a world. But the coffers of the rich—
55 What has sealed the coffers of the rich? that they should roll in luxury and pave the way to their theatres with gold, when six or seven hundred millions of sinners are without a Bible! There is superfluous wealth enough in a few of our cities and larger towns to 60 convey the Gospel in a short time to every family on earth. God Almighty open their hearts, that they may pour out their treasures by hundreds and by thousands, till the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

65 My brethren, let us no longer live to ourselves. Let us arise and put our hands to the great work in which the nations are now moving. Wondrous things are taking place in the four quarters of the globe. The world is waking up after a long sleep, and is teeming with 70 projects and efforts to extend the empire of truth and happiness. This is the day of which the prophets sung. Let us not sleep while all others are rousing themselves to action. Let every soul come up to the help of the Lord. Let not one be left behind. He that has *absolutely nothing to give, let him pray.* Let no one be idle. 75 This is a great day, and the Lord requires every hand in the work.

EXERCISE 93.

Plea for Africa.—GRIFEIN.

It can no longer be made a question whether the elevation of the African race is a part of the new order of things. The providence of God has declared it. The Almighty Deliverer is already on his march to relieve the 5 woes of Africa. Her resurrection is already stamped with the broad seal of heaven. Let all the nations behold the sign, and bow to the mandate of God.

Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God. Let

cruel and unbelieving minds raise up as many jeers and 10 objections as they may, the thing *will* proceed, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

We have now arrived at the conclusion that a brighter day is arising on Africa. Already I seem to see her chains dissolved,—her desert plains turned into a fruitful field,—15 her Congo and her Senegal the seats of science and religion, reflecting the glory of the rising sun from the spires of their churches and universities,—her Gambia and Niger whitened with her floating commerce, her crowded cities sending forth the hum of business,—her poets and orators 20 standing on the same shelf with Milton and Burke,—and all her sons employed in the songs of salvation. And when that day shall come, I am sure posterity will see the names of Clarkson, Sharp, Wilberforce, Thornton, and Gregoire, recorded on the cities and monuments of a 25 grateful continent.

We come to you this evening with our hands stretched out in supplication for Africa, which, though dark her skin, is one of our own mother's children. We beseech you by that mercy which you hope to find, that you 30 do not reject our suit. We beseech you by the tears which were once shed for you, that you aid us in wiping the tears of an oppressed race. I have no intention to practise on your feelings. I know too well the piety and liberality of this metropolis. I only wish to spread 35 the object before you in its own native forms,—to lay open every wounded and aching part. I am sorry that I have not been able to do this with more success. Your goodness will supply the rest. You *will* furnish the Synod with means to prosecute their benevolent de- 40 signs.

Beloved brethren, to live in such a world and age as this, brings with it immense obligations;—the world of all others which the Son of God redeemed with blood;—the age selected from all ages to be the season of his 45 highest triumph and reward;—the spot and time, among all worlds and periods, most interesting to the eyes of heaven. To exist in such a day, is a privilege which kings and prophets desired, but were not permitted to enjoy. If ever the servants of God were "a flame of 50 fire," this is the time to exhibit themselves such. You stand, my beloved brethren, under an opening heaven.

You stand by the tomb of a world rising from death.
 Be not stupid in such a day. Be not half awake. Let
 your soul stand erect, looking out for the approaching
 55 God. Let every nerve be strung to action. Great is
 the human effort which the day calls for ; great will be
 the triumph which faith and patience will achieve. It is
 but “a little while, and he that shall come, will come and
 will not tarry.” For my part, I would rather be one to
 60 follow the wheels of his victorious chariot, than to enjoy
 the triumphs of a Cæsar. Let a prostrate world prepare
 to sing, “Hosanna to the Son of David ! blessed is he
 that cometh in the name of the Lord : hosanna in the
 highest !”

EXERCISE 94.

Abolition of the Slave Trade.—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

1 Woe to the land, whose wealth proclaims

Another land's undoing ;

Whose trophyed column rises high,

On *robbery* and *ruin*.

Britannia saw, with deep disdain,
 The foul reproach, the coward stain,

The characters of blood ;

She saw, and swēpt her shāme awāy,
 While shouting round, in thick array,
 Her patriot champions stood.

2 Proud was the morn whose early beams

Saw *Pitt* and *Fox* uniting,

And side by side, in holy band,

Their country's battle fighting.

Oh ! if their spirits hover nigh,

How shall they hail with rapture high,

This day's revolving sun ;

And hear our songs of triumph tell,

The prize, for which they fought so well,

The virtuous prize, is *won* !

3 Let *France* of prostrate Europe tell,

Exulting in her story ;

The usurper shall unenvied stretch

The reign of guilty glory.

His be the chaplet dropping gore,
 And his the red plume, waving o'er
 A bleeding people's woe.
 Scourge of the North, the South, the West !
 The World, that bows at thy behest,
 The World is still thy foe.

4 But *thee*, fair Daughter of the Seas,
 Are brighter days attending,
 And olive wreaths, with myrtle twined,
 Around thy scepter blending.
 Though doom'd perchance awhile to bear
 Thy blazing aegis high in air ;
 Beneath that ample shade,
 Shall *Europe's* exiled virtue throng,
 And *Africa*, redeem'd from wrong,
 Adore thy guardian aid.

5 So shalt thou rest, through rolling years,
 Secure in Heaven's alliance,
 And to a thousand circling foes
 Breathe out a bold defiance.
 Her eagle wing shall Victory wave,
 Around the arm that strikes to save ;
 And Earth applauding, see
 The friend of every friendless name,
 Foremost in bliss, and strength, and fame,
 The Friend of Freedom, free !

EXERCISE 95.

Eliza.—DARWIN.

Now stood Eliza, on the wood-crown'd hight,
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,
 Sought, with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;

5 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And view'd his banner, or, believed she view'd.
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
 Fast by his hand, one lisping boy she led ;
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
 10 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm ;

While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

—Near, and more near, the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw, through the driving smoke, his dancing crest ;

15 Heard the exulting shout, “They *run* ! they *run* !”
“Great God !” she cried, “he's safe ! the battle's won.

—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury speeds it, and some demon guides !)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,

20 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck ;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—

—“Ah, me !” she cried, (and, sinking on the ground,
“Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound ;)

25 “Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn !
“Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return !
“Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far !
“The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war !—
“Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age !—

30 “On me, on me,” she cried, “exhaust your rage !”
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caress'd,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
(Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes :)

35 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza ! echoes through the canvas walls ;
Quick through the murmuring gloom, his footsteps tread
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and, in the tangled wood,—

40 Lo ! dead Eliza, weltering in her blood !
—Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds.—
“Speak low,” he cries, and gives his little hand,
“Eliza *sleeps*, upon the dew-cold sand.”

45 Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers press'd,
And tried, with pouting lips, her milkless breast.
“Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—
“Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake.”
—“She'll wake no more !” the hopeless mourner cried,

50 Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd :
Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranced he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;

And then upsprung, with wild, convulsive start,
And all the *father* kindled in his heart :

55 "O, Heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive !
"These bind to earth, for *these* I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them, sobbing, to his aching breast.

EXERCISE 96.

Character of Mr. Brougham.—ANONYMOUS.

Brougham is a thunderbolt. He may come in the dark, he may come at random, his path may be in the viewless and graspless air; but still, give him something solid, let him come in contact with the earth, and, be it 5 beautiful or barren, it feels the power of his terrible visitation. You see not, or rather you heed not, the agent which works; but, just as when the arch-giant of physical destroyers rends his way, you see the kingdoms of nature yielding at his approach, and the mightiest of their products 10 brushed aside as though they were dust, or torn as though they were gossamer.

While he raises his voice in the House—while he builds firmly and broadly the bases of his own propositions, and snatches from every science a beam to enlarge 15 and strengthen his work; and while he indignantly beats down and tramples upon all that has been reared by his antagonist, you feel as if the wind of annihilation were in his hand, and the power of destruction in his possession.

20 There cannot be a greater treat than to hear Brougham upon one of those questions which give scope for the mighty swell of his mind, and which permit him to launch the bolts of that tremendous sarcasm, for which he has not now, and perhaps never had, an equal in the 25 House. When his display is a reply, you see his long and lathy figure drawn aside from others, and coiled up within itself like a snake, and his eyes glancing from under the slouched hat, as fiery and as fatal as those of the basilisk; you mark the twin demons of irony and 30 tempt, playing about the tense and compressed line of his mouth.

Up rises the orator, slowly and clumsily. His body, swung into an attitude which is none of the most grace-

ful. His long and sallow visage seems lenthened and
35 deepened in its hue. His eyes, his nose, and mouth
seem huddled together, as if, while he presses every
illustration into his speech, he were at the same time
condensing all his senses into one. There is a lowering
sublimity in his brows, which one seldom sees equalled ;
40 and the obliquity of the light shows the organization of
the upper and lateral parts of his forehead, proud and
palpable as the hills of his native north. His left hand
is extended with the palm, prepared as an anvil, upon
which he is ever and anon to hammer, with the forefin-
45 ger of his right, as the preparation to that full swing
which is to give life to every muscle, and motion to every
limb. He speaks ! In the most powerful and sustained,
and at the same time, the most close, clear and logical
manner, does he demolish the castle which his oppo-
50 nent had built for himself. You hear the sounds, you
see the flash, you look for the castle, and it is not.
Stone after stone, turret after turret, battlement after
battlement, and wing after wing, are melted away, and
nothing left, save the sure foundation, upon which the
55 orator himself may build. There are no political bowels
in him. He gives no quarter, and no sooner has he
razed the fort, than he turns him to torture the garrison.
It is now that his mock solemnity is something more
terrible than the satire of Canning; the glow of Burdett,
60 or the glory of Mackintosh. His features (which are
always grave) assume the very depth of solemnity ; and
his voice (which is always solemn) falls into that under
soprano, (that visionary tone between speech and whisper,) which men employ when they speak of their own
65 graves, and coffins. You would imagine it not audible,
and yet its lowest syllable runs through the House like
wild-fire. You would think it meant only for the ear of
him who is the subject of it, yet it comes immediately,
and powerfully, and without the possibility of being for-
70 gotten, to every one within the walls. You would think
it the fond admonition of a sainted father to the errors
of a beloved son ; and yet, it has in reality more of that
feeling which the Devil is said to exercise, when he acts
as the accuser of the brethren.—You may push aside
75 the bright thing which raises a laugh ; you may find a
cover from the wit which ambles to you on antithesis,

or quotation ; but, against the home reproof of Brougham there is no defence ; its course is so firm that you cannot dash it aside.

EXERCISE 97.

Character of Mr. Wilberforce.—ANONYMOUS.

The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, are among the very few good things now remaining in the British Parliament : his diction is elegant, rich, and spirited ; his tones are so distinct and so melodious, that the most hostile ear 5 hangs on them delighted. Then his address is so insinuating, that if he talked nonsense, you would feel yourself obliged to hear him. I recollect when the House had been tired night after night, with discussing the endless questions relating to Indian Policy, when the commerce and finances and resources of our oriental empire 10 had exhausted the lungs of all the speakers, and the patience of all the auditors—at that period, Mr. Wilberforce, with a just confidence in his powers, ventured to broach the hackneyed subject of Hindoo conversion. 15 He spoke three hours, but nobody seemed fatigued : all, indeed, were pleased ; some with the ingenious artifices of his manner, but most with the glowing language of his heart. Much as I differed from him in opinion, it was impossible not to be delighted with his 20 eloquence : and though I wish most heartily that the Hindoos might be left to their own trinity, yet I felt disposed to agree with him, that some good must arise to the human mind, by being engaged in a controversy which will exercise most of its faculties. Mr. Wilberforce is now verging towards age,* and speaks but seldom ; he, however, never speaks without exciting a wish 25 that he would say more ; he maintains, like Mr. Grattan, great respectability of character, by disdaining to mix in the daily paltry squabbles of party : he is no hunter after 30 place. * * * *

I confess I always look with equal respect and pleasure on this eloquent veteran, lingering among his bustling,

but far inferior posterity ; and well has he a right to linger on the spot where he achieved one of the greatest laurels that ever brightened in the wreath of fame : a laurel better than that of the hero, as it is not stained with blood or tears : better even than that of the statesman who improves the civilization of his country, inasmuch as to create, is better than to improve. And the 40 man whose labors abolished the *Slave Trade*, at one blow struck away the barbarism of a hundred nations, and elevated myriads of human beings, degraded to the brute, into all the dignified capacities of civilized man. To have done this is the most noble, as it is the most 45 useful work, which any individual could accomplish.

EXERCISE 98.

Eulogium on Mr. Fox.—SHERIDAN.

Upon the one great subject, which, at this moment, I am confident has possession of the whole feelings of every man whom I address—the loss, the irreparable loss, of the great, the illustrious character, whom we all deplore—I shall, I can say but little. * * * *

He died in the spirit of peace ; tranquil in his own expiring heart, and cherishing to the last, with a parental solicitude, the consoling hope that he should be able to give established tranquillity to harassed, contending nations.

10 Let us trust, that the stroke of death which has borne him from us, may not have left the peace of the world, and the civilized charities of man, as orphans upon the earth. With such a man, to have battled in the cause of genuine liberty—with such a man, to have struggled against 15 the inroads of oppression and corruption—with such an example before me, to have to boast that I never in my life gave one vote in Parliament that was not on the side of freedom, is the congratulation that attends the retrospect of my public life. His friendship was the 20 pride and honor of my days. I never, for one moment, regretted to share with him the difficulties, the calumnies, and sometimes even the dangers, that attended his honorable life. And now reviewing my past political conduct, were the option possible, that I should retread 25 the path, I solemnly and deliberately declare, that I

would pursue the same course—bear up under the same pressure—abide by the same principles—and remain by his side, an exile from power, distinction, and emolument. If I have missed the opportunity, of obtaining all the support, I might, perhaps, have had, on the present occasion, from a very scrupulous delicacy, which I think became, and was *incumbent* upon me—I cannot repent it. In so doing, I acted on the feelings upon which I am sensible all those *would have acted* who loved Mr. Fox as I did. I felt within myself, that while the slightest aspirations might still quiver on those lips, that were the copious channels of eloquence, wisdom, and benevolence—that while one drop of life's blood might still warm that heart, which throbbed only for the *good* of mankind—I should not, I *could* not have acted otherwise.

Gentlemen; the hour is not far distant, when an awful knell shall tell you, that the unburied remains of your revered patriot are passing through your streets, to that sepulchral home where your kings—your heroes—your sages—and your poets, will be honored by an association with *his* mortal remains. At that hour when the sad solemnity shall take place, in a private way, as more suited to the simple dignity of his character, than the splendid gaudiness of public pageantry; when *you*, all of you, shall be self-marshaled in reverential sorrow—mute, and reflecting on your mighty loss—at that moment shall the disgusting contest of an election-wrangle break the solemnity of such a scene? Is it fitting that any man should overlook the *crisis*, and risk the monstrous and disgusting contest? Is it fitting that I should be that man?

EXERCISE 99.

Death of Sheridan.—BYRON.

The flash of wit—the bright intelligence,
The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind;
5 Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.

But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
 These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
 Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
 10 To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal :
 From the charm'd council to the festive board,
 Of human feelings the unbounded Lord ;
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
 The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
 15 When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
 Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—*his* the avenging rod,
 The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
 Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
 20 Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm,
 The gay creations of his spirit charm,
 The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
 Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
 25 The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
 These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
 To fullness by the fiat of his thought,
 Here in their first abode, you still may meet,
 30 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
 A halo of the light of other days,
 Which still the splendor of its orb betrays.

Ye orators ! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran hero of your field !
 35 The worthy rival of the wondrous *three* !*
 Whose words were sparks of immortality !
 Ye Bards, to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your master—emulate him *here* !
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence !
 40 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence !
 While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind—as various in their change ;
 While eloquence—wit—poesy—and mirth,
 (That humbler harmonist of care on earth,)
 45 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,

* Pitt, Fox, and Burke.

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature formed but one such man,

50 And broke the die—in moulding SHERIDAN !

EXERCISE 100.

The last family of Eastern Greenland.—MONTGOMERY.

In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell,
Affection lingers ; *there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family ; nor long forlorn,
There comes a visitant ; a babe is born.

5 O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled ;
"Twas hope :—for hope is every mother's child.
Then seemed they in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness ! too perilous to last ;

10 The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past.
Behold the end !—one morn athwart the wall,
They marked the shadow of a reindeer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow ;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow

15 Smote down the victim ; but, before his eyes,
A rabid *she-bear* pounced upon the prize ;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter ; but his dagger's plunging steel,

20 With riven bosom made the monster reel ;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew ;
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds they lay,
Stretch'd on the carcass of their antler'd prey.

25 Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burden but her infant on her breast ;
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him n thousand questions, feigns replies,

30 And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
—Red evening comes ; no *husband's* shadow falls
Where fell the reindeer's, o'er the latticed walls ;
'Tis night ! no footstep sounds towards her door ;

The *day* returns—but *he* returns no more.

35 In frenzy forth she sallies, and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies,
In frightful echoes, startling all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not; some angel guide

40 In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
But leads her first, at evening to their cot,
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;

45 Imparadised in sleep, she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear between the living and the dead;
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,

50 The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But, when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot melt;
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.

55 Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee, *chill thy limbs to stone*.
—'Tis done:—from Greenland's coast the latest sigh

60 Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

EXERCISE 101.

The City and the Country.—M'DONNOUGH.

The arrival of the two mountaineers was not long in being known to the whole household in May Fair. Little Mary had hoisted the tartan in less time than the ordinary tribe of ladies' maids could easily comprehend,

5 and having hoisted that, she descended the stairs with more rapidity than is customary with even that light-footed tribe. The shakings by the hand, the “good graciousses! and are you there?” the uninterrupted inquiries, the questions answered by a look, and the questions so rapid as not to admit of that brief response,

10

passed like the shadow of a cloud upon a Highland glen—like the rustling of the wind upon a Highland lake. The castle, the loch, the river, the cliff—every field, every hill, every spot, and almost every bush, had its note of 15 recollection, and its tribute of praise.

There is something exquisite in this—something which the inhabitants of thronged cities, cannot appreciate. But in the patriarchal land of the north, there is or there was, ere avarice laid it waste, or the love of money 20 made it a desolation—a love of every thing that was, as well as of every thing that is. The same ancient stone which sheltered the sire, shelters the son; against the tree which his father planted, no man will lift up an axe; and the resting-place of the departed is sacred as 25 long as life warms a heart, which was present when they were laid in the dust. In a great city, man, dependent on his own exertions, following the bent of his own passions or appetites, and reckless of every gratification but those of *himself*, is disjointed from man. 30 The tenants of the same roof, know not the *names* of each other, and to be parted by one paltry brick, makes a separation as complete, as though they dwelt at the antipodes. Not only is man disjointed from man, but age is disjointed from age. The people who inhabit a street 35 or a square, now know nothing and *care* nothing about those who inhabited it immediately before; and their brief memorial will be as quickly blotted out by the persons whom chance may afterwards place in the same situation. Thus, while the great city brings the *bodies* 40 of men together, it scatters their *minds*, breaks all the ties and links of sympathetic society, and piles up its tens and hundreds of thousands, (to all intents and purposes of deep feeling and delightful intercourse,) like the cold, hard, unadhering and unconnected particles of 45 a mountain of sand, which the wind of whim, or chance, or commerce, may whisk about just as the sand particles by the Red Sea are whisked about on the wings of the deadly samiel. In the retirement of the country, and especially in that country from which our humble 50 visitors have come, and to which our lovely heroine is looking, it is not so. There man is united to man, and age is linked with age, in the closest ties of friendship, the most delightful bonds of sympathy, the most touching

50 reminiscences of sorrow, and the fondest anticipations of hope. If a man would eat, drink, die, and be forgotten, let his dwelling-place be in the *city* : if he would live, love, and be remembered, let him speed him to the *glens of the mountains*.

EXERCISE 102.

Summary Punishment.—WALTER SCOTT.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage exchanged for her husband's safety should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences ; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward at her summons a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent ; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he prayed but for life—for *life* he would give all he had in the world :—it was *but* life he asked—*life*, if it were to be prolonged under *tortures* and *privations* :—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the depths of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

30 She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and *dreadful* cries,

that fear ever uttered—I may well term them *dreadful*,
35 for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards.

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded.

40 The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again, eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning

45 his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant,

50 to guard, lest extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him; and the

55 unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

EXERCISE 103.

On the receipt of his Mother's Picture.—COWPER.

Could Time, his flight reverse, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,—

5 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one *wish* bring them, would I *wish* them here ?
I would not *trust* my heart—the dear delight

10 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But, no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

15 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd,) Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show

20 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore
" Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar "

25 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But *me*, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,

30 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force,
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, O the thought, that *thou* art safe, and *he* !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

35 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the Earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents, *passed into the skies*.

EXERCISE 104.

Extract from "The Grave."—MONTGOMERY.

1 There is a calm for those who weep ;
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground !

2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil ;
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

4 Art thou a wanderer?—hast thou seen
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
 A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
 Misfortune's mark?

5 Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
 Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home!

6 There is a calm for those who weep!
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground;—

7 The soul, of origin Divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day!

8 The sun, is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die!

EXERCISE 105.

Defense of Johnson.—CURRAN.

Even if it should be my client's fate to be surrendered to his keepers—to be torn from his family—to have his obsequies performed by torch light—to be carried to a foreign land, and to a strange tribunal, where no witness can attest his innocence, where no voice that he ever heard can be raised in his defense, where he must stand mute, not of his own malice, but the malice of his enemies—yes, even so, I see nothing for him to fear;—that all-gracious Being, that shields the feeble from the 10 oppressor, will fill his heart with hope, and confidence, and courage; his sufferings will be his armor, and his weakness will be his strength. He will find himself in the hands of a brave, a just, and a generous nation—he will find that the bright examples of her Russells and 15 her Sydneys have not been lost to her children. They

will behold him with sympathy and respect, and his persecutors with shame and abhorrence they will feel too, that what is then *his* situation, may to-morrow be *their own*—but their first tear will be shed for him, 20 and the second only for themselves. Their hearts will melt in his acquittal ; they will convey him kindly and fondly to their shore ; and he will return in triumph to his country ; to the threshhold of his sacred home, and to the weeping welcome of his delighted family. He will 25 find that the darkness of a weary and lingering night hath at length passed away, and that joy cometh in the morning.—No, my lords, I have no fear for the ultimate safety of my client. Even in these very acts of brutal violence that have been committed against him, do I 30 hail the flattering hope of final advantage to him—and not only of final advantage to *him*, but of better days and more prosperous fortune for this afflicted *country*—that country of which I have so often abandoned all hope, and which I have been so often determined to quit for- 35 ever.

I have repented—I have staid—and I am at once rebuked and rewarded by the happier hopes that I now entertain. In the anxious sympathy of the public—in the anxious sympathy of my learned brethren, do I catch 40 the happy presage of a brighter fate for Ireland. They see, that within these sacred walls, the cause of liberty and of man may be pleaded with boldness and heard with favor. I am satisfied they will never forget the great trust, of which they alone are now the remaining 45 depositaries. While they continue to cultivate a sound philosophy—a mild and tolerating Christianity—and to make both the sources of a just and liberal, and constitutional jurisprudence, I see every thing for us to hope ; into their hands, therefore, with the most affectionate 50 confidence in their virtue, do I commit these precious hopes. Even *I* may live long enough yet to see the approaching completion, if not the perfect accomplishment of them. Pleased shall I then resign the scene to fitter actors—pleased shall I lay down my wearied head 55 to rest, and say, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

EXERCISE 106.

Taking of Warsaw.—CAMPBELL.

1 When leagued Oppression pour'd to northern wars
 Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

2 Warsaw's last champion, from her hight survey'd,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of *ruin* laid,—
 (°°) Oh ! Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save ;
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men ! our *country* yet remains !
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to *live* !—with her to *die* !

3 (.) He said, and on the rampart-hights array'd
 His trusty-warriors, few, but undismay'd !
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
 Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or *death*,—the watchword and reply ;
 (<) Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

4 (—) In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—
 Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career !
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shriek'd—as *Kosciusko* fell.

5 The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;

The storm prevails, the ramparts yield away,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay ;
 Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
 Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

6 Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
 Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
 Yet for Samartia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own !
 Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot *Tell*—the *Bruce of Bannockburn*

EXERCISE 107.

Lord Chatham.—BUTLER.

Of those, by whom Lord North was preceded, none probably, except Lord Chatham, will be remembered by posterity ; but the nature of the eloquence of this extraordinary man, it is extremely difficult to describe.

5 No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided ; the “terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye,” were insufferable. His voice was both
 10 full and clear ; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied ; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished
 15 to cheer or animate ; he then had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater
 20 care ; he mentioned to a friend, that he had perused some of *Dr. Barrow's Sermons* so often as to know them by heart.

His sentiments too, were apparently simple ; but sentiments were never adopted or uttered with greater skill ; 25 he was often familiar and even playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension—the lion that dandled with the kid. The *terrible*, however, was his peculiar power.—Then the whole House sunk before him.—

Still he was dignified ; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction, that there was something in him even finer than his words ; that the 30 *man* was infinitely greater than the *orator*. No impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or his son's antagonist.

Still,—with the great man,—for great he certainly was, —*manner* did much. One of the fairest specimens which we possess of his lordship's oratory, is his speech, in 40 1776, for the repeal of the stamp act.

Most, perhaps, who read the report of this speech in Almon's Register, will wonder at the effect, which it is known to have produced on the hearers ; yet the report is tolerably exact, and exhibits, although faintly, its leading 45 features. But they should have seen the *look* of ineffable contempt, with which he surveyed the late Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him, and should have heard him say with that look,—“ As to the late ministry,—every capital measure they have taken, has been 50 entirely wrong.” They should also have beheld him, when addressing himself to Mr. Grenville's successors, he said,—“ As to the present gentlemen,—those, at least, whom I have in my eye.”—(looking at the bench on which Mr. Conway sat,)—“ I have no objection ; I 55 have never been made a sacrifice by any of them.—Some of them have done me the honor to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage to repeal the act :—they will do me the justice to own, I did advise them to engage to do it,—but notwithstanding—(for I love to be 60 explicit,)—I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen,”—(bowing to them,)—“ *confidence* is a plant of *slow* growth.” Those, who remember the air of condescending protection, with which the bow was made and the look given, when he spoke these words, 65 will recollect how much they themselves, at the moment, were both delighted and awed, and what they them-

selves then conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every human being that surrounded him. In the passages which we have cited, there is 70 nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said; it was the *manner*, and the manner *only*, which produced the effect.

EXERCISE 108.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.—BUTLER.

On his first separation from the ministry, Mr. Fox assumed the character of a whig.

Almost the whole of his political life was spent in opposition to his majesty's ministers. In vehemence and 5 power of argument he resembled Demosthenes; but there the resemblance ended. He possessed a strain of ridicule and wit, which nature denied to the Athenian; and it was the more powerful, as it always appeared to be blended with argument, and to result from it. To 10 the perfect composition which so eminently distinguishes the speeches of Demosthenes, he had no pretence. He was heedless of method:—having the complete command of good words, he never sought for better: if those, which occurred, expressed his meaning clearly and forcibly, 15 he paid little attention to their arrangement or harmony.

The moment of his grandeur was, when, after he had stated the argument of his adversary, with much greater strength than his adversary had done, and with much 20 greater than any of his hearers thought possible, he seized it with the strength of a giant, and tore and trampled on it to destruction. If, at this moment, he had possessed the power of the Athenian over the passions or the imaginations of his hearers, he might have 25 disposed of the House at his pleasure; but this was denied to him; and, on this account, his speeches fell very short of the effect, which otherwise they must have produced.

It is difficult to decide on the comparative merit of 30 him and Mr. Pitt; the latter had not the vehement reasoning, or argumentative ridicule, of Mr. Fox: but

he had more splendor, more imagery, and much more method and discretion. His long, lofty, and reverential panegyrics of the British constitution, his eloquent vituperations of those, whom he described as advocating the democratic spirit, then let loose on the inhabitants of the earth, and his solemn adjuration of the House to defend and to assist him, in defending their all against it, were, in the highest degree, both imposing and conciliating. In addition, he had the command of bitter, contemptuous sarcasm, which tortured to madness. This he could expand or compress at pleasure: even in one member of a sentence, he could inflict a wound that was never healed.

45 Mr. Fox had a captivating *earnestness* of tone and manner; Mr. Pitt was more *dignified* than earnest. The action of Mr. Fox was easy and graceful; Mr. Pitt's cannot be praised. It was an observation of the reporters in the gallery, that it required great exertion to follow 50 Mr. Fox while he was speaking; none to remember what he had said; that it was easy and delightful to follow Mr. Pitt; not so easy to recollect what had delighted them. It may be added, that, in all Mr. Fox's speeches, even when he was most violent, there 55 was an unquestionable indication of good humor, which attracted every heart. Where there was such a seeming equipoise of merit, the two last circumstances might be thought to turn the scale; but Mr. Pitt's undeviating circumspection,—sometimes concealed, sometimes ostentatiously displayed,—tended to obtain for him, from the considerate and the grave, a confidence which they 60 denied to his rival.

EXERCISE 109.

Death of Lord Chatham.—PERCY.

Lord Chatham entered the House of Lords for the last time on the 7th of April, 1778, leaning upon two friends. He was wrapped up in flannel, and looked pale and emaciated. His eye was still penetrating; and though with 5 the evident appearance of a dying man, there never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being

of superior species. He rose from his seat slowly, and with difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by two of his friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raised it, casting his eyes toward heaven, and said, “I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm; have one foot, *more* than 15 one foot, in the grave. I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country! perhaps never again to speak in this House!” At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever, perhaps more oratorical 20 and affecting than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evils which he had prophesied would be the 25 consequence of them; adding, at the end of each, “And so it proved.”

In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion; and then recalled the remembrances of former invasions. “Of a Spanish invasion, of a 30 French invasion, of a Dutch invasion, many noble lords may have read in history; and *some* lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him,) may perhaps remember a Scotch invasion!”

When the Duke of Richmond was speaking, he looked 35 at him with attention and composure; but when he rose to answer, his strength failed him, and he fell backward. He was instantly supported by those who were near him. He was then carried to Mr. Serjent’s house in Downing-street; and from thence conveyed home to Hayes, and 40 put to bed, from which he never rose. Such was the glorious end of the great Lord Chatham, who died in the discharge of a great political duty, a duty which he came in a dying state to perform.

EXERCISE 110.

Lord Mansfield.—PERCY.

It is yet the traditional tale of the country that gave this great orator and lawyer birth, that almost in infancy he was accustomed to declaim upon his native mountains, and repeat to the winds the most celebrated speeches of 5 Demosthenes and Cicero, not only in their original text, but in his own translations of them.

Mansfield advanced to the dignities of the state by rapid strides. They were not bestowed by the caprice of party favor or affection; they were (as was said of 10 Pliny) liberal dispensations of power, upon an object that knew how to add new lustre to that power, by the rational exertion of his own.

As a Speaker in the House of Lords, he was without a competitor. His language was elegant and perspicuous, arranged with the happiest method, and applied with the utmost extent of human ingenuity; his images were often bold, and always just; but the more prevailing character of his eloquence, was that of being flowing, soft, delightful, and affecting. Among his more rare 20 qualifications, may be ranked the external graces of his person; the fire and vivacity of his looks; the delicious harmony of his voice; and that habitual fitness in all he said, which gave to his speeches more than the effect of the most labored compositions. He was modest and un-25 assuming; never descending to personal altercation, or even replying to personal reflections, except when they went to affect the integrity of his public character. When instances of the latter occurred, he evinced that he was not without a spirit to repel them; of this he gave a 30 memorable proof, in the debate on Wilke's outlawry, when, being accused of braving the popular opinion, he replied in the following noble strain of eloquence:

“ If I have ever supported the king's measures; if I have ever afforded any assistance to government; if I 35 have discharged my duty as a public or private officer, by endeavoring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution; maintaining unsullied the honor of the courts of justice; and by an upright administration of, to give due effect to, the laws; I have

40 hitherto done it without any other gift or reward than that most pleasing and most honorable one, the conscientious conviction of doing what is right. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind ; I wish earnestly for popularity ; but I will tell you how I will obtain it : I will
45 have that popularity which *follows*, and not that which is *run after*. 'Tis not the applause of a day ; 'tis not the huzzas of thousands that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being ; that man's mind must, indeed, be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved
50 sort, who can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, " *Ego hoc animo semperfui ut invidiam virtute partem, gloriam non infamiam putarem.*" But
55 threats have been carried *further* ; personal *violence* has been denounced, unless public humor be complied with. I do not *fear* such threats ; I don't believe there is any reason to fear them ; it is not the genius of the worst of men in the worst of times, to proceed to such shocking
60 extremities ; but if such an event should happen, let it be so ; even such an event might be productive of wholesome effects ; such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition, to a state of activity, to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring
65 and impious hands, which had violated it ; and those who now supinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty, from the most abandoned licentiousness, might by such an event be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are often shamed into sobriety. If the
70 security of our persons and property, of all we hold dear or valuable, are to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the disposal of a mob ; if, in compliance with the humors, and to appease the clamors of these, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown ; a life somewhat more than sixty, is not worth preserving at such a price, and he can never die too soon, who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution
75 of his country."

EXERCISE 111.

Providential Distinctions.—POLLOK.

One man there was,—and many such you might
 Have met—who never had a dozen thoughts
 In all his life, and never changed their course ;
 But told them o'er, each in its 'custom'd place,

5 From morn till night, from youth till hoary age.
 Little above the ox which grazed the field
 His reason rose : so weak his memory,
 The name his mother call'd him by, he scarce
 Remember'd ; and his judgment so untaught,

10 That what at evening play'd along the swamp
 Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
 He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
 With quivering heart, and winged footsteps home.
 The word Philosophy he never heard,

15 Or Science ; never heard of Liberty,
 Necessity ; or laws of gravitation :
 And never had an unbelieving doubt.
 Beyond his native vale he never look'd ;
 But thought the visual line, that girt him round,

20 The world's extreme : and thought the silver moon,
 That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
 No broader than his father's shield. He lived—
 Lived where his father lived—died where he died ;
 Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.

25 Be not surprised. He loved, and served his God.

There was another, large of understanding,
 Of memory infinite, of judgment deep :
 Who knew all learning, and all science knew ;
 And all phenomena in heaven and earth,

30 Traced to their causes ; traced the labyrinths
 Of thought, association, passion, will ;
 And all the subtle, nice affinities
 Of matter, traced ; its virtues, motions, laws ;
 And most familiarly and deeply talk'd

35 Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
 Leaving the earth at will, he soar'd to heaven,
 And read the glorious visions of the skies ;
 And to the music of the rolling spheres
 Intelligently listen'd ; and gazed far back,

40 Into the awful depths of Deity.

Did all, that man assisted most, could do ;
 And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
 Because he wanted holiness of heart.

A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,
 45 And nearer cut the branches of their pride :
 That not in mental, but in moral worth,
 God, excellence placed ; and only to the good,
 To virtue, granted happiness alone.

EXERCISE 112.

Eloquence of Bossuet.—BUTLER.

We have mentioned Mr. Burke's endless corrections of his compositions ; Bossuet, by the account of his Benedictine editors, was equally laborious ; but in this they differed : that Burke appears to have been satisfied with 5 his original conceptions, and to have been fastidious only in respect to words and phrases ; Bossuet seems to have been equally dissatisfied with his first thoughts and his first words.

Rousseau himself has informed us, that between his 10 first committing of a sentence to paper, and his final settlement of it, his obliterations and alterations were countless. That this should have been the case of such writers as Robertson or Gibbon, is not surprising ; their eternal batteries and counter-batteries of words, seem 15 to be the effect of much reflection, and many second thoughts ; but that it should have been the case with writers like Bossuet, Burke, and Rousseau, who appear to pour streams equally copious and rapid of unpremeditated eloquence, appears extraordinary ; it justifies the 20 common remark, that we seldom read with pleasure, what has not been composed with labor. Such are the pages of Addison, such the Offices of Cicero ; such also, but in a superlative degree, are many passages of Milton. Akenside, his imitator, with all his genius, taste, and 25 labor, never attained it ; he does not exhibit a single instance of this perfect composition ; but we often find it in Gray.

Every thing we know of Bossuet, leads us to think that he had a very feeling heart ; it certainly is discerni-

30 ble in every line of his funeral oration on the Princess Henrietta. He chose for his text the verse of Ecclesiastes, so suitable to the occasion, "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!" Having pronounced these words, he remained for some time in silence, evidently overpowered 35 by his feelings. "It was to be my lot," he then exclaimed, "to perform this melancholy duty to the memory of this illustrious princess! She, whom I had observed so attentive, while I performed the same duty to her royal mother, was herself so soon to become the theme 40 of a similar discourse!—And my voice was so soon to be exerted in discharging the like melancholy duty to her! O vanity! O nothing! O mortals! ever ignorant of what awaits you!—But a month ago would she have thought it? You, who then beheld her drowned 45 in tears for her mother's loss, would *you* have thought it? Would you have thought, that you were so soon to meet again to bewail her *own* fate? O vanity of vanities! All is vanity! These are the only words! the only reflection, which, in such an event, my sorrow 50 leaves me!"

After this eloquent exordium, Bossuet pursues his dismal theme. He describes, in strains, always eloquent, but always mournful, the short but brilliant career of the princess;—so highly stationed, so greatly gifted, so 55 widely admired, and so generally loved! The idol of the world! The pride of her august family! The delight of all who approached her!—"Yet what," he exclaimed, "is all this, which we, so much below it, so greatly admire! While we tremble in the view of the 60 great, God smites them, that they may serve as warnings to us. Yes, so little does he consider these great ones, that he makes them often serve as mere materials for our instruction!—We have always sufficient reason to be convinced of our nothingness; but if, to wean our 65 hearts from the fascination of the world, the wonderful and the astonishing is necessary, what we now behold is sufficiently terrible. O night of woe! O night of horror! When, like a peal of thunder, the dreadful words,—Henrietta is dying—Henrietta is dead—burst upon us! 70 Nothing could be heard but cries;—nothing was discernible but grief, despair, and the image of death!"—The writers of the time mentioned that, when Bossuet pro-

nounced these words, the whole audience arose from their seats; that terror was visible in every countenance, 75 and that, for some moments, Bossuet himself was unable to proceed.

EXERCISE 113.

Eloquence of Bourdaloue.—BUTLER.

In delivering his sermons, Bourdaloue used no action; Bossuet and Massillon used much; the action of the last was particularly admired. It produced an extraordinary effect, when he pronounced his funeral oration upon 5 Louis the Fourteenth. The church was hung with black, a magnificent mausoleum was raised over the bier; the edifice was filled with trophies and other memorials of the monarch's past glories; daylight was excluded, but innumerable tapers supplied its place, and the ceremony 10 was attended by the most illustrious persons in the kingdom. Massillon ascended the pulpit, contemplated, for some moments, the scene before him, then raised his arms to heaven, looked down on the scene beneath, and, after a short pause, slowly said, in a solemn, subdued 15 tone, "GOD ONLY IS GREAT!" With one impulse, all the auditory rose from their seats, turned to the altar, and slowly and reverently bowed.

Those who read sermons merely for their literary merit, will generally prefer the sermons of Massillon to 20 those of Bourdaloue and Bossuet. But, those who read sermons for instruction, and whose chief object in the perusal of them, is to be excited to virtue or confirmed in her paths, will generally consider Bourdaloue as the first of preachers, and every time they peruse him, will 25 feel new delight.

When we recollect before whom Bourdaloue preached; that he had, for his auditors, the most luxurious court in Europe, and a monarch abandoned to ambition and pleasure, we shall find it impossible not to honor the 30 preacher, for the dignified simplicity with which he uniformly held up to his audience the severity of the Gospel, and the scandal of the cross. Now and then, and ever with a very bad grace, he makes an unmeaning compliment to the monarch. On these occasions, 35 his genius appears to desert him; but he never disguises

the morality of the Gospel, or withholds its threats. In one of the sermons which he preached before the monarch, he described, with matchless eloquence, the horrors of an adulterous life, its abomination in the eye of God, 40 its scandal to man, and the public and private evils which attend it: but he managed his discourse with so much address, that he kept the king from suspecting that the thunder of the preacher was ultimately to fall upon him. In general, Bourdaloue spoke in a level tone 45 of voice, and with his eyes almost shut. On this occasion, having wound up the attention of the monarch and the audience to the highest pitch, he paused. The audience expected something terrible, and seemed to fear the next word. The pause continued for some time: 50 at length, the preacher, fixing his eyes directly on his royal hearer, and in a tone of voice equally expressive of horror and concern, said, in the words of the prophet, "*Thou art the man!*" then, leaving these words to their effect, he concluded with a mild and general prayer to 55 Heaven for the conversion of all sinners. A miserable courtier observed, in a whisper, to the monarch, that the boldness of the preacher exceeded all bounds, and should be checked. "No, sir," replied the monarch, "the preacher has done *his* duty, let us do *ours*." When 60 the service was concluded, the monarch walked slowly from the church, and ordered Bourdaloue into his presence. He remarked to him, his general protection of religion, the kindness which he had ever shown to the Society of Jesus, his particular attention to Bourdaloue 65 and his friends. He then reproached him with the strong language of the sermon, and asked him, what could be his motive for insulting him, thus publicly, before his subjects? Bourdaloue fell on his knees: "God is my witness, that it was not my wish to insult 70 your majesty; but I am a minister of God, and must not disguise his truths. What I said in my sermon is my morning and evening prayer:—May God, in his infinite mercy, grant me to see the day, when the greatest of kings shall be the holiest." The monarch was affected, 75 and silently dismissed the preacher: but, from this time, the court began to observe that change which afterward, and at no distant period, led Louis to a life of regularity and virtue.

EXERCISE 114.

Eloquence of Bridaine.—BUTLER.

“The missionary orator, most renowned in our days,” says Maury, “was M. Bridaine. Highly gifted with popular eloquence, full of animation, abounding in figures and pathos, no one possessed, in an equal degree, the 5 rare talent of commanding an assembled multitude. The organ of his voice was so powerful and happy, as to render credible what ancient history relates of the declamation of the ancients; he made himself as well heard in open air, to an assembly of 10,000 persons, as 10 if he spoke under the vault of the most sonorous temple. In all he said, there might be discovered that natural eloquence, which originates from genius; that bound of natural vigor, which is superior to any imitation. His bold metaphors; his quick and vivid turns of thought 15 and expression, equally surprised, affected, and delighted. His eloquence was always simple, but it was always *noble* in its simplicity. With these endowments, he never failed to raise and preserve the attention of the people; they were never tired of listening to him.”

20 In 1751, he preached in the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris. His renown had preceded him; and the temple was filled with the highest dignitaries of the church and state, decorated with the various insignia of their ranks and orders. The venerable man ascended the pulpit, 25 cast a look of indignation and pity on his audience, remained in silence for some moments, and then began his sermon in these words:—“In the presence of an audience of a kind so new to me, it might, my brethren, be thought, that I should not open my mouth, without 30 entreating your indulgence to a poor missionary, who does not possess any one of the talents, which you are pleased to require from those, who address you on the salvation of your souls. My feelings are very different. May God forbid, that any minister of the Gospel shall 35 ever think he owes an apology for preaching Gospel truths to you; for, whoever you are, you, like myself, are sinners in the judgment of God. Till this day, I have published the judgments of the Most High in the temples roofed with straw: I have preached the rigors

40 of penance to an audience, most of whom wanted bread. I have proclaimed, to the simple inhabitants of the villages, the most terrible truths of religion.—Unhappy man!—what have I done?—I have afflicted the poor, the best friends of my God. I have carried consternation and woe into simple and honest bosoms, which I ought rather to have soothed and comforted.

“But *here!*—where my eyes fall on the *great*, on the *rich*, on the oppressors of suffering humanity, or on bold and hardened sinners; it is *here*,—in the midst of *these* 50 scandals, that I ought to make the holy word resound in all its thunders, and place on one side of me, death, that threatens you, and the great God, who is to judge us all. Tremble, ye proud, disdainful men, who listen to me! Tremble! for the abuse of favors of every kind, 55 which God has heaped on you! Think on the certainty of death: the uncertainty of its hour: how terrible it will be to you! Think on final impenitence,—on the last judgment,—on the small number of the elect, and, above all, think on eternity! These are the subjects 60 upon which I shall discourse to you, and which, with the feelings I have mentioned, I ought to unfold to you all in all their terrors.”

“Who,” exclaims Cardinal Maury, “does not feel, both while he reads, and after he has read such an ex-65 ordium, how much this eloquence of the soul is beyond the cold pretensions of the elegant men, with which our pulpits are now filled? Ye orators, who attend only to your own reputation, acknowledge here your master! Fall at the feet of this apostolic man, and learn, from a 70 missionary priest, what is *true eloquence*.”

EXERCISE 115.

Eloquence of Whitefield.—GILLIES.

The eloquence of Whitefield was indeed very great, and of the truest kind. He was utterly devoid of all appearance of affectation. He seemed to be quite unconscious of the talents he possessed. The importance of 5 his subject, and the regard due to his hearers engrossed all his concern. He spoke like one who did not seek their applause, but was concerned for their best interests;

and who, from a principle of unfeigned love, earnestly endeavored to lead them in the right way. And the 10 effect, in some measure, corresponded to the design. They did not amuse themselves with commanding his discourses ; but being moved and persuaded by what he said, entered into his views, felt his passions, and were willing for a time, at least, to comply with all his requests. 15 The charm, however, was nothing else but the power of his irresistible eloquence ; in which respect it is not easy to say, whether he was ever excelled either in ancient or modern times.

He had a strong and musical voice, and a wonderful 20 command of it. His pronunciation was not only proper, but manly and graceful. Nor was he ever at a loss for the most natural and strong expressions. Yet, these in him were but lower qualities.

The grand sources of his eloquence were an exceeding 25 lively *imagination*, which made people think they saw what he described ; an *action* still more lively, if possible, by which, while every accent of his voice spoke to the ear, every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, and every gesture spoke to the eye.

30 An intimate friend of the infidel Hume, asked him what he thought of Mr. Whitefield's preaching ; for he had listened to the latter part of one of his sermons at Edinburgh. "He is, sir," said Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard. It is worth while to go 35 twenty miles to hear him." He then repeated the following passage which he heard, towards the close of that discourse : "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his numerous audience ;—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshhold, and ascend to 40 heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways ?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, 45 cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel !—Stop, Gabriel !—Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described a Savior's dying love to sinful man ; so that almost the whole 50 assembly melted into tears. This address was accom-

panied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

Happy had it been for poor Hume, had he received 55 what he then heard, "as the word of God, and not as the word of man!"

Dr. Franklin, in his memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitefield's preaching in America; and relates an anecdote 60 equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself.

"I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a 65 handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the *copper*. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the *silver*; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, *gold and all*. At this sermon there was 70 also one of our club; who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied 75 his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only 80 man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not *now*, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.'"

EXERCISE 116.

Satan's Lamentation.—MILTON.

O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some *inferior* angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other power

5 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part ; but other pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?

10 Thou hadst : Whom hast thou then, or what, t' accuse,
 But heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is *hell* ; *myself* am *hell* ;

15 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 O then at last relent : Is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?

20 None left but by *submission* ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the sp'rits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue

25 Th' Omnipotent. Ah, me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain !
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell !
 With diadem and scepter high advanced

30 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery : Such joy ambition finds.
 But say I *could* repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
 Would hight recall high thoughts, how soon unsay

35 What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 This knows my punisher : therefore as far
 From grānting he, as I from bēgging peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead

40 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So *farewell hope*, and with hope *farewell fear*,
 Farewell *remorse* : All good to me is lost.

EXERCISE 117.

Eloquence of Sheridan.

Public curiosity was scarcely ever so strongly interested as on the day when Mr. Sheridan was to speak on the Begum charge on the impeachment of Mr. Hastings. The avenues leading to the hall were filled with persons of 5 the first distinction, many of them peeresses in full dress, who waited in the open air for upwards of an hour and a half, before the gates were opened, when the crowd pressed so eagerly forward, that many persons had nearly perished. No extract can do justice to this speech; the 10 following is a partial specimen of its power:

“When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their 15 gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the 20 eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country; what motive, could have such influence in their bosom? what motive!—*That* which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, 25 is still congenial with, and makes part of his being;—*that* feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that, when through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty;—*that* feeling which tells him, that all 30 power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed;—*that* principle which tells him that resistance to 35 power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbor, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation! to that common God, who, where he gives the *form of man*, whatever may be the

40 complexion, gives also the *feelings* and the *rights of man*, —*that* principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—*that* principle, which makes it base for a man to *suffer* when he ought to *act*, which tending to preserve to the
45 species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

“The Majesty of Justice, in the eyes of Mr. Hastings, is a being of terrific horror—a dreadful idol, placed in
50 the gloom of graves, accessible only to cringing supplication, and which must be approached with *offerings*, and worshiped by *sacrifice*. The Majesty of Mr. Hastings is a being, whose decrees are written with blood, and whose oracles are at once secure and terrible. From
55 such an idol I turn mine eyes with horror—I turn them here to this dignified and high tribunal, where the Majesty of Justice *really* sits enthroned. Here I perceive the Majesty of Justice in her proper robes of truth and mercy—chaste and simple—accessible and patient—aw-
60 ful without severity,—inquisitive, without meanness. I see her enthroned and sitting in judgment on a great and momentous cause, in which the happiness of millions is involved.—Pardon me, my lords, if I presume to say, that in the decision of this great cause, you are to be en-
65 vied, as well as venerated. You possess the highest distinction of the human character; for when you render your ultimate voice on this cause, illustrating the dignity of the ancestors from whom you spring—justifying the solemn asseveration which you make—vindicating the
70 people of whom you are a part—and manifesting the intelligence of the times in which you live—you will do such an act of mercy, and blessing to man, as no men but *yourselves* are able to grant.”

On the conclusion of Mr. Sheridan’s speech, the whole
75 assembly, members, peers, and strangers, involuntarily joined in a tumult of applause, and adopted a mode of expressing their approbation new and irregular in that House, by loudly and repeatedly clapping their hands. A motion was immediately made and carried for an ad-
80 journment, that the members, who were in a state of delirious insensibility, from the talismanic influence of such powerful eloquence, might have time to collect their

scattered senses for the exercises of a sober judgment. This motion was made by Mr. Pitt, who declared that 85 this speech "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possesses every thing that genius or art could furnish, to agitate and control the human mind."

"He has this day," said Mr. Burke, "surprised the 90 thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory! a display that reflects the highest honor upon himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—95 glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times: whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat, and the sacred morality of 100 the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have this day heard in Westminister hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up in the one instance, 105 to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with 110 ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collected."

EXERCISE 118.

Spirit of the American Revolution.—JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

Be not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these 5 venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms "moderation and prudence," tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavor to make us "perceive our inabil-

ity to oppose our mother country," let us boldly answer ;
10 —In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world ; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we
15 will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whenssoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen.
20 Well do we know, that all the regalia of this world cannot dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit existence. Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his country, and what is more, the plaudits of his conscience, he will go off the stage. The history of his life his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sire shall excite their
30 emulation.

Who has the front to ask, Wherefore do you complain ? Who dares assert that every thing worth living for is not lost when a nation is enslaved ? Are not pensioners, stipendiaries, and salary-men, unknown before,
35 hourly multiplying upon us, to riot in the spoils of miserable America ? Does not every eastern gale waft us some new insect, even of that devouring kind, which eat up every green thing ? Is not the bread taken out of the children's mouths and given unto the dogs ? Are not our
40 estates given to corrupt sycophants, without a design, or even a pretence of soliciting our assent ; and our lives put into the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelties ? Has not an authority in a distant land, in the most public manner, proclaimed a right of disposing of
45 *the all* of Americans ? In short, what have we to lose ? What have we to fear ? Are not our distresses more than we can bear ? And, to finish all, are not our cities in a time of profound peace, filled with standing armies, to preclude from us that last solace of the wretched—to
50 open their mouths in complaint, and send forth their cries in bitterness of heart ?

But is there no ray of hope? Is not Great Britain inhabited by the children of those renowned barons, who waded through seas of crimson gore to establish their 55 liberty? and will they not allow *us*, their fellow-men, to enjoy that freedom which we claim from nature, which is confirmed by our constitution, and which they pretend so highly to value? Were a tyrant to conquer us, the chains of slavery, when opposition should become useless, 60 might be supportable; but to be shackled by Englishmen,—by our equals,—is not to be borne. By the sweat of our brow we earn the little we possess; from nature we derive the common rights of man; and by charter we claim the liberties of Britons. Shall we, dare 65 we, pusillanimously surrender our birthright? Is the obligation to our fathers discharged? Is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating 70 thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy master shall lash thee with on earth,—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

Oh, my countrymen! what will our *children* say, 75 when they read the history of these times, should they find that we tamely gave away, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the 80 dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the whole world;—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—We will die, if we cannot live freemen.

85 While we have *equity, justice, and God* on our side, tyranny, spiritual, or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

EXERCISE 119.

America.—PHILIPS.

I appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all

the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they 5 were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried 10 march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island, that was then a speck, rude 15 and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, 20 contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, that, when the European column 25 shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not 30 emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant! * * * *

Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate 35 him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth 40 rocked, yet, when the storm had past, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, 45 and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. In-

dividual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications, of some singular qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; 50 but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a 55 veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and 60 the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty un- 65 sheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. 70 Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created.

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven 75 yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

EXERCISE 120.

Patriotism of 1775.—PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. Henry rose with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did of the patriotism, as 5 well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the House. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gen-

10 tlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth *his* sentiments freely, and without reserve. This was no time for ceremony. The question before the House was one of awful moment to this country.” He proceeded thus:

“ MR. PRÈSIDENT—It is natural for man to indulge in 15 the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful trûth ; and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having 20 eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation ? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the *whole truth* ; to know the *worst*, and to provide for it.

25 I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of *experience*. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, jùdgинг by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to 30 *justify those hopes* with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House ? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received ? Trust it not, sir ; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a 35 kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike préparations, which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fléets and armes necessary to a work of *love* and *reconciliation* ? Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling* to be reconciled, 40 that fôrce must be called in to win back our love ? Let us not *deceive* ourselves, sir. These are the implements of *war* and *subjugation*—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to *force* us to sub- 45 mission ? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it ? Has Great Britain any énemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies ? No, sir, she has nône. They are meant for *us* : they *can* be meant for no other. They 50 are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to *oppose* to them? Shall we try *argument*? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the 55 subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is *capable*; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entréat and humble supplication? What *terms* shall we find, which have not been already *exhausted*? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that *could* be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to 60 arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; (o) and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the 65 throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any *room* for hope. If we wish to be *frée*; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long conténding; if we mean 70 not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engagé, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—(o) we must *fight*. I repeat it!—Sir, we *must fight*! An appeal to arms 75 and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are *weak*—unable to cöpe with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be *stronger*? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and 80 when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our bâcks, and hugging the delusive phantom of *hope*, until our enemies shall have bound us 85 hand and foot? Sir, we are *not weak*, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of *liberty*, and in such a coun- 90 try as that which we possess, are invincible by any force try as that which we possess, are invincible by any force

95 which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles *alone*. There is a just *God*, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the 100 active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too *late* to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! (o) The 105 war is inevitable—and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, *peace, peace*—but there is *no* peace. The war is actually begun!

110 The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the 115 price of chains and slavery? (o) Forbid it, Almighty God. —I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me *liberty*, or give me *death*!"

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, 120 several members started from their seats. The cry, "to arms," seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye! Richard H. Lee arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amidst the agitations of that ocean, which 125 the master spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears and shivered along their arteries. They heard, in every pause, the cry of *liberty* or *death*. They became impatient of speech—their souls were on fire for action.

EXERCISE 121.

The discontented Pendulum.—JANE TAYLOR.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the fam-

ily was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-
 5 plate (if we may credit the fable), changed countenance
 with alarm ; the hands made a vain effort to continue
 their course ; the wheels remained motionless with sur-
 prise ; the weights hung speechless : each member felt
 disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the
 10 dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stag-
 nation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, pro-
 tested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendu-
 lum, who thus spoke :—“ I confess myself to be the sole
 15 cause of the stoppage ! and I am willing, for the general
 satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am
 tired of ticking.” Upon hearing this, the old clock be-
 came so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

“ Lazy wire !” exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its
 20 hands. “ Very good !” replied the pendulum, “ it is
 vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as
 every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly
 easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness !
 You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your
 25 life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse your-
 self with watching all that goes on in the kitchen ! Think,
 I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life
 in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards,
 year after year, as I do.”

30 “ As to that,” said the dial, “ is there not a window in
 your house, on purpose for you to look through ?”—“ For
 all that,” resumed the pendulum, “ it is very dark here ;
 and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even
 for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really
 35 tired of my way of life ; and if you wish, I’ll tell you
 how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened
 this morning to be calculating how many times I should
 have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four
 hours ; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the
 40 exact sum.”

The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, presently re-
 plied, “ Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.” “ Ex-
 actly so,” replied the pendulum. “ Well, I appeal to
 45 you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to
 fatigue one ; and when I began to multiply the strokes
 of one day, by those of months and years, really it is no

wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself,
50 I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been
55 overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a
60 dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the
65 pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to
70 swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

75 Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a
80 red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had
85 gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves."

This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

100 Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last:—

105 if *one* could be borne, so can another and another.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfills.

110 It is not thus with those who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them." Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time."

EXERCISE 122.

Valedictory Hymn.—N. ADAMS.

Sung by the Senior Class, at the close of the Anniversary Exercises in the Theological Seminary, Andover, Sept. 1820.

1 Beautiful upon the mountains
Are the messengers of peace,
Publishing the news of pardon,
Through a Savior's righteousness;
Joyful tidings
Of a Savior's righteousness;

2 Hark ! the voice of Jesus, calling,
“ Heralds of my Cross, arise !

Go, and publish news of pardon,
See ! a world in ruin lies.

Preach salvation,
Till I call you to the skies.”

3 Jesus, we obey thy summons,
See thy servants waiting stand ;
When our song of praise is ended,
We will go at thy command.

Great Redeemer !
Guide us by thine own right hand.

4 Scenes of love and sacred friendship,
We will bid you all farewell ;
O'er the earth's wide face we wander,
News of Jesus' love to tell.

We forever
Now must part, and say, Farewell.

5 Often have we join'd these voices,
In our songs of social praise,
And around our altar bending,
Prayer at morn and evening raised.

We shall never
Here again unite in praise.

6 Brethren, may we meet together
On the mount of God above ;
Then our rapturous hosannas
Will be full of Jesus' love.

Savior, bring us
Safely to thy home above.

EXERCISE 123.

Scene from Pizarro.....Pizarro and Gomez.—KOTZEBUE.

Piz. How now, Gomez, what bringest thou ?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Piz. Drag him before us. [Gomez leads in Orozembo.] Who art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed russian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of, that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha, ha, ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Yes, thee and thy offer! Wealth! I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here! and still my-chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will, for thou canst never tear it from me. An unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares *act* as thou dost.

Gom. Obdurate Pagan! how numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of the forest.

Gom. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It is fortified on all sides by justice.

Gom. Where have you concealed your wives and children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's

name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Gom. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have learned to tremble before *man*—Why before *thee*, thou *less* than man!

Gom. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! then boast among thy fellows, “I too, have murdered a Peruvian.”

Second Scene. Sentinel, Rolla, and Alonzo.—KOTZEBUE.

[Enter Rolla disguised as a monk.]

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sent. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time—

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Rolla. [Advancing towards the door.] Soldier—I must speak with him.

Sent. [Pushing him back with his gun.] Back! back! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massy gold! Look on these precious gems. In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine, let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? Me, an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou *children*?

Sent. Four, honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

Rolla. Dost thou *love* thy wife and children?

Sent. Do I love them! God knows my heart,—I do.

Rolla. Soldier! Imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land—What would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife—what wouldest thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. [Exit *Sentinel*.]

Rolla. [Calls.] Alonzo! Alonzo!

[Enter *Alonzo*, speaking as he comes in.]

Alon. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rolla. Alonzo,—know me!

Alon. Rolla! O Rolla! how didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now take it thou, and fly.

Alon. And Rolla—

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me! No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy life* Pizarro seeks, not *Rolla's*; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go! go! Alonzo, not to save thyself, but *Cora*, and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend—I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alon. Merciful heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfillment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rolla! you distract me! Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the *soldier* on duty here?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a *man*! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my *prayers*, refused my *gold*, denying to admit—till his own *feelings* bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart-strings from consuming fire. But haste! A moment's further pause and all is lost.

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend? [Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.] There, conceal thy face—Now God be with thee.

EXERCISE 124.

God.—Translated from a Russian Ode by DERZHANIR.

1 O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy,—all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

2 A million torches lighted by thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss :
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?
 A glorious company of golden streams ?
 Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright ?
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.

3 Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence is lost in thee :—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
 And what am *I*, then ? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
 Against thy greatness—is a cipher brought
 Against infinity ! what am *I* then ? Nought !

4 Nought ?—But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too ;
 Yes, in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Nought ?—But I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards thy presence ; for in thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy Divinity.
 I am, O God, and surely thou must be !

5 Thou art ! directing, guiding, all. Thou art !
 Direct my understanding then to thee ;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart ;
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still I am something fashion'd by thy hand !
 I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of being stand,
 Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundary of the spirit land !

EXERCISE 125.

The Dead Sea.—CROLY.

- 1 The wind blows chill across those gloomy waves ;—
 Oh ! how unlike the green and dancing main !
The surge is foul, as if it roll'd o'er graves ;
 Stranger, here lie the cities of the plain.
- 2 Yes, on that plain, by wild waves cover'd now,
 Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle ;
On pomp and spectacle beam'd morning's glow,
 On pomp and festival the twilight fell.
- 3 Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
 Was stain'd with blood, and pride, and perjury ;
Long warn'd, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
 And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.
- 4 And still she mock'd; and danced, and, taunting spoke
 Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne ;—
It came !—the thunder on her slumber broke :—
 God spake the word of wrath !—Her dream was done.
- 5 Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
 Immortal messengers ; and pausing Heaven,
Pleaded with man, but she was quite imbued,
 Her last hour waned, she scorn'd to be forgiven !
- 6 'Twas done !—Down pour'd at once the sulph'rous show'r,
 Down stoop'd, in flame, the heaven's red canopy.
Oh ! for the arm of God, in that fierce hour !—
 'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.
- 7 They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin ;—
 Still stoop'd the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze ;
The earthquake heaved !—Then sank the hideous din :
 Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.
- 8 PARIS ! thy soul is deeper dyed with blood,
 And long, and blasphemous, has been thy day ;
And PARIS ! it were well for thee that flood,
 Or fire, could cleanse thy damning stains away.

EXERCISE 126.

New Missionary Hymn.

S. F. SMITH. Theological Student, Andover.

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country :
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 Home ! thy joys are passing lovely ;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell !
Happy home ! indeed I love thee,
Can I—can I say—*Farewell* ?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
Can I say a last farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well !
Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
Lovely native land, farewell !
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell !
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land !—**FAREWELL—FAREWELL !**

EXERCISE 127.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem: you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from 5 all the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley: the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms 10 which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. Jesus Christ commenced his Passion in the same place: that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, those tears which the guilty 15 David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that, according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

20 The aspect of this celebrated valley is desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a 25 few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You 30 can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous; those of Zachariah, Josaphat, and Absalom. The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is

40 to be heard ; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen ; the disorder of those tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to
 45 rise in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

EXERCISE 128.

Roderick in Battle.—SOUTHEY.

Count Julian's soldiers and the Austrian host
 Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
 Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
 With louder acclamation was renew'd,

5 When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
 That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
 Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse !
 My noble horse ! he cried, with flattering hand
 Patting his high-arch'd neck ! the renegade—

10 I thank him for't—hath kept thee daintily !
 Orelion, thou art in thy beauty still,
 Thy pride and strength ! Orelion, my good horse,
 Once more thou bearest to the field thy lord,
 He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd thee,

15 He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
 Thou wert by all men honor'd. Once again
 Thou hast thy proper master ! Do thy part
 As thou wert wont ; and bear him gloriously,
 My beautiful Orelion,—to the last—

20 The happiest of his fields !—Then he drew forth
 The cimiter, and, waving it aloft,
 Rode toward the troops ; its unaccustomed shape
 Disliked him. Renegade in all things ! cried
 The Goth, and cast it from him ; to the chiefs

25 Then said, If I have done ye service here,
 Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword !
 The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
 Was dipp'd, would not to-day be misbestowed
 On this right hand !—Go, some one, Gunderick cried,

30 And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
 The worth which thou hast shewn avenging him
 Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
 For battle unequipp'd—haste there, and strip

Yon villain of his armor ! Late he spake,
 35 So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
 Replied the Goth ; there's many a mountaineer,
 Who in no beter armor cased this day
 Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
 In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouched

40 The unguarded life he ventures.—Taking then
 Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
 The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
 With stern regard of joy—The African
 Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,

45 Who tastes thy edge !—Make ready for the charge !
 They come—they come !—On, brethren, to the field !—
 The word is, Vengeance !

Vengeance was the word ;

From man to man, and rank to rank it pass'd,
 50 By every heart enforced, by every voice
 Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
 The enemy in shriller sounds return'd
 Their Akbar and the prophet's trusted name.
 The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry,

55 Deliberately, with slow and steady step,
 Advanced ; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,
 And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
 Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
 Conflicting ; shield struck shield, and sword and mace,

60 And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung ;
 Armor was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
 And many a spirit from its mortal hold
 Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the chiefs
 Of Julian's army in that hour support

65 Their old esteem ; and well Count Pedro there
 Enhanced his former praise ; and by his side,
 Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
 Alphonso through the host of infidels
 Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.

70 But there was worst confusion and uproar,
 There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
 Of his recover'd lord, Orelion plunged
 Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
 The living and the dead. Where'er he turns,

75 The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
 Appall'd they say, who to the front of war

Bareheaded offers thus his naked life ?
 Replete with power he is, and terrible,
 Like some destroying angel ! Sure his lips
 80 Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
 Strong in his immortality ! Fly ! fly !
 They said ; this is no human foe !—Nor less
 Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they saw
 How flight and terror went before his way,
 85 And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
 With what command and knightly ease he sits
 The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
 His dreadful blows ! Not Roderick in his power
 Bestrode with such command and majesty
 90 That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
 Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
 Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mold
 Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
 Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns !
 95 Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some saint
 Revisits earth !

EXERCISE 129.

Niagara.—SICOURNEY.

Flow on, forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
 Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead : and the cloud
 5 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise. Ah ! who can dare
 10 To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
 Or love, or sorrow—'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn ? Even ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood : and all his waves
 Retire abash'd. For he doth sometimes seem
 15 To sleep like a spent laborer—and recall
 His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle-calm : but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,

Dost rest not, night or day.—The morning stars,
 20 When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem ; and those wrecking fires,
 That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
 This solid earth, shall find JEHOVAH's name
 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
 25 Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
 That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
 Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
 Yet trembles at the baptism. Lo !—yon birds
 Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
 30 Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
 To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,
 For they may sport unharm'd amid the cloud,
 Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 35 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
 Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
 40 Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty,
 But as it presses with delirious joy
 To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
 45 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

EXERCISE 130.

On a very old Wedding Ring.—GEORGE W. DOANE, L. L. D.

1 I like that ring—that ancient ring,
 Of massive form, and virgin gold,
 As firm, as free from base alloy,
 As were the sterling hearts of old.
 I like it—for it wafts me back,
 Far, far along the stream of time,
 To other men, and other days,
 The men and days of deeds sublime.

2 But most I like it, as it tells,
 The tale of well-requited love ;
 How youthful fondness persevered,
 And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—
 How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
 Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
 Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,
 He won his “fair and blooming bride.”—

3 How, till the appointed hour arrived,
 They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
 How, then, the white-robed maiden train
 Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—
 And how, before the holy man,
 They stood, in all their youthful pride,
 And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
 Which bind the husband to his bride :

4 All this it tells; the plighted troth—
 The gift of every earthly thing—
 The hand in hand—the heart in heart—
 For this I like that ancient ring.
 I like its old and quaint device ;
 “Two blended hearts”—though time may wear them,
 No mortal change, no mortal chance,
 “Till death,” shall e'er in sunder tear them.

5 Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
 Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,
 In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
 These two the world's rough pathway trod.
 Age might impair their youthful fires,
 Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
 Still, hand in hand, they travel'd on—
 Kind souls, they slumber now together.

6 I like its simple poesy too :
 “Mine own dear love this heart is thine!”
 Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
 “This heart is thine, mine own dear love!”
 Thine, and thine only, and forever ;

Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,
 Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.”

7 Remnant of days departed long,
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
 Of heartfelt holy love the token;
 What varied feelings round it cling!—
 For these I like that ancient ring.

EXERCISE 131.

The Nativity.—TAPPAN.

1 Judea's plains in silence sleep
 Beneath the cloudless midnight sky,
 And o'er their flocks the shepherds keep
 Kind watch, to David's city nigh:
 That royal city!—nobler Guest
 Is she awhile to entertain,
 Than proudest monarch, whose behest
 It is o'er earthly realms to reign.
 By Him salvation is to mortals given,
 On Earth is shed the peerless noon of Heaven.

2 For see! along the deep blue arch
 A glory breaks;—and now a throng
 From where the sparkling planets march,
 Comes trooping down with shout and song;
 And o'er those pastures, bathed in light,
 The sacred legions stay their wing,
 While on the wakeful ear of night
 Steals the rich hymn that Seraphs sing.
 And sweetly thus the mellow accents ran,
 “Glory to God, Good Will and Peace to Man!”

EXERCISE 132.

Christmas Hymn.—HEBER.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Savior of all !

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

EXERCISE 133.

Thou art gone to the Grave.—HEBER.

1 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
 Thy Savior has pass'd through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to infold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died !

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's
 song !

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and He will restore thee,
 And death has no sting, for the Savior has died !

APPENDIX.

THE reader, that he may understand the design of this Appendix, is requested to turn back to page 52, and review with care all the remarks that are made under the head of *Quantity*. Few persons are aware to what extent the power of any tolerable voice may be increased, by the habit of a slow, clear, distinct enunciation. To acquire this habit, the pupil must accustom himself, by efforts often repeated, to fill, and swell, and prolong the open vowels. This may be done by uttering the simple elementary sounds, *a*, *e*, &c., with great stress. But as vocal sounds are intended to convey *thoughts*, and these single elements signify nothing of themselves, the pupil is reluctant to exert his voice upon them, with sufficient strength to answer the purpose. The different sounds of *a* as heard in *fate*, *far*, *war*, he can utter, but to do it with his voice at full stretch is unnatural; it seems to him more like *barking*, or *bleating*, than like elocution. Whereas, let the sound to be made, be part of a *word*, and that word, part of a *sentence*,—meaning something that ought to be *uttered*, in a *loud, full note*, and the difficulty is surmounted with comparative ease.

To accomplish this, is the purpose of the following examples. In pronouncing them, the reader will remember that they are generally taken from the language of military command; and from other cases in which the persons addressed are supposed to be at some *distance* from the speaker. The words printed in Italic, contain the vowel sounds on which the stress and quantity are to be laid. Imagine yourself to be speaking these words to those who are five or ten rods from you, and you will unavoidably acquire the habit of dwelling on the vowel with a slow, strong note.

The sounds most favorable to the object of this exercise are those of

<i>a</i> —in <i>fate</i>	<i>e</i> —in <i>men</i>	<i>u</i> — <i>in tube</i>
<i>a</i> — <i>in hark</i>	<i>i</i> — <i>in rise</i>	<i>u</i> — <i>in turn</i>
<i>a</i> — <i>in fall</i>	<i>o</i> — <i>in go</i>	<i>oi</i> — <i>in noise</i>
<i>a</i> or <i>ai</i> — <i>in fair or air</i>	<i>o</i> — <i>in move</i>	<i>ou</i> — <i>in loud.</i>
<i>e</i> — <i>in me.</i>	<i>o</i> — <i>in for</i>	

The selections are arranged promiscuously, several of the vowel sounds sometimes occurring in the same example.

EXAMPLES.

1. Then *take* defiance, death, and mortal *wär*.
2. *Haste!*—to his ear the glad report *convèy*.
3. Stretch to the *ràce!*—*Away!*—*Away*.
4. Let what I *will*, be *fàte*.
5. O *Sôlyman!*—regardless chief!—*Awàke*.
6. Come, mighty Monarch, *hàste!*—the fortress *gàin*.
7. Wherefore, O *Wàriors!* make your promise *vàin*?
8. Conquest *awaits* you. *Sèize* the glorious prize.
9. “*Haste!* let us storm the *gàtes*,” he said, and flew.
10. The cry was—“*Tidings!* from the *hòst*,—
“Of weight.—A messenger comes post.”
11. *Arm*, valiant chief!—For *fight* prepare.
12. “To *àrms!*—To *àrms!*”—a thousand voices cried.
13. “*Forbèar!* The field is *mìnè*,”—he cries.
14. “Who *dàres* to fly from yonder swords,”—he cries.
“Who *dàres* to tremble, by this weapon *dìes*.”
15. *Stànd*—Bayard!—*Stànd!*—the steed obey'd.
16. To *àrms!* The foemen storm the *wàll*.
17. *Wàr!* *Wàr!*—aloud with general voice they cry.
18. *Haste!* Pass the *sèas*. Thy flying sails employ:
Fly hence! *Begòne*!
19. 'Tis death I *seek*; but ere I yield to fate,
I trust to crush *thèè* with my falling weight.
20. Him by his arms Rambaldo knows, and cries,
“What seek'st thou *hère*, or whither wouldst thou bend?
21. O *crûel* Tancred!—*cèase!*—at last *relènt*.
22. “*Spèed*, Malise! *spèed!*”—he loudly cried,
“The mustering place is Lanrick mead;
Spèed forth the signal, Norman! *Spèed!*”
23. *Peace!* *Peace!*—To other than to me.
Thy words are *èvil* augury.

24. *Wàrriors*, attend ! survey this bloody *swòrd*.
 25. *Wðe* to the traitor !—*wðe* !
 26. On Bertram, then, he laid his hand,
 “Should every fiend to whom thou’rt sold
 Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.
 Aròuse there ! *Hò*!—take *spèar* and *swòrd* ;
 Attàck the murderer of your lord.”

27. “Ye *Wàrriors* brave !—attend my words,” he said..
 28. With monarch’s voice, “ *Gò*!—and *repènt*,” he cried.
 29. *Rise* ! *Rise* !—ye Citizens, your gates defend ;
 Behold the *fðe* at hand.
 30. “ *Return*, ye Warriors !”—thus aloud he cried.
 31. *Fly* Argillan ! behold the *mòrning* nigh.
 32. “ What bring’st thou *hère* ?”—she cried.
 “Lo, *wàr* and *dèath* I bring,” the chief replied.
 33. Oh ! burst the *brìdge*, and me alone expose.
 34. Still, still he *breathes* ; Our Tancred still *survives*.
 35. *Hènce* ! *hòme*, you idle creatures !—get you *hòme*.
 You *blòcks*,—you *stònes*,—you *wòrse* than senseless
 things.

36. *Wðe* to the wretch who fails to rear,
 At this dread sign, his ready spear.
 37. “ *Up* ! comrades, *ùp* !—in Rokeby’s halls,
 Ne’er be it said our courage falls.”

38. *Back* ! on your lives, ye menial pack.
 39. Boldly she spake, “ *Sòldiers*, attend !
 My father was the soldier’s friend.”

40. “ *Revènge* !—*Revènge* !”—the Saxons cried.
 41. *Màlcolm* !—come *fòrth* !—and forth he came.
 42. “ *On* ! *On* !”—was still his stern exclaim,
 “ *Confrònt* the battery’s jaws of flame !
 Rush on the level gun !
 My steel-clad Cuirassiers !—*advancè* !
 Each Hulan, *fòrward* !—with his lance !

My *Guard*!—my chosen,—charge for *Frânce*,
Frânce, and *Napôleon*."

43. " *Soldiers*!—stand *firm*," exclaim'd the British chief,
 " *England* shall tell the fight."
44. The combat deepens, " *On*, ye *brâve*!
 Who rush to *glory* or the *grave*."
45. *Burst* the storm on *Phocis'* walls!
Rise!—or *Greece* forever falls.
46. Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise! Fellow men!—our country yet remains.
47. Where was thine *ârm*, O *vèngeânce*? and thy rod,
 That smote the foes of *Zion* and of *God*?
48. *Angels*! and ministers of *Grâce*! defend us;
Sâve me,—and hover o'er me with your wings,
 Ye heavenly *Guârds*!
49. " And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew *flôwers* in his way
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* *blôod*?
Begône!
50. *Avâunt*!—Fly thither whence thou fledd'st; if from this
 hour,
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee *châin'd*.
51. And I heard an angel, flying through the midst of heaven,
 saying with a loud voice,
 " *Wôde, wôde, wôde*, to the inhabitants of the earth."
52. But God said unto him, " Thou *fool*!—this night thy
soul shall be required of thee."
53. And he cried and said, " Father *Abraham*! Have *mercy*
 upon me."

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Extract from a letter from Rev. Stephen Martindale and Dr. Nathaniel Ives, the County Committee on Reading Books for Rutland Co., Vt.

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We are, sir, respectfully and truly yours,

STEPHEN MARTINDALE,
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Wallingford, Rutland Co., Vt., September 18, 1846.

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I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

DANIEL EGAN.

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Jan. 18, 1847.

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